Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

December 7, 1960

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

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What next for Marilyn?

COVER N CONTEST

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The International Party Food cookbook from pages 49 to 56 contains recipes contributed by American Foreign Service wives who have lived and given parties in all parts of the world.

THESE favorite recipes — mostly of the hors d'oeuvres variety — from Embassy kitchens have been taken from a recently published collection which has a foreword by Mrs. Douglas MacArthur II.

Mrs. MacArthur is the wife of the United States Ambassador to Japan, who is a nephew and namesake of the famous General MacArthur.

★ ★ ★

THE delightful picture of the two little girls on page 45 was taken by Tasmanian photographer Mr. John Bain, of Hobart.

The children are his daughters, Peta and Anne. Peta is eight, and Anne, six. They are skylarking in the trunk of a gum tree which had to be cut back because it was obstructing the Bains' view. Both children attend St. Michael's Collegiate School, Hobart.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a very wifely note in a recent quote from Mildred Gordon, the wife-part of author-team The Gordons, whose chilling suspense serial, "Operation Terror," begins on pages 20, 21.

She says her husband did counter-espionage work for the F.B.I. during the war, but she had often wondered how because he is as blind as a bat 'round the house and can never find anything.

"Maybe looking for spies isn't as difficult as looking for cuff-links," she says.

★ ★ ★

WE have received the following letter from the secretary of the Vava'u Hospital Board, Vava'u, Tonga:

"We have been sent quite a number of copies of The Australian Women's Weekly from different addresses in Australia, and request you to be good enough to convey our thanks to your readers who have sent us these.

"I wonder if you could make a request for more papers for our patients.

"Papers which we have received are of great help to our patients, as you must understand, so your help in this matter is greatly appreciated."

NEXT WEEK

● 16-page all-color bumper Christmas Book containing ideas for decorations, gift wrappings, card display, recipes for party chicken, Christmas cake, traditional festive dishes, candy, and bonbons.

Our cover

● The picture of glamorous Marilyn Monroe on our cover—the fourteenth in our £3000 Cover Contest (see details below)—was taken by Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, at the Italian Cultural Institute in Manhattan. The occasion was the presentation to the actress of Italy's Donatello Award as the best foreign actress of 1958.

£3000 Cover Contest

● This week's cover, with identifying letter "N," is the fourteenth to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can purchase a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities—the addresses are listed at the top of this page.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square —from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December 21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. The additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

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W.A.'s FLORAL EMBLEM

● *Green-and-red kangaroo paw, one of Western Australia's most dramatic wildflowers, is now the State's official floral emblem. The Executive Council of Western Australia chose it on November 9. Green-and-red kangaroo paw — more properly called Mangles' kangaroo paw—is native only to Western Australia. Leaves grow 1ft. to 2ft. long, the flowering stems 3ft. to 4ft. It was named in 1836, seven years after the founding of the colony, by G. Don, a botanist in England, after Captain James Mangles, cousin of Lady Stirling, wife of the first Governor. It is one of nine varieties of kangaroo paw — the one most commonly seen in Perth's metropolitan area.*

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The tragic story of Marilyn

● The international guessing game that followed the Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller marriage break-up took an odd turn almost immediately, as the usual Hollywood question "Who came between them?" gave way to "What came between them?"

From the new Monroe film . . .

A KISSING SCENE from "Let's Make Love," the 20th Century-Fox film in which Marilyn co-stars with Yves Montand, the French actor whose name has been linked romantically with hers. Monroe and Montand look convincing enough in this still (above), but Tony Curtis, her co-star in "Some Like It Hot," said that kissing Marilyn on a movie set was "just like kissing Hitler."

IN THE FILM "Let's Make Love"—to be released in Australia in December—Montand plays the role of a billionaire who wants to get into show business after seeing Miss Monroe is part of show business. Here Marilyn gazes adoringly at Montand. Is she simply acting? Or are statements that her "romance" with Yves Montand was a studio publicity stunt wide of the mark?

WHEN they divorce, the legal circumlocution "mental cruelty" will for once have validity.

For the trouble in the case of Monroe v. Miller takes the form not of the conventional triangle or quadrangle but of a complex of emotion in a stark, but strictly two-person, tragedy.

Both Monroe and Miller are in New York. They aren't talking to the Press, and apparently their friends are tactfully refraining from asking "Why?"

Far from brooding, they are already at work on new turns in their independent careers.

Marilyn is expected to re-enter Actors' Studio, the famous dramatic workshop run by Lee Strasberg in an abandoned church basement in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen district.

She'll prepare there for her next role—perhaps opposite Marlon Brando.

Marilyn recently told an interviewer that she wanted to do Shakespeare, and that she might tackle Lady Macbeth, with Brando as Macbeth.

Meanwhile, Miller has withdrawn into the serious theatre world whence he came.

His fans are glad he's presumably back at work on his writing again. Said one friend: "No, Miller won't go back to his ex-wife—he'll go back to his ex-writing."

Not since "View From the Bridge" (1955) has America's most promising playwright produced an original work. That was the year he met Marilyn Monroe, and they were married in June, 1956.

Since his marriage to Monroe—it was his second—he had devoted himself to his famous wife's career.

He kept her scrapbooks, he coached her on the film set, he guided her at Press interviews, and finally he wrote a screenplay for her.

This was "The Misfits," which Miller had first done as a short story. Its filming, starring Monroe and the late Clark Gable, was recently completed in Reno.

But the play which Miller was working on in 1955, when he met Monroe, is apparently still unfinished.

From the first, Miller refused to interfere with his wife's career, despite her willingness to retire in favor of housewifery and child-bearing.

When she suffered her second miscarriage (she had three in all), Miller resolved to show his love and lift her spirits by writing "The Misfits" for her.

He worked at it while his wife recuperated in the sun at Amagansett, Long Island.

People who've read the screenplay said Miller had captured a quality of descriptive beauty and haunting melancholy not seen since his "Death of a Salesman."

Most important, it was the first time in his work that Miller had created a truly interesting female character who has given the world's sex symbol her chance to become a great dramatic actress.

But was the end of Marilyn's marriage to Miller proof that the tragic beauty, whose childhood was as traumatic as anything in Dickens, was doomed to remain stone?

In his biography of Marilyn Monroe just published in New York, Maurice Zolotov relates an episode illustrating Marilyn's frigidity on the movie set. During the filming of "Some Like It Hot" some of the cast, including Tony Curtis, were watching rushes of a sequence with a Monroe-Curtis love scene.

Afterwards someone said to Curtis, "You seemed to enjoy kissing Marilyn." And he replied loudly, "It's like kissing Hitler."

Her aloofness, as well as many of her other anti-social habits, including pathological tardiness, are a direct result of Marilyn's childhood, a kind of nightmare soap opera.

The sordid facts of her early life are well known. She was born Norma Jean Baker on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles, to a woman whose consort had abandoned her.

Both her maternal grandparents and her mother were committed to mental institutions. Her uncle suicided. Her father died in a motor-cycle accident three years after her birth, and she had 12 sets of foster-parents.

From **ROBERT FELDMAN,** *in New York*

By the time she was 16 she escaped into a hasty marriage with James Dougherty, 21, an aircraft mechanic.

Her first question when they were alone after the ceremony was to ask if they could "just be friends."

At 19, Norma joined a modelling school and began posing for "cheesecake" photos. She and Dougherty were divorced.

At 20, she triumphed in a screen test at 20th Century-Fox and took the name Marilyn Monroe.

There was a succession of bit parts and modelling jobs, but she was often hungry, and was pestered by men who dangled the Hollywood bait of instant stardom.

In 1950 she appeared briefly in "The Asphalt Jungle." And from the moment she walked on the screen she provoked the vocal male reaction she's been receiving since.

Then followed her marriage to Joe Di Maggio, the baseball star. The marriage foundered after nine months. "We had nothing to say to each other," she explained.

Monroe then began to be attracted to intellectuals. Among them she seemed to listen rather than contribute.

Like most glamor girls and "sex symbols," Marilyn Monroe is essentially sexless. To borrow Elizabeth Taylor's Press agent's phrase, she has the body of a woman and the mind of a child. Taylor faced this fact—Monroe did not.

Perhaps Marilyn Monroe should never have married at all. The tragedy is that she really belongs to all men.

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ADORING HUSBAND Arthur Miller arrives with Marilyn Monroe (above) at the Broadway premiere of her recent film "Some Like It Hot." Intimate twosome (right) at London Airport in 1956 shortly after their marriage. Marilyn was there to make "The Prince and the Showgirl" with Laurence Olivier. Now they have decided to seek a divorce.

PAGES FROM THE PAST

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37

Broom-and-duster job gives artist security

● Neighbors in the blocks of flats at the back of Manly Beach in Sydney know tall, moustached Dixon Copes as the caretaker. If they are up early enough in the morning they may meet him sweeping the stairs.

A dozen miles away, in the city, his friends know Dixon as a painter of beautiful bush landscapes and vigorous seascapes — which sell at about 50 guineas a picture.

CARETAKER Dixon Copes on the job in a block of flats at Manly, N.S.W. It's an ideal job, he says, because it gives the security a painter needs.

"THE people in Sydney don't know I'm a caretaker, the Manly neighbors don't know I'm an artist, and that's the way I like it," said Mr. Copes, who at first wasn't keen on our letting the cat out of the bag.

Mr. Copes has been painting "on and off" for 25 years, after he left the Royal Art School in Sydney. Artist Sydney Long was there then, and Mr. Copes admits that early on he was influenced by Long's work.

Pre-dawn start

"Now I've developed my own style, and am happiest when painting seascapes or landscapes in oils with lots of gum trees. Occasionally I do a flower study or a portrait—I could end up with a wooden head painting too many trees—but people worry me.

"If I paint a portrait the sitter likes, his friends don't like it. If I do it to suit his friends, he doesn't like it. Trees can't argue back."

The one or two neighbors who know that Mr. Copes paints pictures which sell cannot understand why he should want to sweep stairs, polish banisters, and look after the refrigeration plants that his caretaking entails.

OMISSION

In the color advertisement for BONaire on page 86 of our November 30 issue, the price for a Mark III Air Conditioner—the model in the bottom left-hand corner — was omitted. It is 69 guineas.

PAINTER Dixon Copes and one of his oils. He studied at the Royal Art School in Sydney in the 1930s.

He sums up his reasons: Security and independence.

"It isn't everyone," he explains, "who can fork out £50 or £60 for a painting, and there are times when the market is slack. My weekly caretaker's wage gives me a security that spells peace of mind.

"If at any time my work is slow in selling I don't have to worry too much.

"This kind of job gives me the independence a painter needs. I can make my own hours, provided I get through all the work, so I get up and get started early, usually at 4.30 a.m., keep at it until everything is in order, and then I can spend the rest of the day painting."

When neighbors meet caretaker Copes on the stairs he may be wearing a jaunty little green beret, an open-necked shirt, rolled up to the elbows, and a collection of dusters hanging from his trousers pockets.

Copes the painter wears a casual pullover with a spotted cravat, and a pipe or cigarette will be in his mouth. He chain smokes while painting.

He once had a one-man exhibition in Perth, and one of his biggest oils—a gum tree landscape, measuring 4 feet by 5 feet—was bought by an American woman for £200.

But it isn't only the many visitors and tourists from overseas who buy his tree paintings. They are popular with Australians.

His seascapes, too, have a vigor which comes from intimate knowledge of the sea.

He ran away from Newington College, Sydney, when he was 15 and went to sea. For the next ten years he served in merchant ships. He also spent two years in the Army, then for some years lived on a yacht in Sydney at The Spit.

"I've had an eventful life, but now I'm quite happy to settle down here, doing my caretaking, and painting during the time that's left when work is done," he says.

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So get me to the church on time

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL, staff reporter.

● *The wedding was set for six o'clock. At quarter past, the groom was still waiting at the church. At half past, even the guests were getting nervous. At quarter to seven, the bride was finally ready to leave home. "Think he'll still be waiting?" she asked the hire-car driver happily.*

TYPICAL start to duties of hire-car driver Les Holmes. Neighbors watch bride Aileen Cornwall leave for the church. She was on time.

"NOW YOUR BOUQUET," says hire-car driver Les Holmes, who has settled the bride in the car so her dress won't crush.

ARRIVING at the church, Aileen Cornwall is helped from the car by driver Les Holmes. Traditionally, this was the bridesmaids' job.

FORTUNATELY not all brides are like that. Edgar Durham has been on the wedding round for more than 20 years with a big Sydney hire-car service, and he knows.

"Most brides like to be about five minutes late," he said. "And most grooms expect them to be.

"But you can't expect a man to wait forever.

"Weddings are a very serious business," he said, "and we do everything we can to make it all go smoothly.

"We have to know our wedding etiquette—sometimes the bride or bridesmaids ask who should go first up the aisle. There's no set routine nowadays, and lots of people aren't sure any more."

Drivers Peter Alexander and Dick Jelfs agreed:

"The old tradition of the bridesmaids helping the bride from the car seems to have disappeared — they're too busy being photographed.

"We get out of the car, give her the bouquet, and arrange her dress for her—we're great skirt-fixers now.

"The bridesmaids are nearly always more nervous than the bride—a bit afraid they might do something to spoil her day.

"And you can be sure that at some stage every bride will say, 'Does every bride go on like this?'

"Most grooms say, 'Is there time to have a spot first?' "

But the driver's job is not all easy driving. "There always seems to be a car parked right where the bride has to get out at the church—very bad etiquette that.

"And confetti! That's the greatest bane of all. If it's raining! Well, it just sticks to the car and takes ages to get off. Stains the bride's dress, too—terrible stuff.

"We drivers are delighted when there's a sign outside the church saying, 'No confetti . . .'

"In wet weather we use big beach umbrellas to keep the bridal party dry—never had to do the Walter Raleigh act yet.

"And, touch wood, none of us have ever had a puncture. Anyway, if we did, we'd just radio in to headquarters, and if there was another car in the vicinity it could whizz round and the bride would transfer—and still get to the church on time."

And if there wasn't another car nearby?

"Well, it only takes us about five minutes to change a tyre . . ."

When the bride arrives at the church the drivers are forgotten men.

They wait outside, sometimes having a smoke "and a bit of a chat."

The strains of "Here Comes the Bride" is their signal—it's time to get back on the job.

"If I can," said Les Holmes, "I like to get up close when they come out the church door—just to see if they're a good match.

"What do they say to each other on the way to the reception? Well, we're the silent service, you know.

"But I reckon that the first thing 99.9 per cent. of all the brides say is: 'Can I have a cigarette, darling?'

"But I remember one who greeted him with, 'Have you paid that bill?' He must have stepped on her corns on the way down the aisle."

Long shiny black cars trimmed with the traditional white ribbons are still the choice of most brides.

However, the hire-car service has ten elegant white cars in its fleet, and lots of brides ask for them.

And they sometimes ask for colored ribbons on the bonnets of the cars to match the color of the bridesmaids' dresses.

Every Saturday is a wedding day for the hire-car companies, and the two hours between 4 and 6 p.m. are the most marrying times of all.

Most bookings are made about a month in advance, though some people like to book up 12 months ahead.

"Then there are the shot-gun weddings," said Mr. Fred Lehane, the service's general manager. He explained hastily: "That's what we call the ones who have forgotten to book cars and ring up in a flap a couple of days before.

"We take them in our stride, though. And all the drivers do, too.

"Drivers go to our training school for about 12 months, and we team them up with an experienced man until they're quite capable of handling any emergency.

"Elderly men make the very best drivers for weddings—they're less excitable, you see."

Drivers are smartly dressed in a black cap, dark suit, white shirt, black tie—and must be spick and span, just like their cars.

They've got to be right on the ball, too—no muddled addresses or anything that can spoil the bride's day and the firm's reputation.

"Once you get in the street, you don't really need to look for the number—just look for the kids gathered round waiting to see the bride," said Peter Alexander.

Then out she comes in clouds of lace and tulle, the driver helps her in so her dress won't get crushed, and off they go to the church.

An hour or so later it's all over for the driver—he never gets to kiss the bride or shake the bridegroom by the hand, but he's a member of the wedding, too.

Edgar Durham summed it up. "You could call us the unofficial bridesmaids," he said.

● Aileen Cornwall and Frank Ball chose a recent spring Saturday for their wedding at the Northbridge Baptist Church in Sydney. It was a lovely wedding—a crowd of neighbors gathered round the Cornwalls' home in Cammeray to watch the bride leave for the church. There were a few tears and lots of confetti. In the background, but almost as essential as the wedding cake, were two shiny black cars tied with white ribbon—most people couldn't imagine a wedding without them. It was the bride's day—and this is a driver's-eye view.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE. Driver Les Holmes gallantly carries the train of her wedding dress—just the unofficial bridesmaid, that's all!

OH, THAT CONFETTI! But driver Les Holmes doesn't mind now. It's the bride's day after all, and if she's happy, so's he.

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World-famous Cordon Bleu Cook, Mrs. Dione Lucas, says . . .

Look at these exciting new ways to serve delicious

CANNED PEARS

PEARS ROSEMOND

Ingredients: 1 large can pears; 1 cup sugar; 6 large macaroons; 1 jar apricot jam; ½ cup diced candied pineapple; 4 tablespoons rum.

Method: Strain the syrup from the pears, add the sugar and boil for 5 minutes or until the syrup is thick. Replace the pears in the syrup and put in the refrigerator to chill. Arrange the macaroons in a circle in the bottom of a round serving dish. Place the pears on the top, cut side uppermost. Fill the cavity with apricot jam which has been mixed with the candied pineapple soaked in rum and cover the whole dish with the following cold Sabayon sauce — Put two eggs and three egg yolks in a mixer with eight tablespoons sugar and beat until it holds its shape. Dissolve a level tablespoon of gelatine with three tablespoons rum and when nearly cool add to the egg mixture, beating all the time. Pour over the pears. Chill and serve.

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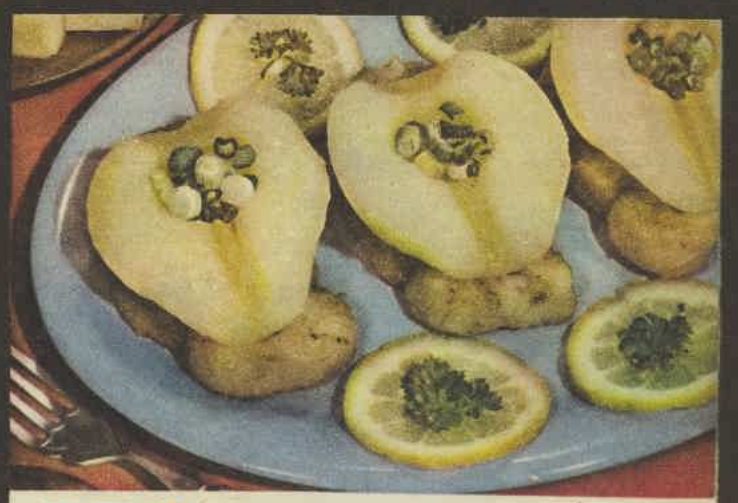

FISH WITH PEARS

Ingredients: 1 large can pears; 4 cod steaks; 2 ounces salt butter; salt and freshly cracked pepper; juice of half a lemon; a little finely chopped green onion.

Method: Drain the pears, sprinkle with lemon juice and set aside. Trim the cod steaks neatly, rub with a little lemon, season with salt and pepper and leave ½ hour in a cool place.

Heat about half the butter in a shallow pan, put in the cod steaks and brown slowly on each side. Cover and cook them slowly, 5 minutes on each side. Saute briskly in another pan the half pears. Arrange the cod steaks down a hot flat serving dish and put half a pear on the top of each steak, cut side up. Fill the little core hole with chopped green onion. Heat the pan the cod steaks were cooked in and remove the glaze with a little of the pear juice. Pour round the dish and garnish with sections of lemon.

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ALL SET TO "TIE DAT KANGAROO DOWN"

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● On the floral-carpeted landing of one Sydney's plush hotels a group of coffee-colored young men were snapping their fingers, swinging to a rhythm, and chanting: "We'll tie dat kangaroo down, man; we'll tie dat kangaroo down."

A PASSING guest gave a fleeting, bewildered look which indicated that where he came from it wasn't considered quite cricket to dance in hotel corridors in the middle of the afternoon.

But the look quickly turned to a broad grin as he realised the performers were membe s of the popular West Indies cricket team now on a Test tour of Australia.

The cricketers—direct from the calypso quarters of the Caribbean — had turned on the short but snappy "concert" specially for staff photographer Adelie Hurley and myself.

It was typical of their easy-going, eager-to-please attitude.

We'd arranged to meet them at the Sydney Cricket Ground nets to get pictures at practice, but a sudden storm quickly washed out that idea.

Back at their hotel, we found all those who hadn't gone to the pictures or siesta at a laugh-making session with the team's assistant manager, Mr. W. Marshall, of Trinidad.

"Man, we can't let de rain spoil de chance to have our pictures taken. No, man," chorused the dusky stars.

"And we can't let dese gals think we can only play cricket when de sun's shinin'," said beaming, crinkle-haired opening batsman Conrad Hunte.

His eyes flashed round and lighted on a miniature bat used for autographs.

Calypso chorus

One of the first rules of cricket is never to let a teammate down, so fast-medium bowler Tom Dewdney grabbed an orange and amid the tinkling laughter of his colleagues pretended to hurl it at Conrad's waiting bat.

By this stage a soft, calypso-style chorus had begun in the background, so I asked the truth of a report that there were no calypso enthusiasts in the team.

They looked horrified.

"Ma'am, to de people in West Indies, bein' enthusiastic about calypso is much like breathin' air. Dere's not much life without it," said rangy Cammie Smith, of Barbados, another opening batsman.

There was a chorus of agreement, though all the players hastened to add this didn't mean that everyone was good at dancing and singing calypso. In fact, they thought they were a team of no-hopers in this regard.

They looked far from no-hopers, however, as they swayed and chanted on the landing outside Mr. Marshall's door during their demonstration calypso. All that was missing was the steel band.

Explaining that calypso writers had to be inspired by an event before they created their numbers, the cricketers said no songs had yet been written about their team.

"But there'll be plenty of them once the Tests get going," said Mr. Marshall. "The population of the West Indies is possibly even more cricket-mad than Australians are, and the calypso writers revel in the game.

An incentive

"Anyway, I suppose it's an extra incentive for the boys to do well.

"After all, no one would want to go home to find all his neighbors singing a popular calypso about how his team would have done well if it hadn't been for him."

The boys then broke into a West Indian version of Australia's "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport."

"Man, we're goin' to tie dat kangaroo down in de Tests. If it wuz hoppin' before, we hope it will be goin' quietly when we get finished playin'," they said.

Most members of the 16-strong team are seeing Australia for the first time.

Only four of them were here on the last West Indies tour in 1951.

One of those happy to be making a return visit is bespectacled 30-year-old spin bowler Alf Valentine.

WEST INDIES cricketers relax in their Sydney hotel. Above: Barbados batsman Conrad Hunte, with miniature bat, shows the kneeling batting position used by West Indies children in their popular game "marble cricket." The "wicketkeeper" is Jamaican bowler Alf Valentine. Left: Three players at an impromptu calypso performance. They are (from left) Cammie Smith, Tom Dewdney, and Alf Valentine.

But in many ways Alf feels he's visiting a new country. "Everything's so different," he said. "So many buildings. They're wonderful. Everything's gone ahead so much it's hard to believe.

"And man, how gals' clothes have improved. Nine years ago dey looked old-fashioned. Now it's like New York. Everyone's so smart, Ah think it's just great. Skirts are shorter and gals wear sacks and things. Yeah, it's great."

He was amused to find how Australians expected every West Indian to be a hardened rum drinker.

"It's like expectin' everyone from Brazil to drink coffee. It all depends on whether you like de taste. But it's no drink for cricketers," he said. "We stick to something light like beer—or else we don't stick to cricket."

At this point I asked Mr. Marshall which player he rated as the personality boy of the team, which includes seven professional and nine amateur players.

"There are sixteen of them," he said. "They've all got rollicking senses of humor, and they've all become great buddies. They're never hard to find because they're always together.

"I think this would be the happiest touring cricket side I've ever known."

He said their greatest relaxation was movie-going.

"Another favorite pastime is sleeping. Some of them can sleep 48 hours non-stop. And I'm thinking seriously of encouraging this—at all but Test times, of course—because it saves an awful lot in food bills."

The team at large loves Australia—and Australia is showing its affection for them.

They claim they're in Australia to play bright cricket at all costs. And they're a life-saving injection for the game after the slow, deadening cricket of the Australia-England series two years ago.

An early hero with the crowds is 25-year-old Rohan Kanhai, whose bright 252 against Victoria recently created lots of thrills for the crowd and a "Windies" touring-side record for himself.

Rohan hails from British Guiana, where he's known as Babu Lal—a name given to him by his Indian parents.

In India the name means "a gentleman and a pet" and on brief meeting the smiling Rohan fits the description.

Rohan, who spent three years as a professional in Aberdeen, laughingly claims to be the only "Windies" cricketer with a Scottish accent. And quite a few of his words do sound as much part of Scotland as heather.

Other "big names" in the extremely talented side include Wesley Hall, the world's fastest bowler, and Garfield Sobers, who hit up a breezy 365 against Pakistan to become the world's record-holding batsman.

Skipper of the team is Frank Worrell, the "Windies'" first colored captain.

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SYDNEY GIRL MARRIES IN ROME

• *Scene in the Church of St. Joseph, near Rome's famous Spanish Square, when top fashion model Diana Rose Nixon, of Cronulla, N.S.W., married Italian gynaecologist Giuseppe Mario Rendina on November 19. The Rev. Father Juan Santos Gaynor officiated. The bride was attended by Gwendolina Hyland, of Melbourne (at right of picture); Count Carlo Santucci was best man. Diana, who visited Australia in May for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival we conducted in conjunction with Marigny, has been top model for the Paris fashion house of Maggy Rouff. After a honeymoon in Venice and Paris, she and her husband will live in Rome.*

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Hard work's easy for Mr. Smith

He's an invalid, but he can dig postholes with his "shuv-holder."

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter.

● It's easy for invalid Mr. C. J. P. Smith to do strong-arm work in less than half the time it takes a healthy man.

HE can dig a posthole three feet deep in four minutes flat — no matter how tough the going.

Mr. Smith, of Scarborough, W.A., is an inventor. And he's applied to Canberra for full patent rights on a time- and labor-saving shovel digger—his "shuv-holder."

And though he suffers from an aching back, sore legs and feet, and has to rest every few hours, he and his wife are on their way from Perth to Brisbane seeking markets for their new, hand-operated digger.

In soft soil Mr. Smith's "shuv-holder" works as quickly as a power-operated machine.

About 4 feet 6 inches tall, it looks like a huge pair of pliers with shovel-type blades at the end. Pull the handles apart, dig the shovel ends into the ground, close the handles—and lift out the soil.

Just as simple as that.

When Mr. Smith became ill three years ago he resigned his executive job in Adelaide, came with his family to Perth—his wife's old home.

"I came to Perth expecting to die," said Mr. Smith, "but a Perth surgeon performed a successful operation on me."

It was months, though, before he was on his feet again. And it is still unlikely that he could hold down a regular job.

His invention dates back to the day he tried to dig a hole for the kitchen rubbish.

"I tried to put a shovel in the ground and scoop out the sand, but it was too difficult and painful for me. I lowered myself gradually on to the ground and tried to lever up the shovel, but had no better success. This bothered me, and I thought there must have been an easier way," he said.

New way

"It occurred to me that, in the main, people all over the world were digging holes as they were a hundred years ago. There must be a new way."

At three o'clock one morning the "new way" came to Mr. Smith.

"Good friends in the district helped me," he said. "I had to have help because months and months of illness do not leave a man much money to try out experiments. The owner of a private bus company told me to go to his workshop and ask the men to do what I wanted. Engineers at the Luna Park were taken into my confidence.

"By degrees the invention took shape. My next move was to go to the Patent Attorney, who advised that my idea was novel."

INVENTOR Mr. C. J. P. Smith setting out to sell his "shuv-holder," slung over his shoulder in its cover, looking like a violin.

A provisional patent was secured—protection for 12 months.

Then it was time for Mr. Smith to sell his idea.

He set off by bus (he had no car) with his shooting-stick in one hand (necessary for his rest), his shovel in the other.

The shovel had a discreet cover rather like a violin case. "People thought I was a musician," he said.

Success was immediate. Quickly he gathered a file of letters of recommendation from executives of Government, semi - Government bodies, and private firms.

To sink postholes in hard, stony earth, Mr. Smith has also invented a special crowbar, a "shuv-breaker." He's received orders for it, too.

He demonstrated at his own home, took executives out of their offices and down the street to the nearest earth plot to show what his shovel could do.

When the managing director of an airlines company wanted a quick job done at the airport, Mr. Smith tackled it. He took his posthole-digger out of its violin case, dug 143 holes in 2½ days.

Now orders are coming in steadily, and he has formed a small company to finance patent applications in 22 countries.

"When my invention succeeds, and we buy our own home, I have told my wife that that old violin case is going to be strung up across the fireplace," said Mr. C. J. P. Smith—sick man turned inventor.

MENFOLK stand by while Mrs. Smith sinks a 6ft. hole, using the "shuv-holder." Mr. Smith is holding his crowbar—or "shuv-breaker." The Smiths' two sons, Howard and Stuart, look on.

She'll be a happy Hotpoint ironer when there's no draggin' Drudge Dragon . . .
Lightweight, perfectly balanced and beautifully finished in gleaming, long-lasting chrome. Hotpoint irons just glide through work.

Above: Steam or dry at the flick of a switch—no more damping down. £10/19/6.

Left: The sensational Featherweight, automatic heat control for all fabrics. £6/9/6.

Glamour Gifts

What a thrill! A fully automatic Hotpoint for the tastiest Christmas dinner. Models from £75

It's Christmas every washday! The "Triple" (left) or push-button "Countess" for fast easier washing. From £89/10/-.

Fill it with Christmas cheer! Little ones or luxury ones to 12.2 c.f. Hotpoint quality thru' and thru' from £112/10/-.

For that quick "cuppa"—Hotpoint De Luxe in strong, craze-proof porcelain. £3/12/6.

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This Christmas let Happy Hotpoint banish the Drudge Dragon

Be Happy buy Hotpoint

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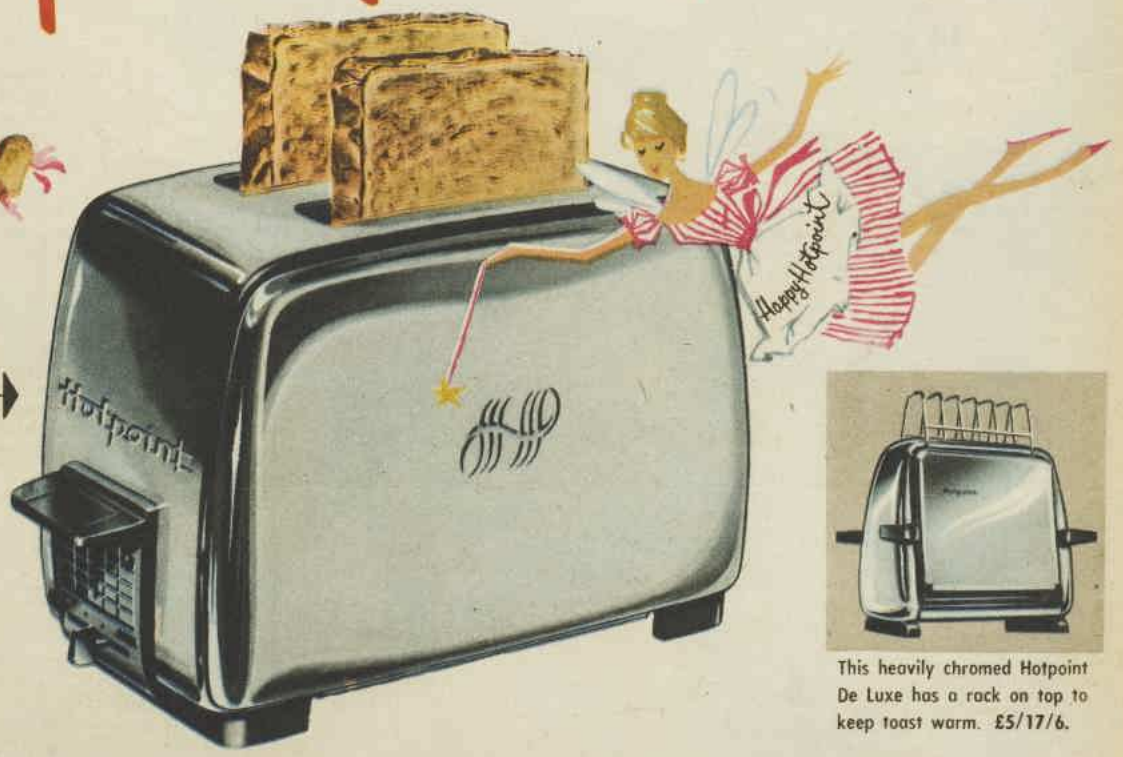
No-drudge toasting . . .



This gleaming Hotpoint beauty gives you perfect toast every time—automatically. Sets to **light, medium** or **dark**, pops up two slices, switches itself off. **£12/19/6.**

This heavily chromed Hotpoint De Luxe has a rack on top to keep toast warm. **£5/17/6.**

with a touch of Magic

From Hotpoint Retailers everywhere. Prices slightly higher in some areas

The new King Size Hotpoint frypan makes her a Happy Hotpoint Cookie—cooks for a crowd or just for you. Complete with plug-in **Cookastat** heat control and Big-Top metal lid. **£14/12/6.**

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Silver Streak, swivel-top cleaner with super power for super suction. **£39/17/6.**

Wash, wax, polish 'n shine with the right-weight Hotpoint. **£34/10/-.**

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leaves hair shining, silken-soft...lovely!

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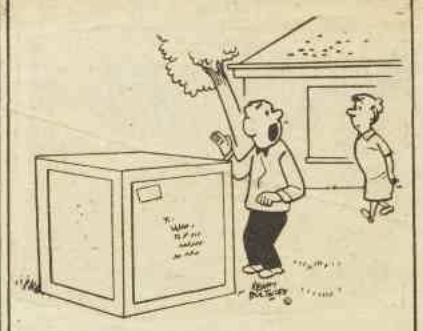
FATHER



"Here's our spare room, Dear. It's a complete kit to build it myself."

MOTHER

". . . And from now on, I just want to find tin-openers and things in this drawer!"

It seems to me

By

NEXT time I have a party I am going to issue invitations to a "cook-in."

If the guests don't know what that means, it will prove that they are getting behind the times. They will have to brush up on the latest domestic jargon.

Not that "cook-in" has yet appeared, to my knowledge, in the modern handbooks of entertaining.

But "cook-out" (instead of barbecue) has already crossed the Pacific.

There was a time when I maintained that the word "barbecue" meant roasting a whole animal, and refused to use it as a term for cooking sausages in the backyard.

But soon, like everyone else, I was saying it without a blush.

So now it's a case of "Look out, look out, here comes cook-out."

Perhaps it would be constructive to help the language along instead of carping about these new terms.

For instance, that quaint old-fashioned word "picnic" is about to take the count. Why not replace it with "mobile cook-out." Or do you like "motorised cook-out" better?

Ah, but you say: "Suppose one takes sandwiches to a picnic?"

Why not a "non-cook-out"?

★ ★ ★

IT has suddenly occurred to me that I have been keeping secret my new racing system.

This seems selfish. The system has now been operating successfully for three weeks.

It doesn't promise a fortune, like some of those so alluringly advertised. Nor is it anything complex, like running round betting boards to watch the fluctuations of third favorites.

You keep a betting box into which you put money saved from economics in items such as cigarettes. I have found resisted taxis to be a good source of revenue, and one week made a splendid haul by washing bedcovers and cushion-covers that could have gone to the laundry.

There is, of course, a danger of cheating. Some of the cushion-covers did not need to go to the laundry. But the resultant hygiene made up for a little self-delusion.

When Saturday comes you can go to the races unhaunted by the ghosts of reproachful Scottish ancestors.

Thus you can lose a modest amount of money with a clear conscience.

And besides, who knows, some day you might win.

★ ★ ★

ON sale in Britain, a compound which, sprayed on privet hedges, ensures that there will be no fresh growth for three months.

If someone will kindly apply the same principle to hair-spray it will save a fortune in permanent waves.

TRAVEL agents visiting Melbourne for the conference of the Australian Travel Association have made some points worth noting.

American tourists, they say, come to Australia looking for something different. Many have "done" Europe. At home in their own country they have bigger and better cities, more glittering tourist resorts than Australia has.

They can be "sold" the outback and the Barrier Reef. They are looking for adventure, or at least the semblance of it. They want to go home and talk about the strange things they have seen and done.

Here they make a point that is thoroughly valid. You only have to look at tourists in any country of the world to realise that many of them are travelling not so much to enjoy themselves as to have something to talk about when they get home.

I have seen travellers who were so busy taking color pictures that they hardly had time to look at what they were taking.

The views some of these American travel experts express bear out the growing belief that it is time that Australians stopped giving American place-names to their resorts. If you want to sell a new product you need a new label.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER note from the Travel Conference: More publicity should be given to the virility of Australian men, said Mr. R. F. Kerr, vice-president of the American Society of Travel Agents. Australia, he said, should emphasise its surplus of men. This would greatly appeal to women tourists.

Once on a time the tourists were lured
By stratagems into our parlor,
Mostly by posters on which were displayed
The charming and gentle koala.
The creatures are cute, but they shouldn't be asked
The whole of the burden to carry.
And they're bound to be pleased with the help they can get
In future from Tom, Dick, and Harry.
Koalas, alas, don't abound in the streets,
But boys of all sorts there are plenty,
Not all of them young or good-looking, it's true,
But lots of the tourists aren't twenty.
It's nice for the nation, but what about Mum?
"I am driven," she says, "to distraction.
The airs of your father, you wouldn't believe,
Since they've called him a tourist attraction!"

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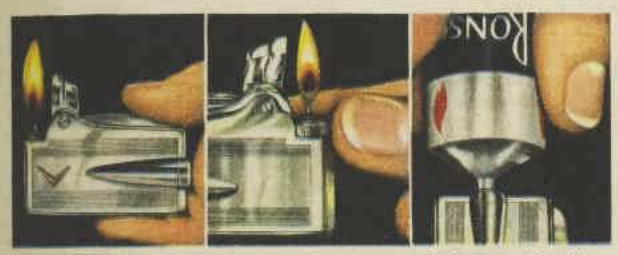

Lights for months on one butane filling. Add fuel anytime — no need to wait till empty.

Fingertip dial sets the clean, wickless flame high or low as needed for cigarette, pipe or cigar.

Fuels instantly with Ronson's patented Butron Multi-fill self-sealing injector, containing almost a year's supply.

Ronson Varaflame, the jet-age lighter, in various finishes, from 120/-

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Ronson Varaflame Adelphi, most graceful of modern table lighters, 199/6

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RONSON Roto-Shine Electric Shoe Polisher cleans, spreads polish, brushes and buffs-up shoes to a high shine in seconds — without even getting fingers soiled! The polisher has an automatic ejector for brush and buffer to keep hands clean.

Ronson Roto-Shine ends the mess and bother of shining shoes. See the Roto-Shine in stores and appliance shops.

£13.13.0 in Standard Pack.

£15.15.0 in Hand-finished Beechwood Cabinet (with extra buffer).

RONSON **Hood 'n Comb hair dryer**

a complete hairdressing kit

— Plastic comb attachment permits warm air to blow through comb.
— Non-kink hose of plastic-covered flexible coil spring.
— Hood of rubberized fabric with pre-formed headband to give even drying to all areas of the head.
— Super-powered dryer unit operates quietly — quickly — evenly.

£14.14.0 complete with stand in heavily lacquered metal case.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

WEDDING bells will soon be ringing for pretty Susan Guthrie and Lieut. James Buchanan, R.A.N., who've set the date, January 24, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

The reception afterwards will be at Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan's lovely home at Point Piper. "I only hope it's not a heatwave," said Mrs. Guthrie, "because it will be delightful out in the garden in the late afternoon."

Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie, of Rose Bay. Her younger sister June will be a bridesmaid with Celia Winter-Irving and Christine Anderson.

★ ★ ★

HAVE you seen the fabulous "loot" that Gracie McDonnell Parr brought back from the East? "Hongkong is a shopping paradise," she says, and brought back dresses, shoes, and handbags to prove it, plus some wonderful household things from Japan.

The McDonnell Parrs travelled with the Claude Healeys—and they certainly had an eventful cruise. Gracie tells a hair-raising tale of the typhoon "Mimi," which hit the ship between Rabaul and Yokohama.

"It lasted for three days, and there we were, bouncing round on top of the waves like a cork."

★ ★ ★

BABY talk . . . Josephine and Brett Falkiner have called their son and heir James Brereton. "He's a little pet," proud grandmother Mrs. E. G. Pilgrim told me. Josie and the baby will be staying with her at Vaucluse for a few weeks before going home to "Foxlow," Bungendore . . . It's a boy for Bev and Ian Curlewis. Their two small daughters are thrilled to bits with their new brother.

★ ★ ★

I THOUGHT Gillian Nilsson looked terrific when she left on board Strathnaver for two years in England and Europe. She's had her blond hair shingled, which looks marvellous, and could have stepped straight out of a glossy magazine in her Chanel-style slate-blue silk suit and shirt.

★ ★ ★

FIRST on my December party-list is the Canberra Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball at the Hotel Canberra on December 3. With 400 guests coming from near and far it promises to be one of the best of the year.

Margaret Jenkins and Janelle O'Gorman are coming from Sydney, Bill and Andrew Rankin from Goulburn, Fiona and Sandy Reid from Yass, Peter and Diana Roche from Adelong.

The 50-strong committee is headed by Tony Neylan, with Patsy Gee as vice-president. The committee was formed last April to raise funds for the N.S.W. Institute for Deaf and Blind Children.

Patricia Harvey has just resigned from the committee because she's leaving for England on board Orcades on January 3. So she'll be saying goodbye to all her friends at the ball—then they'll say goodbye again at a farewell party in Sydney on January 2.

★ ★ ★

TERRACE houses seem to be the answer to newlyweds' prayers. Jan and Hans Lamens are busy wielding paintbrushes in theirs at Edgecliff—"We rush home from work at night and paint for hours," Jan told me.

Another young couple who've just bought one are Jan Fowler and Bob Martyr, who'll be married at Scots College on December 16. Theirs is in a terrace at Woollahra, and they'll be busy redecorating it so they can move straight in after the wedding.

By the way, talking of houses, did you know that Joan and Walter McGrath are planning to move from their ultra-modern house in Point Piper to a lovely colonial-type house right on the water at Double Bay?

It will be quite a change, because this one is more than a hundred years old. They're hoping to be installed by mid-February. "We just must be," says Joan, "because we're going to have the reception there after Di Greaves' wedding to Timmy Allen." Sounds like a marvellous house-warming, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★

WE'LL soon be saying "bon voyage" to pretty Beverley Taylor, of Vaucluse, who's off to Malta to stay with Lieut. Scott Griffith, R.A.N., and his wife (remember she was Sue McPhee?) and their two small sons, Simon and Andrew. Bev leaves on board Aurelia in January, and will travel on to Malta from Naples. From Malta she'll fly across to London for a couple of months. Lucky girl!

★ ★ ★

ADMIRED Bernice Crichton-Brown's charming engagement ring when she announced her engagement to Englishman Michael Gardiner-Hill last week. It's diamonds and sapphires in a delicate gold setting. The young couple will marry at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on February 9. Then they'll leave Sydney and make their home in England. Bernice is the only daughter of the Robert Crichton-Browns, of Bellevue Hill.

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AT LEFT: Leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Carter. The bride was formerly Fenella Smith, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Smith, of "Yattendon," Coolah. Philip is the twin son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Carter, of "Linton North," Barraba.

AT RIGHT: Frank Stitt with his fiancee, Robin Burgess, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Burgess, of Balgowlah. Frank is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Stitt, of "Nanima," Forbes. Robin is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring.

BELOW: Wedding group (from left) Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hetherington, of Cremorne; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Moffat, of "Yarroweyck," Uralla; newlyweed Mr. and Mrs. John Hetherington; Brian Morse, of Collarenebri; Helen Moffat; Ian Park, of Manilla; and Margaret Moffat. The bride was formerly Jennifer Moffat, of Uralla. The wedding took place at St. Peter's Cathedral, Armidale.

CITY AND COUNTRY ROMANCES

NEWLYWEDS (at left) Atholl Leaney with his bride after their wedding at St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney. Mrs. Leaney was formerly Gwynneth Wighton, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wighton, Narraweena. The young couple will make their home at "Riversleigh," Barham.

SHELTERING from the rain under a beach umbrella, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Coles leave St. Swithun's, Pymble. The bride was formerly Sue Watts, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. F. Maxwell Watts, of Killara, and Gilbert is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Coles, of Northbridge.

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You, too, can bake a snake

— a la bushman Bill Harney

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

BUSH COOKERY expert W. J. (Bill) Harney.

● "If I knew you were coming I'd have baked a snake . . ." could be the signature tune of Bill Harney, celebrated 65-year-old bushman-guardian of Ayers Rock.

BILL has spent a good part of his life living, eating, and cooking in traditional bush fashion.

Now, in collaboration with Patricia Thompson, he has produced a Bush Cook Book, being published on December 1.

Bill's book, however, is more than a cookery book. It is a racy commentary — illustrated with amusing sketches — on aboriginal life and lore, with a fund of anecdotes about famous bush cooks.

Men such as Wooden Owl, so called because he never spoke a word, but whose curry was out of this world, the Speckled Hen, covered in freckles, but one of the great bush bread cooks.

Over heat

Most fascinating recipe in the book does tell how to bake a snake.

Says Bill: To cook a snake you need a fire and two people. They sit one each side of the fire and stretch the snake over the heat, passing it slowly to and fro.

Idea of this, the natives say, is to throw the juices back into the flesh and relax muscular contractions.

When the snake has ceased to wriggle and twist, it is laid lengthways on the ground. With a sharp knife or piece of glass bottle, incisions are made along both sides close to the backbone, cutting all the sinewy parts.

The cook then bends the snake to make it supple and rolls it up like a rib roast of beef, then cooks it in hot coals.

"Just like smoked eel," says Bill.

If you're looking for recipes to try out on your gas or electric oven, you won't find many.

But here's one of Bill's favorites that can be cooked in a suburban home . . . Papaw Mince Pudding.

Take a well-developed papaw, cut a slice off the top, take out the seeds. Into the cavity put mincemeat mixed with finely chopped onions, salt, and pepper.

Tie the top back firmly, like a lid, wrap in a cloth, and boil for 45 minutes, or bake in an oven with a little water.

Bill's other recipes—almost 200—range from Lotus Lily soup to Spotted Slut (rice, raisins, and sugar cooked until the rice is dry); from Possum Pumpkin Pie to Flying Fox grills.

"White Australians just don't appreciate the delicious food they have on their doorsteps," says Bill.

"If witchetty grubs had been native to Europe and had a more attractive name they would have ranked with caviare and oysters as one of the world's great delicacies. Cooked in butter and sprinkled with freshly ground pepper, they're delicious.

"We regard flying foxes as pests, yet in New Caledonia the French serve them as a gourmet's dish, cooking them in wine and serving with prunes.

"The early explorers in Australia died of malnutrition because they didn't know how to live off the land.

"Most white Australians still don't."

Bill applauds backyard barbecues, but says that earth ovens, which can be made easily in suburban gardens—he explains how to do it—make outdoor garden eating even more delicious.

Bill admits that his recipes are not exactly the kind that the best hostesses can serve at dinner parties, but for camping, as a change from "whiteman's tucker," they hold pleasant surprises.

As well as telling how to cook stingray livers, turtle-egg omelets, goanna steaks, and kangaroo heads and tails, Bill has filled his book with invaluable advice on how to equip a party for bush life, how to select a camping site, what to take—a kerosene tin and a shovel are indispensable to the bush cook, he says.

ON MAKING CAMP, Bill says, pitch your tent before sundown. If it looks like rain, do not camp in low depressions, but on knolls, so that rainwater will run away.

Choose sandy ground, away from trees. If you rig a tent fly on a tree, avoid big trees with dry limbs. A high wind can bring the dry branches down on top of you. Big trees also attract lightning.

Fire hazard

See the place is free of grass to avoid fire hazard, light your fire on the windward side. Look around for snake tracks or trapdoor spiders' nests.

Useful items to take: shovel, axe, folding safe, folding table. Failing the table, four three-bushel corn sacks . . . one for the table, the rest for chairs.

Bill advises you, before you go, to make a list of all your activities through the day as a memory jogger of what to take. For example:

- Get up in the morning (washing things).
- Light a fire and boil billy (items for firelighting and cooking).
- Washing-up (reminder for mops, tea-towels, tin dishes).

This goes on through the day until it gets dark (lamps, kero, spare wicks) and you go to bed (bunks, mosquito nets, blankets).

Some of Bill's bush first-aid:

- **Jellyfish or bluebottle stings:** Rub at once with sand. It will still be painful, but the poison won't act.
- **Colic:** Eat the red young tips of the gum trees.
- **Headache:** Finely grind charcoal from the fire, mix with a teaspoon of water, and drink.
- **For cold feet:** A bush warming pan. Dig a hole at the foot of your swag and put in a few shovelfuls of red-hot coals. Cover with earth and press well down. Lay the "feet" end of your swag over this.

Bill Harney's Cook Book, Lansdowne Press Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, price 12/6.

BILL HARNEY, known to aborigines all over the Northern Territory as "Bilarney," is as much at home eating flying fox with his aboriginal friends as he is at a magohany table in Darwin.

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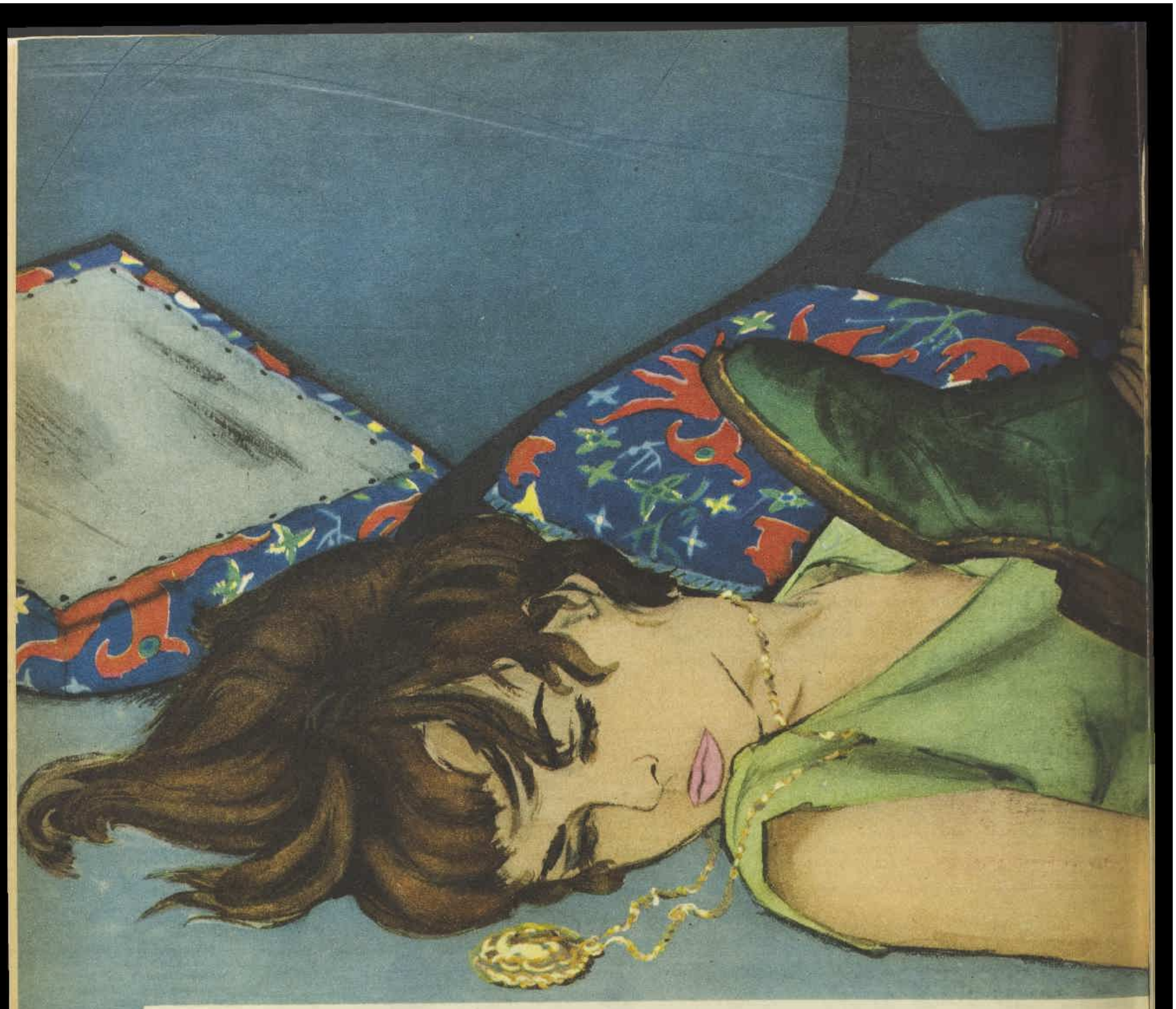

OPERATION TERROR

It started in the dark, a threat of death . . .

beginning our new serial of chilling suspense

BY THE GORDONS

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

CAUTIOUSLY, Kelly Sherwood eased the groaning car up the steep, narrow driveway, careful not to rake it on the thorny hedge. The driveway and the inadequate old garage at its end, both built for cars of a bygone era, were a source of daily irritation to her. Hugged by the house on one side, and the thick hedge on the other, the driveway was a tunnel of blackness cut momentarily by the headlights. It was a few minutes past eleven.

Parking before the closed garage, she slid out. With some effort, she pulled the heavy, old-fashioned sliding door back. Her close friend, Spot, a dog who lived directly behind her, came awake, barking joyously. Every night after parking the car, she went to the back fence and fed Spot a couple of pieces of dog candy. It was one of those little nonsensical rituals that brightened life for her.

"Okay, okay, keep your shirt on!" she called out as she returned to the car. She leaned far out the window to keep an eye on the front fender as she nosed it into the garage. Mechanically, she locked the lever in "park," silenced the motor, and turned out the lights, as usual. Then a most unusual thing happened, and at first she was too surprised to be terrified. The garage door slid shut behind her.

"Toby?" she cried out, "Toby!"

It couldn't be Toby. Not tonight.

As she switched the car lights on, a strong, gloved-

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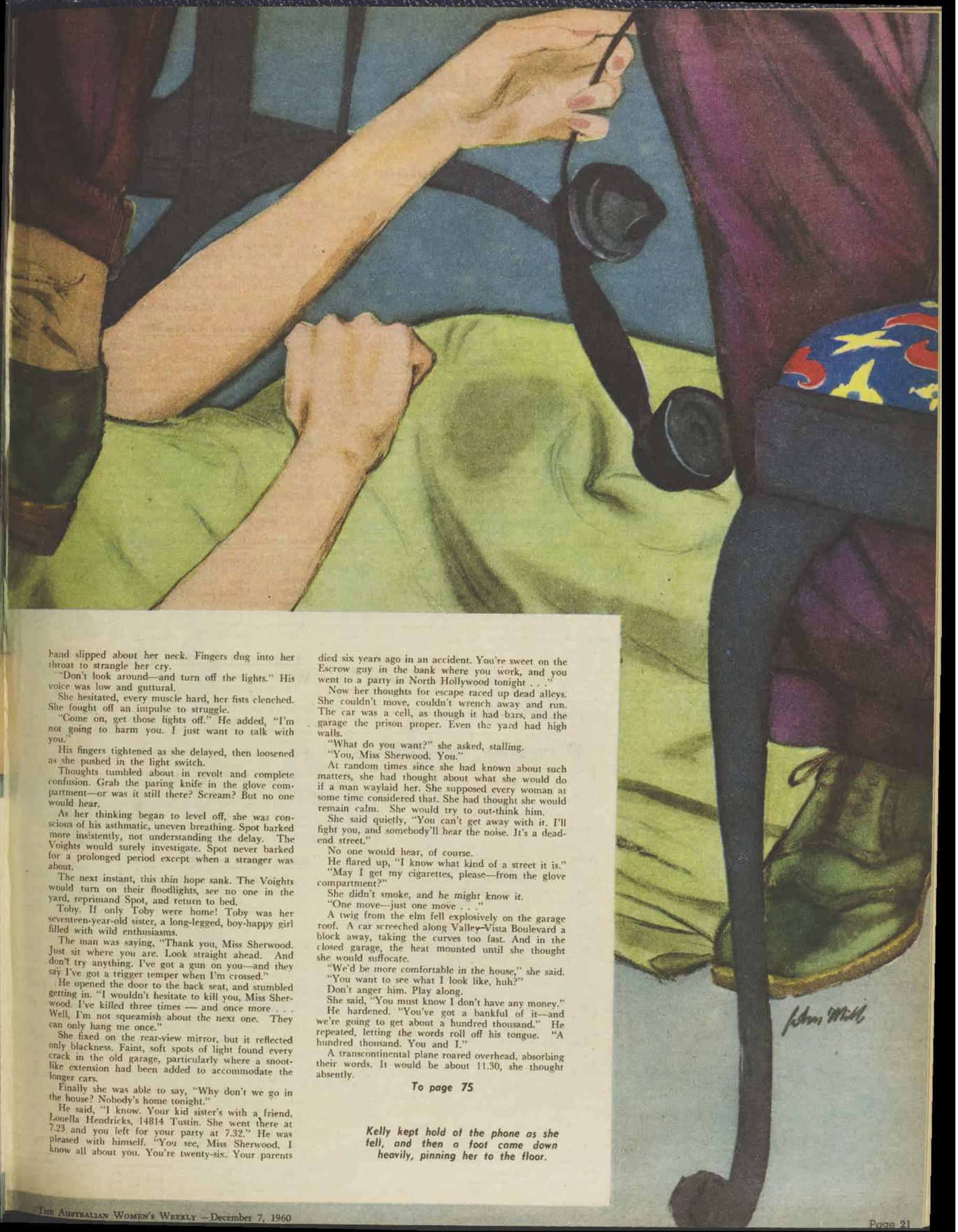

hand slipped about her neck. Fingers dug into her throat to strangle her cry.

"Don't look around—and turn off the lights." His voice was low and guttural.

She hesitated, every muscle hard, her fists clenched. She fought off an impulse to struggle.

"Come on, get those lights off." He added, "I'm not going to harm you. I just want to talk with you."

His fingers tightened as she delayed, then loosened as she pushed in the light switch.

Thoughts tumbled about in revolt and complete confusion. Grab the paring knife in the glove compartment—or was it still there? Scream? But no one would hear.

As her thinking began to level off, she was conscious of his asthmatic, uneven breathing. Spot barked more insistently, not understanding the delay. The Voights would surely investigate. Spot never barked for a prolonged period except when a stranger was about.

The next instant, this thin hope sank. The Voights would turn on their floodlights, see no one in the yard, reprimand Spot, and return to bed.

Toby. If only Toby were home! Toby was her seventeen-year-old sister, a long-legged, boy-happy girl filled with wild enthusiasms.

The man was saying, "Thank you, Miss Sherwood. Just sit where you are. Look straight ahead. And don't try anything. I've got a gun on you—and they say I've got a trigger temper when I'm crossed."

He opened the door to the back seat, and stumbled getting in. "I wouldn't hesitate to kill you, Miss Sherwood. I've killed three times — and once more . . . Well, I'm not squeamish about the next one. They can only hang me once."

She fixed on the rear-view mirror, but it reflected only blackness. Faint, soft spots of light found every crack in the old garage, particularly where a snoot-like extension had been added to accommodate the longer cars.

Finally she was able to say, "Why don't we go in the house? Nobody's home tonight."

He said, "I know. Your kid sister's with a friend, Louella Hendricks, 14814 Tustin. She went there at 7.23 and you left for your party at 7.32." He was pleased with himself. "You see, Miss Sherwood, I know all about you. You're twenty-six. Your parents died six years ago in an accident. You're sweet on the Escrow guy in the bank where you work, and you went to a party in North Hollywood tonight . . ."

Now her thoughts for escape raced up dead alleys. She couldn't move, couldn't wrench away and run. The car was a cell, as though it had bars, and the garage the prison proper. Even the yard had high walls.

"What do you want?" she asked, stalling.

"You, Miss Sherwood. You."

At random times since she had known about such matters, she had thought about what she would do if a man waylaid her. She supposed every woman at some time considered that. She had thought she would remain calm. She would try to out-think him.

She said quietly, "You can't get away with it. I'll fight you, and somebody'll hear the noise. It's a dead-end street."

No one would hear, of course.

He flared up, "I know what kind of a street it is."

"May I get my cigarettes, please—from the glove compartment?"

She didn't smoke, and he might know it.

"One move—just one move . . ."

A twig from the elm fell explosively on the garage roof. A car screeched along Valley-Vista Boulevard a block away, taking the curves too fast. And in the closed garage, the heat mounted until she thought she would suffocate.

"We'd be more comfortable in the house," she said.

"You want to see what I look like, huh?"

Don't anger him. Play along.

She said, "You must know I don't have any money."

He hardened. "You've got a bankful of it—and we're going to get about a hundred thousand." He repeated, letting the words roll off his tongue. "A hundred thousand. You and I."

A transcontinental plane roared overhead, absorbing their words. It would be about 11.30, she thought absently.

To page 75

Kelly kept hold of the phone as she fell, and then a foot came down heavily, pinning her to the floor.

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LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

Wife's hard decision

A WORKMATE of my husband, a married man with a family, was recently arrested for drunken driving. His wife, knowing he was drunk, had asked him not to drive and took the car keys. When he made her return them, she threatened to call the police if he persisted. He did, so she carried out her threat, which led to his arrest. His mates are loudly denouncing this young woman, but surely she is to be commended for making such a courageous decision. Had she let her husband drive without taking action, he could have been killed or maimed—or someone else may have been hurt. What do readers think?

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name and address supplied).

Incentive payment for wives

THE present financial arrangements accompanying marriage are most unsatisfactory. Every woman should have a weekly allowance, if only a small one, for her own personal needs. Most of the misery, boredom, and frustration in marriage is caused by the knowledge that, whether a woman makes a good or bad job of her position of housewife and mother, her reward is the same. Give her an incentive and there'll be no more resentful, discontented wives.

£1/1/- to "C.M." (name supplied), Adelaide.

A lesson in kindness

DURING a recent car trip, we came across a number of turtles crossing the road and managed to avoid running over any. However, a fine example was set to us "whites" when a car, approaching from the other direction, pulled up and the driver—an aboriginal—got out, picked up a turtle from the centre of the road and put it in a roadside waterhole. This small act placed these poorly treated people ace high in my opinion.

£1/1/- to "B.P." (name supplied), Lismore, N.S.W.

Mum was the best medicine

WE often read of the loneliness of children in hospitals because of restricted visiting hours. In my home town in England, every night was visiting night in the children's ward. For an hour the "Mums" took over. Nurse brought in hot milk with tins of cocoa, bread and butter, and various sandwich fillings. Mum made supper and bedded junior down for the night. There were plenty of spare "aunts" for visitorless children. It was surprising how many speedy recoveries were recorded.

£1/1/- to C. D. Stansfield, Scoresby, Vic.

Wreaths or cash?

"PRACTICAL THOUGHT'S" (Vic.) suggestion that money be given to widows, instead of its value wasted in wreaths for their dead at funerals, disregards the fact that most people would shrink from receiving hard, cold cash on such a sad occasion.

£1/1/- to "Motherless" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

WREATHS as such are a waste. Recently for the funeral of a relative, we ordered all flowers to be made as sheafs and afterwards the sheafs were taken, by the funeral director, to the nearest public hospital.

£1/1/- to "E.C." (name supplied), Strathfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

THE little grave of my six-year-old son, who had been lost for four days in bush before searchers found him, was a mass of beautiful flowers. I assure you, if I had been offered a cheque for £500 instead of the flowers I would have refused.

£1/1/- to "Alan's Mother" (name supplied), Wilga, W.A.

★ ★ ★

BY all means keep floral tokens simple, but don't let us become so mundane as to abolish a custom that brings ease to torn hearts and pays respect to our dead.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. B. Ranft, Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

WREATHS at funerals are a waste. The bereaved are often too stunned to notice them, and they're of no use to anyone else. In Victoria it's possible to send money to a village for the aged which in turn sends an explanatory note, and a gesture of gratitude, to the bereaved family.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. L. Higgs, Melbourne.

★ ★ ★

I'VE had a lot of illness and have made up my mind that there'll be no flowers at my funeral. The people who have thought anything of me have given me their bouquets during my lifetime.

£1/1/- to "A.W." (name supplied), Seaford, Vic.

Hairdo headache

AFTER wearing my hair in the fashionable chignon style for some time, I'm fairly convinced that it's cruel to tie a little girl's hair into a tight pony-tail, as many mothers are doing. By mid-afternoon my head is aching and it's with the greatest relief that I remove the offending band. May I suggest that those mothers who have adopted this style for their daughters try it out on themselves to see what agony it is.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Kleeman, Newcastle, N.S.W.

That drawn-out Christmas

IF anyone is—like myself—beginning to think it can't possibly be a year since last Christmas, they're right. Christmas today isn't celebrated in December, but starts in September with cards, Santa in the stores, and Christmas present advertising. By the time Christmas week finally arrives, there's little fun left. Couldn't we cut out all the commercialism and keep Christmas for December?

£1/1/- to "Irma Bydell" (name supplied), Gippsland, Vic.

There's many a slip . . .

IN nearly every paper one picks up, pictures of engaged couples meet the eye. I wonder why they have their photos taken together before their marriage? It must be very embarrassing, in later years, if the engagement has been broken and they marry someone else.

£1/1/- to K. Green, North Perth, W.A.

Community Christmas effort

I GREATLY admire the way one group of Victoria's Housing Commission tenants have planned ahead for the Christmas parties and presents for local children. The parents have formed a committee to run socials to raise funds for the Christmas treats. As this effort has been going on for some time, it looks as though these children will enjoy a Christmas to remember for a long time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Allen, Brunswick, Vic.

"Nanny"—a horrible word

WHEN will people cease using that horrible word "nanny" when referring to the nurses of children whose parents are public figures? I've seen recent references to Prince Andrew's "nanny," and now we hear that the Kennedy household has an English "nanny." To describe a woman, and particularly a nurse, in such a way is an affront to the dignity of womanhood.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.A.H." (name supplied), Adelaide.

"Hobson's choice" in shoes

THESE days the shoe manufacturer decides the style of shoe women will wear, whether we like them or not. It amounts to "Hobson's choice"—pointed toes with spiked heels or matrons' shoes, there's just no in-between.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. O'Keefe, Galloways Hill, Qld.

She favors perms for men

AFTER seeing a male model with a permanent wave, I think more men with unruly hair should try a perm for a smart hairdo. It would be more effective than sticky heavy hair creams and oils.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

Misplaced wedding wit

WHAT do other readers think of people who, at weddings, insist on bringing at least one smutty story into the speeches? At the two weddings I attended recently, some "wit" spoilt the whole affair with a questionable story. I'm not a prude, and—at the right time and place—probably enjoy a "yarn" as much as anyone, but on occasions such as weddings, off-color jokes are out of keeping.

£1/1/- to "Embarrassed" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

Her independent son

I AM a mother with a problem. My 14-year-old son insists on walking home by himself after late pictures—although he has to walk about three miles on a very dark and deserted road. We have a car so we can easily call for him. My husband agrees with our son and says he is old enough to walk home by himself. What do other mothers think?

£1/1/- to "Too Scared" (name supplied), Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.

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For present-day living at its push-button best . . .

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Here are five of the wonderful Pressure★Pak products which contribute protection, comfort and pleasure to civilised living, with unequalled ease and efficiency.

MORTEIN PRESSURE★PAK. Push the button and a highly penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is released. It quickly kills every fly, every insect pest, even those lurking behind drapes. Very economical . . . 3 seconds' spraying is enough for average rooms. In two sizes, 8/3, 14/3.

AIR-O-ZONE Pressure★Pak Room Deodoriser. Push the button and spray the room for a few seconds. Unpleasant odours will vanish, harmful airborne bacteria will be destroyed. Air-O-Zone leaves a pine-fresh fragrance that lasts for hours. In two sizes, 9/11, 17/9.

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Pressure★Pak SMOOTHex Instant Lather Shave Cream. Push the button for rich, creamy, ready-made shaving lather with built-in after-shave lotion. No brush required. More than 70 closer, cleaner, faster shaves than ever before for only 8/6.

Pressure★Pak BASK. Push the button and spray on a delightful film of skin treatment that has no equal under the sun. Bask is the "cool" new, easy-to-apply spray that gives prompt relief from the pain of sunburn . . . prevents windburn and insect bites, too. 12/6.

*The famous brand name Pressure★Pak is the property of the Pressure★Pak Company, a division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

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For FAST Pain Relief

You don't *have* to put up with nagging headache or irritating nerve pains so often caused by fatigue. To feel better fast, simply take two BAYER'S ASPIRIN tablets . . . relax . . . and you'll be amazed at the speed with which you get relief.

Why BAYER'S ASPIRIN makes you feel better fast! Unlike pain-relieving tablets which delay relief because they enter your stomach *whole*, a BAYER'S ASPIRIN tablet disintegrates into soft, tiny flakes *on its way* to your stomach. Therefore, it's ready to go to work *instantly* — without delay — to bring the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get!

So, for most kinds of aches or pain — headache, backache, neuralgia, muscular pains, minor pains of rheumatism or arthritis, and the feverishness of colds and 'flu — you can put your trust in BAYER'S ASPIRIN — because no one has ever discovered a safer, faster and more effective pain reliever.

24 tablets in gold foil **2/-**

Bottles of 100 tablets **6/6**

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. . . is the one made so safe and so gentle, especially for children — Flavoured Children's Size BAYER'S Aspirin. Tastes so good, children take it without fussing! And what assurance to know you can give Children's Size BAYER'S Aspirin with your doctor's blessing. Each tablet contains 1¼ grains of aspirin, the dosage prescribed for children. So give your child the best — Flavoured Children's Size BAYER'S Aspirin. 24 tablets (in protective foil) 2/6.

Flavoured Children's Size BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BAYER PHARMA PTY. LTD. • SYDNEY

Worth Reporting

THREE, two, one — Zero! . . . Prepare for a missile Christmas, kids.

Come the dawn of the 25th, the suburban lounge will flash, detonate, and rock to the roar of battery-operated inter-continental ballistic missiles, Nike air missiles, Bristol Bloodhounds, and moon satellites.

There'll be 3ft.-high Cape Canaveral launching-pads . . . monster tanks that spit shells up to 15ft. (watch the TV set), and Pan American jet clippers that scream across the lounge-room tarmac.

"We're having a marvellous time," said model-missile demonstrator John Gallagher at one store.

"Excuse me," he broke off, "I think this customer wants to see the I.C.B.M. launcher in action."

John peered into the sights, counted "down," and as the missile found its mark beamed, "See what I mean . . .?"

Get up early on Christmas morning, kids. You won't get a look in with Dad.

JOHN GALLAGHER and missile-launcher.

IN GUNS . . . Cheyenne is favorite—from six-shooters to a rifle which bangs and whines with the realism of a Cheyenne mountain duel. (Don't let the kids anywhere near these—or you've had it.)

Caught our eye . . . puppets, ventriloquist dolls, battery-operated phone sets (staff of one store used these for inter-department contact the other day), car models . . . AND the cowboy and Indian suits.

Few space suits about. Seems our "astronaut age" kids aren't panicking about conquering silent, outer space . . . they're doing fine with the noisy missiles, guns, and war-cries.

CATHRYN WOODHOUSE, of Brookvale, N.S.W., samples gift idea — gay lunch kits.

THE PEARL came in a tin-can.

Pearls are guaranteed

IT'S not EVERY day that a girl gets a "guaranteed" chance to find a pearl in an oyster . . . i.e., without risking a perfectly good hair-do or diver's bends.

When young Kerry Yates came back to our office from a Christmas shopping spree with a Japanese tin-can labelled, *"Guaranteed to contain at least one cultured pearl in the original mother-oyster from the famous Ago Bay,"* we crowded round.

Shaking, Kerry got to work with the tin-opener . . . the suspense was terrific! Would the oyster, rattling around in the canned Ago waters, hold one or two pearls . . . or maybe even a black one?

Photographer Don Cameron helped prise the oyster open and—

Voila! One cultured pearl.

Kerry's having hers made into a ring . . . other teenage friends are attaching theirs to chains for neckwear.

* * *

WARNING in the window of an antique shop:

"To youths and small boys . . . we have no revolvers, daggers, knives, pistols, swords, knuckledusters, cycle chains, lead piping, or hangman's ropes. NO. NO. NO."

They'll farm the oceans

READING May Gibbs' under-sea adventures of Obelia and Snugglepot and Cuddlepie, we were sharing sobs with our favorite four-year-old over the plight of the "fish-folk" when the lad inquired, "Could we live under the sea, too?"

Nicest part of having a four-year-old around is his flattering conviction that

- You are Superman.
- You know absolutely everything.

Sustaining either illusion is tricky at times, but now we could bask safely once more.

"Yes, my boy," we said knowledgeably, "that may indeed soon be possible."

We'd just caught up on plans of U.S. scientists to farm the oceans of the world for food . . . already they're compiling a "fish" atlas of the Atlantic.

Fantastic farm equipment being built includes a sea-plough — heavy chains will bounce about the ocean bed, releasing on-the-spot minerals for fertilisation of crops.

Yes, INDEED, son.

The data on dolls

FASCINATED by the rush-crush on teenage dolls. What's a teenage doll?

Our favorite teenagers tell us it's a bedroom doll from 2in. to 36in. tall, but it MUST have—

The three vital statistics, cutest of expressions, high-fashion clothes, preferably silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, and shingled, colored hair . . . champagne blond in tops.

Teenage doll

The dolls cost from 2/11 to £25 . . . come from Japan, U.S., and Spain.

Haute couture outfits of the 30in. Spanish cuties make you feel frumpish. We overheard one teenage onlooker complaining to mother, "Why can't I have a lacquered shingle like that doll's?"

Dolls have real hair or the new synthetic saran — sewn strand by strand into the scalp.

For the sub-sub-teens, not so mad about vital statistics, the shops have baby dolls that "burp," and one by name of "Chatty Cathy," who chats (at the pull of a string) 14 to 15 sentences—"I hurt myself," "Please comb my hair."

Records and a sapphire-tipped needle are in her chest.

And a way of life, too

HERE it is, chicks! The perfect squelch for husbands who churlishly query our little swimsuit-bikini extravagances with, "How can a silly scrap of material cost THAT much?"

The tip comes to us from Miss Tienne Greenberg, vice-president of an American swimsuit firm, who flew on to Australia for a short visit recently.

"Darling," you coo patronisingly, "a swimsuit to a woman is

- a bra
- a girdle
- a set of undies
- a slip
- a party frock.

"Think of the ingenuity, the triumph of engineering involved. THINK of the money clever little me has saved you . . ." and then watch him squirm under your saucer-of-milk smile.

P.S.: We tried the list out on our favorite husband. The reaction was a roar of laughter.

"No kiddin'," he got out between guffaws. "Haven't you forgotten something there about 'and a way of life'?"

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Katie had such a kind heart she couldn't help falling for a sad face and a hard-luck story

Friday's child

IF there were anyone with a hard-luck story twenty miles away and buried deep, Katie Dickie would, so to speak, sniff them out. "Soft hearted," her mother sighed, thinking of Wilfred.

"Fair game for parasites," her father added gloomily.

They should have realised what Katie was like years ago, in her toddling days.

Looking back, Mrs. Dickie remembered the infant Katie scattering her rusks for any dolefully cheeping bird; pouring her milk for any purringly ingratiating cat. Then, smiling fondly, she would say that, after all, "Friday's child is loving and giving."

Later on, Katie's friends at school were invariably misfits, with an unending tale of woe. She brought them home, and her parents tried valiantly and unsuccessfully to straighten them out.

"They're born doleful!" Mrs. Dickie would proclaim passionately. "They'd hate to be happy!"

"Couldn't you find just one cheerful friend?" Mr. Dickie would implore. "Someone to make a change. To lighten the gloom a bit. Someone like, say, Simon Fenn, the young fellow at the bookshop. He sees fun in everything! He was born on a Sunday."

Unfortunately, Katie had no use for Simon Fenn. He never needed to be comforted.

When she left school, her family's apprehension grew. She never lacked admirers; she was a redhead, with a warm, ready laugh, the kind of laugh that encourages people, and sparkling green eyes. But the men she fell for were all misunderstood.

"They're so wet you don't have to wring them . . . they drip!" Katie's elder brother, Timothy, said.

"Especially the soulful dope she's flapping over now!" Katie's younger brother, Patrick, mourned. "The tall, dark one. The one she calls 'poor Wilfred.' "

Poor Wilfred. Katie had found him at a cocktail party. It was a gay, noisy party, and she had been laughing over some absurd joke with Simon Fenn, who was Timothy's best friend, when she caught sight of a starkly miserable face away in the shadows at the far end of the room.

"Simon," she'd said excitedly, "who's the man over there by the window? The dark-eyed man, all by himself. He looks so sad!"

Simon, who had known Katie since she was born, and whom Mrs. Dickie had implored to help with the situation, did his best to head her off.

"Handsome, isn't he?" he enthused. "Wealthy, too! Nothing to worry about there, my dear. Surely you must know him? His parents own that enormous pig farm out at Little Muddicome. Name of Elms."

"Of course!" Katie smiled. "Wilfred Elms! He was my favorite boy in kindergarten days! He paints murals now, doesn't he?"

It was then that Simon made the fatal mistake.

"Used to," he corrected, "but he failed his third-year at art school; then he had several years in the Navy, National Service, and so on, and now he's helping with the pigs."

"So that's why he looks so sad! He's frustrated! Pigs when he wants to paint!" Katie was oozing sympathy.

"Anyone who wants to paint, paints!" Simon told her. "And the pigs are a gold mine."

"Money isn't everything, and everyone can't be a hulking ray of sunshine, like you!" Katie sighed. "You're a nice, happy, uncomplicated person, Simon. Other people get tied in knots."

"How do you know I don't get tied in knots?" Simon demanded testily, but Katie only laughed at him.

The idea of "Sunny sandy-haired Simon," as she called him, getting tied-in knots was preposterous.

"What did poor Wilfred do in the Navy?" she asked, watching the sombre, dark-eyed face across the room.

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Katie gazed thoughtfully ahead. "I've had an inspiration," she said to Simon.

A romantic short story

By JILL GILL

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Happiness is a child's face on Christmas morning...

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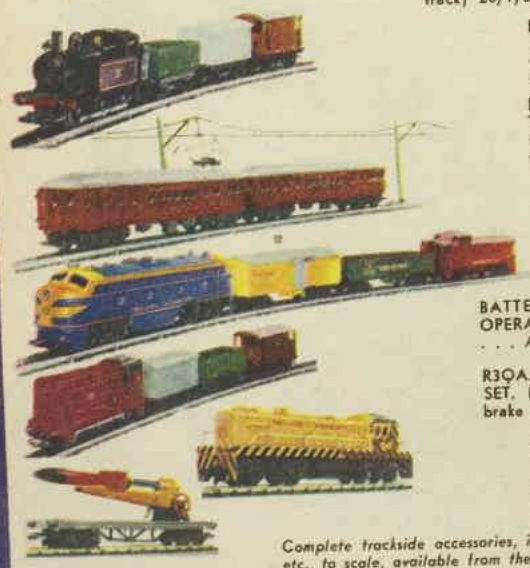

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More than a prayer

He dreamed of a better, safer world for his son . . . a short short story

By JEAN C. CLARK

At the hospital Helen and Mark sat waiting for news of their son.

MARK stopped the car in the carport, got out, and stood looking across the other yards in the housing development. With their smooth cover of snow they looked identical, but he knew that for Helen—after all the time she had spent in the shoddy rented trailer, coping with a baby, a tight budget, and his own interminable studying for his graduate degree—this house had a special meaning.

He hated to go in. One look at him and Helen would know immediately that something important had happened today.

If he said to her, "I had an offer today to work with several of the country's top scientists on peaceful uses of the atom," he knew what her answer would be. Even if he explained that it was only a three-year grant, that afterwards there might be no job, even if he explained that the salary was only half what he was making now, and that they would have to move, he knew she'd say merely, "Is it something you really want to do?" If he said "yes," she'd say, "Well then, do it."

It was her very unselfishness, her uncompromising acceptance of his decisions about his work that made it so difficult. It put all the responsibility and all the ensuing guilt squarely on his shoulders.

For he knew that if he decided in favor of his family he would always feel he had turned down the greatest opportunity of his career, as well as let down the other men who were sacrificing high salaries in order, as the man had said today, "to make a contribution." Yet if he took the job, he knew he would feel he had not done his best for his family.

Glancing into the backyard, he saw Timmy's sled. He went to get it, impelled not so much by orderliness as by a desire to be alone a little longer with his dream. It was a dream that had possessed him since his early teens: that of being a nuclear physicist.

He had held the dream close through his undergraduate years. But by the time he acquired his doctorate he also had acquired a wife, a small son, and a mountain of debts. And when a scout from a big power company had come to the campus looking for men to help set up an atomic power plant, he had gone for an interview and had been hired.

"But will you be happy?" Helen had asked. "You always said that research——"

"I'll be doing my share of research."

And he had. His share. His apportioned share toward a specific goal. Lately he had found himself fighting a feeling of unrest, an irritability that threatened to disturb the placidity of his family life.

His present job, though limiting to his talents, had unlimited possibilities financially. It meant they could live better and better in the future. It meant their son would never have to borrow money for an education as he had. Why, then, had he even listened to that man today? Why had he not given him a definite no instead of telling him he'd think it over?

He sighed as he put his son's sled in the carport and went at last into the house. Immediately he sensed a strangeness. Helen had not started dinner and there were strange sounds coming from Timmy's bedroom.

He went in quickly and saw his son lying in bed, his breath coming in labored gasps, his small face so pale it seemed tinged with blue.

Helen sprang from the bedside and sank against Mark's chest. "I was afraid you wouldn't get here in time. The doctor just left. The ambulance should be here any minute."

"Ambulance?" He felt a chill go over his body. "What——"

"Pneumonia. Lobar pneumonia."

Before he could answer he heard the whine of a siren in the street.

Helen rode in the ambulance with Timmy while Mark followed in the car.

At the hospital he hurried to the third floor and joined Helen on the sun porch at the end of the corridor. He sat next to her on a wicker couch, and they talked in low voices.

"Mark, will he die?"

He fought a feeling of hopelessness and spoke decisively. "Of course not."

"He's so little."

So little, he thought, yet so terribly important. Had Mark needed something like this to make him realise how much he loved his son? But why something so terrible that he might never again have a chance to express his love?

"I spanked him last Sunday," Helen said. "I really didn't have a good reason." After a moment she added, "I'm not a good mother. I should have called the doctor earlier."

"You're a wonderful mother. It developed so fast. How could you have known?"

. . . . . .

The hours passed with a deadly slowness Once, when he reached into his pocket, he found a piece of paper with a telephone number on it. "If you should decide in our favor, call me," the man had said. "I don't care how late it is." He withdrew his hand quickly, guiltily.

After a while he noticed that Helen's head was bent. He saw her lips moving. Though he did not wholly approve of the bargaining kind of prayer, desperate and despairing he found himself praying, too, promising he would be a better father if his son recovered.

At last Mark looked up and saw the doctor coming toward them, and he stood up quickly, his heart pounding.

"I believe he's going to be all right," the doctor said.

Helen let out a cry of joy and Mark said, "Thank God." He held out his hand. "And thank you, Doctor."

"Thank the man who discovered penicillin," the doctor said. "Lobar pneumonia used to be the quickest killer of them all." He smiled at them. "Why don't you go downstairs and have some coffee? Then you can look in on your son."

Over coffee they talked about Timmy in low, grateful tones. Finally Mark told Helen about the job he had been offered. "It would mean considerably less money," he said doubtfully. "We'd have to cut down."

"Is it something you want to do?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes. But——"

"Well then, do it." She smiled. "We'll manage."

He knew from the look in her eyes that he was not letting her down. Nor did he feel that he was letting Timmy down. Though he remembered his prayer — his bargain — he felt no guilt about his decision.

For maybe, like the man who discovered pencillin, he too could contribute something, however small—something that would allow his son to grow up in a better, safer world. Wasn't that one way of being a better father?

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BARBIE AND THE BELLS OF ST. CHER

SHE'D heard the resonant booming of the copper gong in the main hall below, half an hour before. That would mean the famous Jerome had arrived, for little Jean-Pierre had threatened cheerfully to sound the "very loud bang of welcome" for his big and beloved brother. The dusk had come now, and through the long windows of her balcony the summery scents drifted from the garden, and, as always at this hour, she heard the haunting bells from somewhere far away . . . down the river.

The huge room gathered shadows to nest through the night amid the massive furniture, in the folds of the thick old drapes. But Barbie Boileau, still sitting at the dressing-table, staring into the misty reflections in the stained, gilt-framed mirror, was conscious of none of this.

She didn't see her own piquant, heart-shaped face with the wide-spaced grey eyes, nor was she concerned with the reflections of the Renaissance room behind. Briefly the thought of Jerome Avaray did cross her mind.

He would be short like his father, no doubt, and dark, and very self-contained like the other French boys she'd met. Anyhow, he was nearly 25, and a lawyer, and would no doubt act very important because he lived in Paris. And anyhow, she wouldn't have much to do with him, for Paul and Paulette, the twins, were always saying that Jerome wasn't interested in girls.

She put him out of her mind and conjured into the mirror again the image of the little Chelsea bed-sitting room, with its striped wallpaper, the gay curtains she'd hung to hide the corner she used as a clothes cupboard, and the wonderful ambiance of the place, which was half the excitement of having a place of one's own, and half the wonderful novelty of being answerable to no one.

"I'm nearly 19," she thought rebelliously. "I have a right to my own life. I didn't want to come to France and I just don't see why Mummy thinks she can make me do things. I'm too old for this for-your-own-good nonsense. Papa would have liked you to go, she says, but would Papa have liked her marrying George and putting me into school for all my life?

"Perhaps I'd have liked France if Papa had lived, but it's too late now. I'm tired of being supervised and I'm tired of going to school and I don't want to learn to know the French even if they were Papa's people. I loved having a job of my own, and my own place, and eating what I wanted to and when I wanted to . . .

"Oh, my goodness," she thought, "I'm going to be late." Vigorously she brushed back her hair, dabbed her nose with powder, and rushed out, slowing to a sedate pace at the end of the long flight of stairs. Even though Madame Avaray did take paying guests—young English students who came to the courses at the University of Tours, like Barbie—she still made you feel as though you were taking a class in deportment.

So even as she entered the long dining-room faded in splendor, she thought how much sooner she would be running up the stairs of her own little room, changing out of her suit into a swirling skirt and a gay blouse and the black stockings her mother abhorred, and going out around the corner to Fulham Road to buy eggs and sausages and a bunch of flowers. And no French verbs to learn for the morning!

A tall slim boy turned from the sideboard to meet her. He had thick black hair and eyes so dark that they seemed purple; and there was a quirk to his smile.

"I'm Jerome," he said, "and I've been reading about you and hearing about you ever since you came here. You are just as beautiful as the twins described you in their letters."

He had the tiniest soft accent to his English which somehow made his words seem quite acceptable. He took Barbie's hand and shook it gently, and went on speaking.

To page 101

Barbie dreamed of the lost chateau and seemed to hear the haunting bells from somewhere far away.

BY MARIA RAMSEY

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The perfectly tailored bare-armed dress is a popular hot-weather fashion.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's query:

"Would you please assist me with a style for a summer frock? The material is white rayon linen patterned with an evenly spaced flower design. I bought the fabric during a recent visit to the U.S. I take an SSW fitting and will want a paper pattern for the design you suggest."

Your material sounds so decorative I feel you will need the design to be tailored and uncluttered.

I also suggest "sleevelessness," not only because of the climate, but also for the reason that the bare-armed dress is high fashion.

The design is illustrated below. I hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I AM making a new frock for a rather special occasion and would like one of your helpful style suggestions. I love the new fashion of frocks from the '20s; they look so young and unusual. I am 17 and fairly slim and tall."

A new-again dress shape, its origin the '20s, is the long-torso dress.

This silhouette is currently followed by Paris designers for day and night.

Details include a hip-length, slightly curved to the torso line and a full swirling skirt. The bodice top is sleeveless and beltless.

"PLANNING a holiday at a guest-house up north, I would like your assistance with a set of separates to wear during my stay. I am just 16 and like all shades of blue."

The following garments — they are all interchangeable—would be practical and attractive to include in a by-the-sea wardrobe:

Blue cotton plaid camisole top and matching straight-cut skirt; boy shorts in navy-blue rayon linen and a short waist-length jacket in the same material.

"IS it in order to wear a white evening frock to a 21st-birthday celebration? I am not the guest of honor."

White would be perfectly correct for the occasion you mention.

"FASHION advertisements say that a pale-colored suit is a Paris favorite. I would like to make such a style if you could help me with a few details. I am in my mid-twenties and take an SSW fitting."

Youthful verve and easy cut sum up the currently popular summer suit. Blond and pink are the two most popular colors.

A typical example of a suit in this category was launched by Paris designer Balenciaga.

The suit — it became a best-seller in New York — has a hip-length jacket, half belted in front and slightly longer at the back, with a slim skirt cut on the bias.

"WOULD you please assist me in the choice of a design for a street-length theatre coat? My material is a very lovely brocade and I feel it is worthy of a French design."

Nina Ricci showed a brocade theatre coat in her autumn collection, and I don't think you could do better than follow its design.

The coat had a side-closing trimmed with three evenly spaced self-material bows.

The sleeves were three-quarter length, and a huge box-pleat at the centre back gave the coat roominess and width.

"HAVING a slender sheath frock in pale blue, I want to buy a white hat to wear with it. What is a smart shape?"

The smartest hat to offset a slender sheath is a cloche with a high cone-shaped crown.

DS428.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 3-8th yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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HOW TO LOOK

Nobody can hold back time. But we can do something about it and look younger, feel younger, even be younger in ourselves.

● In European countries people don't seem to worry overmuch about the number of years anyone has accumulated. Age is incidental. But in Australia, as in the U.S.A., everyone is age-conscious. Twenty looms for a teenager as an end to a chapter, as does 30 or 40. Fifty — horrors! Yet, does the actual birthday make you feel any older than you did the day before, except in your own mind?

● Chanel look — casual, slack, easy-to-wear, with a bracelet-length sleeve. A look that is forever young.

MEET some women at home when they're wearing slacks and top or a sundress, with little make-up and hair simply combed into place, and they look young and alive. Meet them at a cocktail party when they've gone to great trouble with make-up, hair-do, the good silk, and a confection hat, and, while they look grander and perhaps prettier, they also look ten years older.

An open-air look is youthful. Suntan and freckles mightn't be your idea of beauty, but they look young.

★ ★ ★

DON'T have your dresses or your corset too tight. A little ease in the cut of a dress takes a few years off your figure.

When tight corsets grip you, the fat has to go somewhere. It usually runs to bulges above and below the corset. After a few hours, especially in summer, it runs to agony lines on your face.

A very tight corset may send you off to an occasion elated at the easiness of the dress over it. But after two hours, you'll begin to show the suffering of constriction. Suffering is an expression of age, not youth.

★ ★ ★

CASUAL clothes are always younger than formals, although not necessarily as becoming or as beautiful. But remember that you've long passed the teenager-tights group.

Chanel has always designed clothes to make women look young. They seem to be a projection of her own youthful spirit. For youthful she is, despite her 70-odd years. (Her exact age is her secret.)

Pockets in clothes—practical pockets into which hands can be thrust—always seem young.

Three-quarter and seven-eighths sleeves are younger than full-length. Same applies to coat lengths. So, too, are slacks that show the ankles.

★ ★ ★

WITHIN reason, follow the fashionable hem lengths.

No one is suggesting that you crop your skirts at the knee.

But to stick to longer skirts ("more suitable to my age" or "my legs are not my best feature") when shorter skirts are in looks dowdy and is ageing.

★ ★ ★

STIFF materials — brocade, lame, taffeta — can look gorgeous, but they rarely look young. A soft material in a light color is an (old) girl's best friend.

As you get older, avoid dark colors. Lighter shades can be just as conservative as black and dark navy, and are up to 10 years younger.

Lighter colors soften the face.

Don't go grand in black with pearls and a fur stole. You'll probably achieve your conscious or subconscious aim of advertising your husband's prosperity or business success, but you'll look the matron you are. (Why have them think he made the grade because he married an older woman?)

★ ★ ★

YOUR face is only as young as your feet. If high heels begin to torture you after a few hours' wear, compromise with the medium heel. No matter if you're short-legged or a midget and want the extra leg length. It's comfort first after 40, or your face will have the downward lines of strain.

Few women can afford a facelift, surgical variety, to raise the sagging contours. About the only do-it-yourself means of achieving this lift, apart from make-up, is by a smile.

● TV star Ann Sothern is attractive and still young-looking at 48 (maybe more). This is largely because she keeps her waistline and dresses to show it off.

Keep an eye on that waist

IT'S a well-known axiom that after 35, if not before, a woman must watch her face and her figure—and watching her figure means diet and exercise.

If you're frankly running to fat in order to keep a plump pretty face, try, too, to keep your waist, no matter how billowing the figure.

In keeping your figure, remember it's better to be a few pounds over the sylph-like weight and have a relaxed expression, than be a few pounds under and look strained and hungry.

Whether you're fat or thin, try to stay supple (sensible foods, some exercises). A few pounds one way or the other don't matter (except when your doctor says differently) if you're flexible and move easily.

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YOUNGER

NOT THIS

BUT THIS

• *Both these dresses are elegant and good fashion for cocktails or a dinner date—but only the dress on the right is really tops for the over-40s. The sleeveless dress, left, is one of the hardest styles to wear. It focuses attention pitilessly on the arms, which are never an older woman's best feature, has a severely tailored neckline. But the lace-topped dress on the right covers up the ugly part of the arm, has a soft, flattering, young neckline and shoulder-line.*

AFTER 40, cover up, except by night light.

Don't be carried away by the current sleeveless dresses; don't (unless you're plump and prettily fleshed) have your summer dresses cut low. If you're suntanned you'll get away with it, but make a resolve that your present crop of low-cuts will be the last.

★ ★ ★

DARK nail-polish makes older hands look harder and swollen-veined. Try the softer, light pinks.

Same principle applies to lipstick.

Thick make-up gives a hard, not-young look.

A slight shine is always younger (again not necessarily more bewitching) than a matt look.

Eyebrows accented heavily with black "weight" the face. Leave them to a sprite like Audrey Hepburn.

A false cupid-bow lip-line tends to give an older woman a clown face—that unreal mouth among those wrinkles.

★ ★ ★

AVOID stiff hairdos. They're possibly works of art in themselves, but they add a few years. (Remember how ageing those corrugated-iron waves were?)

Try a side parting. Hair swept up and back is usually becoming, but it often adds a matronly look, too.

Long hair, unless coiffed by an expert, can look old. Short hair, whatever its other merits and demerits, is younger.

Don't have a Duchess of Windsor "scrape." Unless you're a classic beauty, with time and background for posing, you'll look like your own Aunt Sarah.

Don't tint or rinse the hair darker than its natural color. A dark brown rinse on brown hair, for instance, will tend to harden the features, flatten the skin tone, and age the whole face.

Continued overleaf

• *She's making all the mistakes in the book for the not-so-young. Hair is TOO set, eye make-up too heavy, lipstick too strong, nail varnish too dark.*

• *The Duchess of Windsor (left) has changed her hairstyle with her age—like every wise woman. As a very young woman she simply pulled her brown hair back. Severe but smart. Now—at 63—she has chosen a softer, more flattering style.*

• *Slacks that show the ankle are younger than the cover-up kind. This loose, long-line jacket, worn here by a young girl, would cut years off the age of the woman who has grown a little "hippy."*

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and how to BE younger

Continued from page 33

• You're as young or as old as you feel. What goes into feeling young? It's being young in spirit — acting young, and thinking young, as well as looking young.

These women are growing older happily . . .

YOUTH is enthusiastic; age, generally, is not. If you find yourself approaching all new ideas and attitudes doubtfully simply because they are new, you're like as not middle-aged in spirit, even if you're 20 years old.

★ ★ ★

DON'T sit back and feel, resignedly, that life is all but over for you. Know what's new—in the world of books, music, art, fashion, home-decoration — and approach it with an open mind.

★ ★ ★

DON'T always disapprove . . . of manners, behaviour, books, fashions.

Disapproval is so very middle-aged. And how do you know, anyway, that you're right?

Whinge if you want to, and as much as you like. But don't expect that you'll seem young while you do it. Grumbling betokens an old spirit, even in the young.

Give up, for ever, middle-aged, ageing observations like, "It couldn't have happened in my day."

★ ★ ★

GOOD HEALTH is a young attribute. So preserve yours.

Walking and simple, ordinary housework are both splendid and easy-to-do exercises. Don't take the bus to the corner store. Walk with head erect, and practise deep breathing —to make up for all the hours spent indoors.

★ ★ ★

DON'T be a bore. And don't let yourself be bored. It's middle-aged, and proves you're in a rut, for no one can come to the end of human interests.

Instead, cultivate brand-new interests. Spare a few minutes to remember the things you'd always wanted to do. Don't be ashamed to go the whole hog and become thoroughly absorbed in a hobby.

But don't let it make you a bore of a different kind . . .

★ ★ ★

REMEMBER that an interesting person is an ageless person. You may have a wrinkled brow and a double chin, but there's no need to have a tired mind.

Whoever thinks how OLD Eleanor Roosevelt is? Simply because her interests are as wide as the world. She's as active as a 30-year-old, mentally and physically.

An old person needn't—MUSTN'T—be a dull person.

Philosopher Bertrand Russel is 88 and still going strong. George Bernard Shaw was writing and spoofing merrily at the world at the age of 90.

★ ★ ★

DON'T talk about your age. By mentioning that you're no longer young you make people aware of your years. Very often you draw their attention to something they weren't aware of.

So you, too, ignore it. Keep your years in their right perspective. Simply forget them. And make the most of—LIVING.

• The Queen Mother with the late King George VI when their engagement was announced in 1923 when he was Duke of York.

• The Queen Mother today. She is 60 and probably the world's most famous "Grannie." She is photographed here with her three grandchildren—Prince Charles, Prince Andrew, and Princess Anne.

• Screen idol of the '30s and '40s, Joan Crawford—the beautiful, glamorous girl whose looks women all over the world copied—with two of her adopted children.

• Now Joan Crawford is 52 and still undeniably attractive. Photographed here with the children almost grown up, she has youthful vivacity, sophisticated good looks.

• Ginger Rogers (left), dream girl of the screen, as she danced her way through films with Fred Astaire. Women envied her beauty.

• Ginger (right) as she is today. She's freckle-faced, nearly 50. But she's not the least bit OLD.

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Sunbeam MIXMASTER MIXER

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FOR SUMMER

...to cool and flatter

KEYED to Christmas weather are these cool, bare-shouldered, uncomplicated dresses. They're nominated as the perfect fashion answer to the Christmas party question. But bareness for coolness is only the beginning.

Add hair coiffed sleek and smooth, pale make-up, and a newly serene look. Caution: Be positive that the make-up on your face blends with the tone of your throat and shoulders.

— Betty Keep

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W1

For a mate, policemen made dream come true

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● Detective Senior Constable Eric Chalson refused to believe the doctor's verdict that his illness was incurable; that he would never walk again.

C.I.B. SCIENTIFIC Investigation Bureau members who helped build the Bo-Peep child-minding centre (from left): Detective-Sergeant "Barney" Ross, Barry Fitzgerald, Miss Joyce Wheeler, Des Stuckey, Cleve Carney (only "civilian" on the job), Mrs. Maisie Chalson, Inspector Don Dallas, Miss Judy Clendenning. In wheelchair is Eric Chalson.

HIS wife, Maisie, a nursing sister before her marriage, knew the hopelessness of a cure for multiple sclerosis.

Maisie went back to work as a night sister at Fairfield District Hospital.

While her son, Laurie, 14, was at school, a neighbor took care of four-year-old Erica, because Mrs. Chalson had to get her sleep during the day.

That was six months ago. As Eric's paralysis became worse, Maisie realised that she would have to find some way of earning a living at home, so that she could take care of Eric and Erica.

That's when Eric's mates in the Scientific Investigation Bureau of the C.I.B., where he had worked for 10 years on some of Sydney's biggest murder investigations, took a hand.

Detective-Sergeant Ted Wyatt had the bright idea.

"You're a trained nursing sister. Why not start your own child-minding centre?" he asked Mrs. Chalson.

It semed a ready-made answer to a prayer. There was room in the ground at the back of the Chalsons' fibro bungalow in Price Street, Merrylands, for a nursery.

Money was a problem.

And that's when the men — and women—of the bureau showed that policemen have very soft hearts.

"We'll collect the money and build the place for you," they said.

The Chalsons were able to put £500 into the kitty. A collection among Eric's mates in the Scientific Bureau and the C.I.B. raised another £375.

In business

Now, four months later, the Bo-Peep Child Minding Centre is open for business.

On a recent Saturday I went there to talk to the boys of the Scientific Bureau as they drove in the last nails, applied the final paint.

Detective-Inspector Don Dallas, of 21 Division Mobile Squad, was once in the Scientific Bureau. In shirt sleeves in the blazing sunshine outside the new nursery he was mortising posts for a chain fence to keep the children from getting into the street.

Detective-Sergeant "Barney" Ross, ballistics chief, in overalls, was knocking in nails.

The two women members of the bureau, secretaries Joyce Wheeler and Judy Clendenning, were putting pale blue paint on window frames, a pinky driftwood shade on the outside walls, and a soft lilac inside.

"We help to keep the boys in order, too," said Judy with a laugh.

Putting finishing touches to the slippery-dip—donated by Sergeant Neville Stevenson—was C.I.B. librarian, Senior Constable George Lindsey.

"Practically everyone in the Scientific Bureau—from inspector to cadets—has helped in this little project," said Sergeant Ross. "About a dozen of us have worked on Saturdays off."

Out of the money collected the boys bought Eric a wheelchair, costing £130. The fibro for the walls cost another £114.

There were no architects' fees. Sergeant Wyatt drew the plans.

Much of the carpentry and joinery was done by Detective-Sergeant Les Gaskill, a coachbuilder before he joined the force.

Only "civilian" on the job was Cleve Carney, of a local paint and art shop. He gave his services free, too, and advised on color schemes and paint.

Said Eric, watching his mates at work: "They've done a wonderful job, and we're so grateful to them."

Added Maisie: "You just don't know what good friends you have until something like this happens."

The nursery can take 16 children, from 2 to 5 years. It is open from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m.

NURSING SISTER Mrs. Maisie Chalson helps Garry Reekie with his shoes in her child-minding centre.

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AVOCADO	AMAZON
WILLOW GREY	SAFFRON

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CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

JUST plain smart is this button-through sack dress in wide-stripe cotton, £12/12/-. Fringed bag of Italian straw is £4/4/-. (Beatrice France Boutique, 8 Boulevarde Arcade, King Street.)

TWO go-anywhere suits. Long-line beige linen (left) with high, round neck, vented jacket, and pearl-button trim, £16/16/-. Blouson style, made of imported silk-type fabric, is washable, £14/14/-. (Stella Maris of Paris, 32 Boulevarde Arcade, King Street.)

SPANISH LADY look for gala evenings is seen here in Swiss tulle with iridescent spots. The swishing skirt makes little of the fitted, strapless bodice. In jewel colors, £45. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh St., Double Bay, and Canberra.)

DESIGNED to take a round of parties, the frosty-white ballerina (left, below) is silk organza with guipure lace, £18/18/-. Billowy two-tiered skirt (right) is turquoise silk organza, £9/9/-. Sheer cotton blouse, £5/5/-. (Farmers.)

● Here are some eye-catching clothes with the fashion look, and a few particularly nice ideas for Christmas gifts, that are available now in Sydney shops and stores. The retail price is given for each article. More gift suggestions overleaf.

GLAMOR separates, hand-made in Italian golden straw that is washable. The outfit features a flowery self-trim. £26/5/-. (Rondel's, 110 Market Street.)

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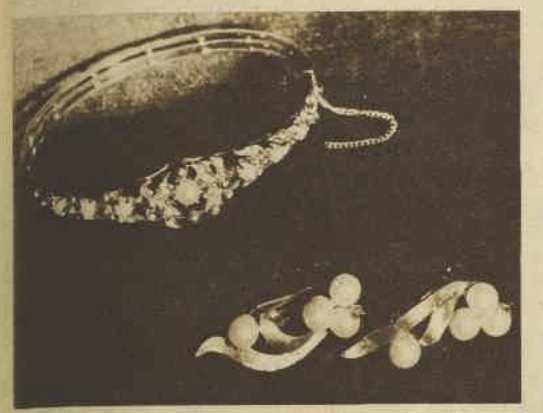
Fashions and Gifts

● And if it's an extra special Christmas, and money is no object — jewellery that is certain to please.



AMERICAN reproduction bangle, 14ct. gold set with pearls and turquoise, £80. Cultured pearl and sapphire earrings, £27/10/-. (Stafford's Pty. Ltd., 42 Castlereagh Street.)

SET off your pretty neck with rows of sparkling imported crystals styled with enormous chic and available in a choice of colors, £31/10/-. (Mark Foy's jewellery dept.)

SIMPLE in design and supple in line, this short evening dress is quite lovely. The material is white re-embroidered lace with scattered sequin clusters over caramel satin, £26/5/-. Long white kid gloves, £2/17/6 pair. Beaded evening bag, £8/7/6. (Mark Foy's.)

ELEGANT star pin (left) is a reproduction, has pearls and amethysts in 14ct. gold setting, £55. RIGHT: Cultured pearl and 14ct. gold heart, £26/10/-. FAR RIGHT: Frosted flower pin with cultured pearl centre made in 18ct. yellow gold, £35. (Stafford's Pty. Ltd., 42 Castlereagh Street.)

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BEACH TOWELS

You'll be the star attraction on the beach with one of these!
Spectacular new prints make these bright beauties a wonderful foil for your new season's swimwear—provide a striking background for your suntan! White as surf, these 'Dri-Glo' beach towels are thick, deep and absorbent—splashed with huge, gay prints that are clear as a pool, vivid as tropic coral . . . Three dramatic 'Dri-Glo' prints to choose from—'Sea Horses', 'Tiger Shark' and colourful 'South Sea Fishes'. Dri-Glo's are stronger—last longer. The luxurious pile is two-fold yarn for longer wear, greater absorbency.

Solve all your Christmas problems —give Dri-Glo towels! Every sun-lover on your list would welcome one of these magnificent new beach towels. And 'Dri-Glo' bath towels in luscious pastels, rich stripes or glowing patterns would please anyone—of any age. Buy early!

Dri-Glo towels are far and away the best-value towels in Australia! 8510

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Continued from page 41

MORE GIFT IDEAS

● These colorful fashion suggestions may help you with the so-important job of finding attractive and suitable Christmas gifts for the family and all your friends.

RIGHT: Beaverine jerkin for cool days, the color scheme holly-red with black, £16/16/-. (Cornelius Furs, 72 Castlereagh Street.)

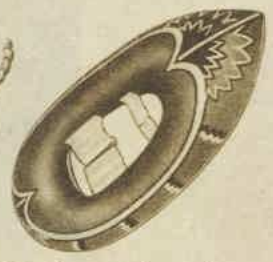
ITALIAN cotton-print blouse with double cuffs, £4/4/-. Red straw purse, £3/10/-. (Beatrice France, 8 Boulevarde Arcade, King Street.)

COOL for the beach (and elsewhere) is this gaily printed blouse of Italian silk designed to a girl's taste, £7/7/-. (Anthony Horderns.)

LEFT: Terry towelling beach coat, striped dark green, black and white, £5/19/11. Huge straw sun-hat, £4/19/11. (Anthony Horderns.)

GOLD mesh evening purse, £11/19/11. White bag (left) with disc clasp, £14/5/-. Whitestone bag (centre), £12/9/11. Pearl and gold necklace - earring set, £8/8/-. Bracelet, 37/6. Gloves of stretch fabric, 29/11. (Curzons.)

Oceans of FUN with ADVANX rubber sea toys

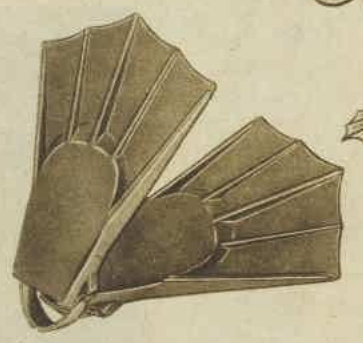


CANOE. This popular and novel toy will suit children 8 to 12 years. Size 46" x 22". Price, 48/10.

SURFBOARDS Made from heavy-gauge rubber with canvas reinforced compartments. SENIOR, 32" x 22", £5/19/6; JUNIOR, 25" x 19", £4/17/6.

BEACH BALLS. In 2 sizes: LARGE, 16" dia., 25/3; SMALL, 9" dia., 10/1.

BUCKET & SPADE. Made from strong, multi-coloured rubber. Bucket, 8/5; Spade, 3/10.



ADJUSTABLE FLIPPERS. For more speed through the water. In 3 sizes: JUNIOR, 23/9; MEDIUM, 28/4; LARGE, 33/3.

PLAY POOL. Will keep toddlers amused for hours. Inside dia. 31" x 6" deep. Price, 86/5.

RINGS. Ideal for all children. In 3 popular sizes: SMALL, 14" dia., 11/11; MEDIUM, 17" dia., 14/10; LARGE, 20" dia., 18/6.

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Warning: CHILDREN AT PLAY

A guide for puzzled parents

● A healthy child's idea of fun is often hard to take. He laughs at things that aren't funny, cries at things that don't matter. He is endlessly repetitious.

HE switches from one mood to another without apparent rhyme or reason. He is full of boundless and directionless energy.

"I love my child," a young mother confessed, "but when I'm with him all day I feel like screaming."

Playfulness in a child is, of course, the surest sign of mental and physical well-being. Yet the normal, healthy child lives in his own private world.

Except for occasional flashes of insight, even the most discerning adult rarely comprehends how a child feels.

Often, too, it is hard for grownups to remember that for a child having fun is as necessary as eating or sleeping—as natural as it is for a plant to send out leaves and flowers.

In play a child needs, and enjoys, almost total freedom of imagination and feeling.

He is not limited by logic or

Continued overleaf

Home and Family

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Continued from previous page

Warning: CHILDREN AT PLAY

By John Londeman

convention. He makes playthings and activities and people mean what he personally thinks and feels them to be.

The child at play is totally involved. If he decides to be a bear, he is a bear.

When he turns an orange crate into a jet bomber or a sandpile into a railway track, he is not simply playing games.

In make-believe he tackles the job of growing up.

This involves, among other things, discovering himself.

From infancy on, children use their bodies in ways that adults find puzzling and disconcerting.

It is a form of "body language

Even messy games help

which expresses feelings they can't yet put into words.

They squirm and writhe, sit and stand in odd positions, stick out their tongues, roll their eyes, sniff and gurgle until parents lose all patience.

Eating, drinking, even the making of sounds, are games to be played in endless variation. They are part of self-discovery.

A baby stares in fascination at the tiny fist he waves before his eyes. A four-year-old may run just to feel his legs carrying him across the lawn.

For an adult the five senses are instruments for receiving impressions of things, impressions which are then turned into ideas of things, so that the label or use of an object is more important than the object itself.

A small child, however, experiences life more directly.

A bowl of oatmeal is a warm, goory substance which feels good when he squeezes it between his fingers and rubs it over his face.

A tub to a child is simply a wonderful place in which to splash.

A youngster is constantly being warned: "Don't touch!"

Yet only by steeping himself in sensations can he grasp the uniqueness and beauty of the world around him.

Later he will be able to substitute words for actual contact with things.

But how can he learn the meaning of a word like "rose" unless he has held the flower in his hand and buried his nose in its petals?

Because a child is in direct, primitive contact with reality, some senses are more important than others.

Seeing or hearing a thing is not enough.

The child wants to touch the object, to taste it, as young mothers learn to their dismay when they find their toddlers playing in mud puddles or chewing on toys that are far from sterile.

Little children at play are generally quite messy. Their undeveloped muscular co-ordination means that neatness or precision is literally impossible.

Because they do not concentrate on anything very long, their toys are strewn everywhere.

They are not yet capable of "straightening up afterwards," a fact which drives many a mother to despair.

But childish play need not upset an entire household if parents accept it as part of growing up and give their offspring a time and place to mess around with clay or blocks or mud.

Even after a child is old enough to "pick up" after playing, his idea of orderliness may not coincide with his mother's. "I thought I told you to put your room in order," a mother scolds her six-year-old on finding the floor littered with trucks and trains—and a dead toad.

"But I did put it in order!" the boy protests.

He had placed everything where it "belonged"—toy trucks in an imaginary parking lot, trains in a switching yard, and the dead toad (memento of a big-game hunt) where he could see it on waking up in the morning.

He had straightened the room according to his own logic, just as his mother arranges the kitchen to satisfy herself.

A child's pleasure, like his logic, is frequently incomprehensible to an adult.

Little Peter, for example, delightedly plays pat-a-cake with his father until the game grows wearisome—and Daddy suggests something else.

character to blossom —

Peter burts into tears. "I want to play pat-a-cake!"

Children are often as repetitious—and consequently as irritating—as a broken record.

But parents who keep urging their children to "do something else" have forgotten the meanings of repetition in a child's life.

It can be pure enjoyment of hearing the same sounds.

It can be the reassurance of again experiencing something completely familiar. It can be a new and different understanding of an oft-told tale.

Perhaps most important of all, repetition is a way of learning.

Few events in or outside the home mean much to a young child when they are first experienced.

But after they have been re-enacted over and over again — whether in physical play or the mental play called "daydreaming" — the meaning emerges and is absorbed.

"Children repeat in their play everything that has made a great impression on them in actual life," wrote an observant father named Sigmund Freud.

"All their play is influenced by the dominant wish of their time of life—to be grown-up and to be able to do what grownups do . . .

"Every fresh repetition seems to strengthen the mastery for which the child strives."

A child's desire to grow up and be like adults explains why he loves games in which he "experiences" the roles that have meaning for him: doctor, postman, engineer, nurse, mother.

Whenever possible he likes to dress the part. Mum's or Dad's clothes have the magic of making him feel what it must be like to be a man or a woman.

Boys and girls are equally curious about both sexes, and when a four- or five-year-old boy masquerades in woman's dress it is nothing to worry about.

It indicates that the boy is curious, not effeminate.

Often parents join in their children's make-believe, to stimulate and encourage it, as well as to foster fun and a happy, parent-child relationship.

Psychologists call this kind of make-believe "role-playing."

A child psychiatrist tells of a family which has turned role-playing into a delightful game.

Every now and then the children pretend they are the parents and the parents play the part of the children.

The fun and spoofing begin when the children-parents try to get their "children" to bed, to eat their vegetables, to behave properly at the table, while the parents, in turn, act out a parody of their children's behaviour.

It's a form of turnabout that lets both sides blow off steam.

A child's make-believe, based as it is on actual experience, can be enriched by parents who take the trouble to introduce the youngster to new situations.

The neighborhood around home is rich in such oppportunities.

The shop, fire department, airfield, railway station, even the local garage all represent great adventures for a child and provide real, working backgrounds for his make-believe.

It is also, of course, an introduction to a social world which finds its natural expression in play.

and toy-gun wars are fun

When a youngster plays store he needs customers. When he runs a train he wants passengers.

Thus he learns to co-operate with other children.

He also learns, of course, how to work out conflicts. Contrary to what most parents imagine, children have far better control of their hostile impulses than they are given credit for.

They are often blamed for being destructive when the fault actually lies with grownups who fail to allow for the needs of play.

If you give a small boy a hammer it is wise to give him something to pound—or he may use the coffee table.

What makes a clock tick? The simplest way to find out is to take it apart. The bright child has fun doing things simply to see what will happen.

Similarly, he has fun learning things simply to discover what's what. The adult distinction between work and play has not yet dawned on him — and educators wish it never would.

They know how much harder a child will work at tasks he does for fun—and how much more he gets out of it.

Apart from such basic materials as clay, paint, and blocks, real play requires few toys that cannot be improvised out of cloth, buttons, scrap wood, old dishes, cardboard boxes, and odds and ends.

Yet a lot of money is spent to buy children new playthings. Some are the gadgety kinds that occupy the youngster for a short spell and then are cast aside.

The main drawback of a good many others is that they are too complete, too literal, and too realistic to permit a child to use his own imagination.

They discourage him from creating playthings of his own — why make a shanghai or doll's house when Mum or Dad can buy them?

Because a child "sees" with his imagination as well as with his eyes, it is not difficult for him to envision a blob of clay as a kitten, a sandheap as a castle, crossed sticks as an aeroplane.

He is thus led to create his own playthings, gaining not only a toy but a genuine sense of accomplishment.

Nothing can be more discouraging to such a child than to be handed a ready-made toy with the comment: "Now you can throw away that junk — here is a real plane."

It is not simply a choice between manufactured and improvised toys, however, but between those playthings that stimulate the imagination and those that cause it to wither.

A well-chosen painting kit, with paints, brushes, and paper, can excite a child and stir him to express himself in his own way.

But a kit with numbered spaces keyed to different colors, and other complicated instructions aimed at giving a "perfect" reproduction of a supplied picture, gives the youngster little chance to experiment with color and shapes.

The creative urge becomes stifled and the very concept of painting itself—one individual's unique view of the world—has been contradicted.

According to one child expert, the suitability of a toy can be judged in four ways:

- Is it within the limits of a child's capacities, presenting enough of a challenge to interest him, yet not so advanced that it is certain to frustrate him?
- Is it related to things he likes to do?
- Does it give him a chance to use his own abilities?
- Can it be used repeatedly without breaking or is it useless after being played with once or twice?

A good deal of play, particularly among boys, involves pretended violence and the use of weapons. Is this harmful?

Few child experts think so.

One once asked a six-year-old boy what he would ask for if he had three wishes. The boy replied, "A revolver, a machine-gun, and that everybody should love each other."

The youngster saw nothing inconsistent in these wishes. His kind of revolvers and machine-guns never really killed anybody. They were simply ways of having fun. "When I shoot, you fall dead," one small boy tells another. Later it's the other way around — something of a lesson in sportsmanship.

"The pretending to kill and pretending to die that appear frequently in children's spontaneous play often serve a useful purpose," said another child expert.

"They help the child gain strength by becoming the master of his feelings."

The adult football fan yells, "Kill the ump!" Does anybody seriously believe that this is an outburst of homicidal mania?

There is no more reason for thinking that playing cops and robbers instils criminal tendencies in a young boy — although obviously there is something wrong if a child refuses to enter into any kind of play except that which involves violence.

For most youngsters the fun of cops and robbers is not the shooting itself but the noise and activity connected with it. A happy youngster slips easily from one kind of play to another.

Just as violence in children's games often disturbs adults, so does play concerning death — particularly when the youngsters seem to be enjoying the whole thing.

Yet, one of the most universal forms of play, found among children of every culture, is the mock funeral.

Sometimes it is set off by the death of a pet animal; other times it may even be the pretended death of a friend or family member.

The children build a coffin, transport it to a "cemetery," and go through the burial ritual.

Adults may be shocked at this seeming callousness. But death is a basic reality, and in play children learn to deal with it on their own terms and to adjust to it emotionally.

Play is a child's way of solving his problems.

In the process of mastering the problems that arise at a time when all of living seems to be the pursuit of fun, the child learns to be observant and curious, to co-ordinate mind and body, to play or work alone without constant prodding and praise, to get along with others in striving for common goals, to plan ahead and gain self-confidence by his own achievements.

Thus he achieves the vital sense of security in himself that will enable him to become a fully productive, responsible adult.

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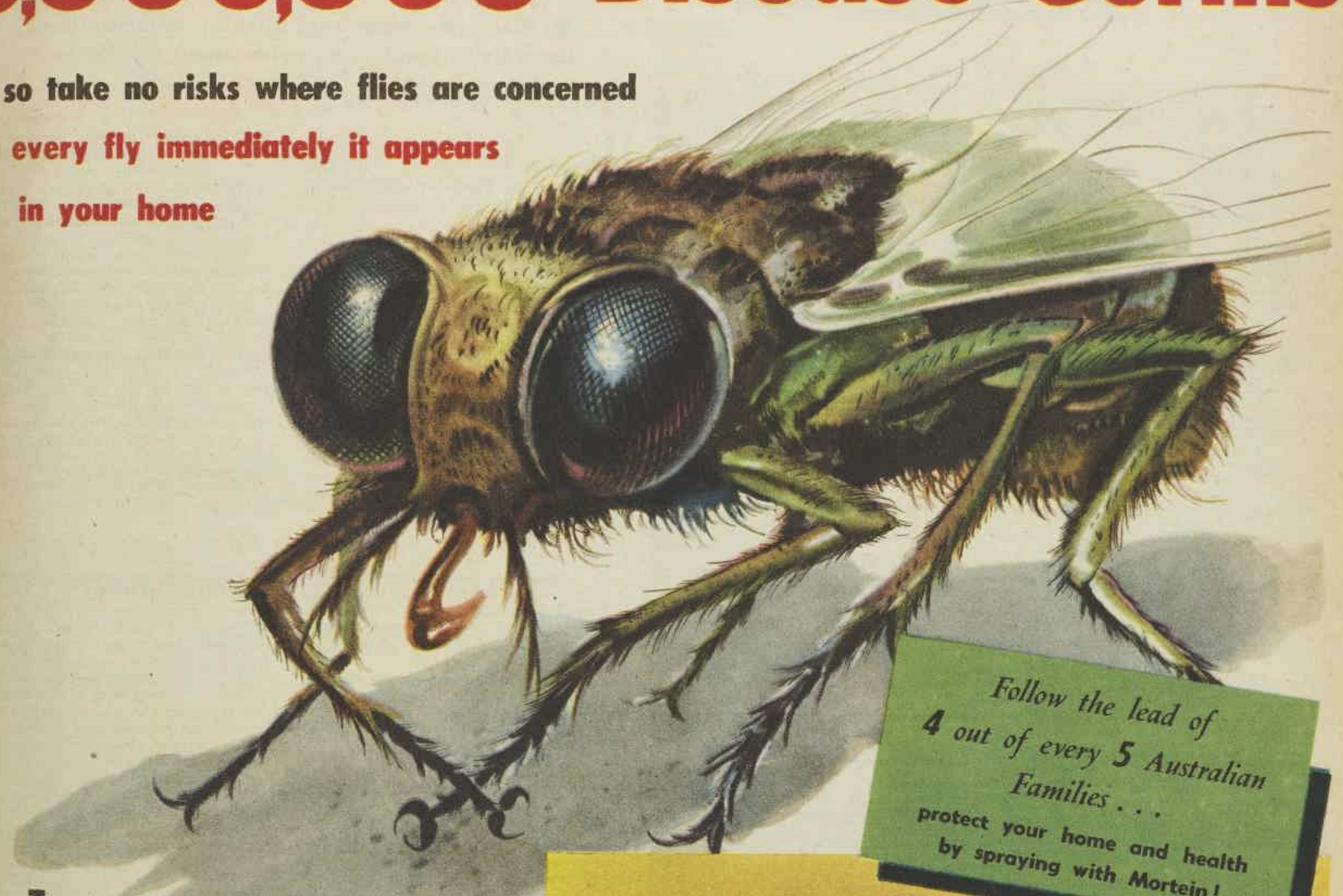
One fly can carry

5,000,000 Disease Germs

so take no risks where flies are concerned

Kill every fly immediately it appears in your home



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Kills flies automatically and saves you 2/3

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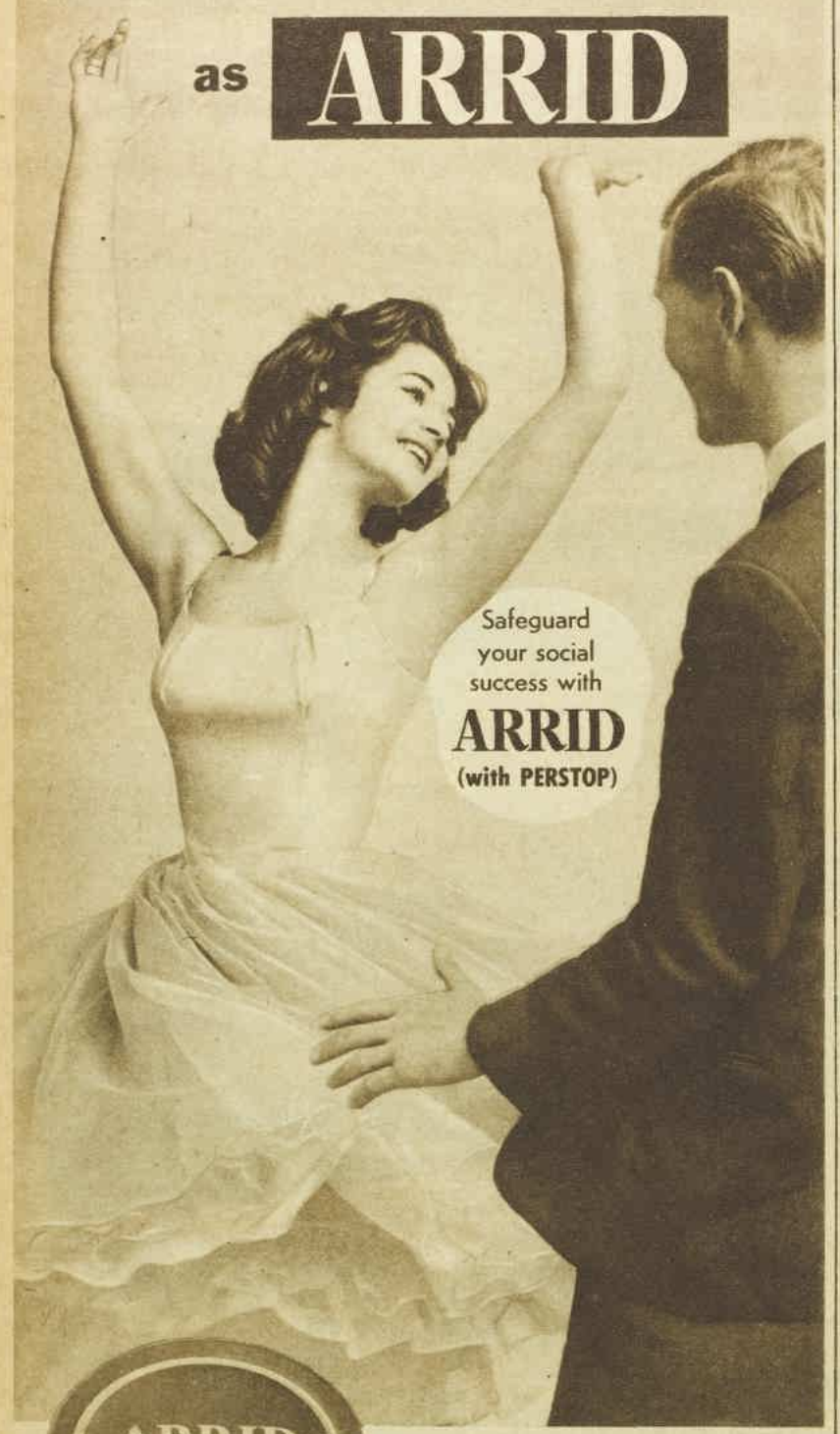

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Fluffy white ARRID Cream gives you **3-way** protection!

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2. ARRID **stops** perspiration odours.
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ARRID Super Spray . . . 6/11 in the unbreakable blue squeeze bottle.

Be sure of your freshness . . . be sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

CM 176

AT HOME *with* *Margaret Sydney*

● Margaret Sydney runs a typical suburban home, has a lively family, and writes about the day-to-day dramas in her — and every woman's — life.

HOW I hate Friday's household shopping. I've tried all the dodges, like doing it on Thursday afternoon or first thing on Saturday morning.

Now I've gone back to the idea that the time to get the weekend meat and vegetable supplies is at lunchtime on Friday, the theory being that everyone else is eating them and the shops will be empty.

Unfortunately, that's an idea that occurs regularly every week to half Sydney.

Last Friday's struggles with laden baskets were enlivened by our local bootmaker.

When I went into the shop to pick up Mike's shoes, the Latvian bootmaker burst into the shop from the backroom shouting, "Mrs. Sydney, rejoice with me, I can really do it at last, I can **think** in English."

I did rejoice with him. I found his excitement quite moving. He kept going over and over the story—how he'd been planning his weekend work on the house he and his wife are building, when he suddenly discovered he was making his plans in English instead of his mother tongue.

It was something I'd never thought about.

I moan about having to plan the weekend meals, balance the budget, get the food and bring it home, but I'd never thought before how much more trying all that must be to a housewife who has to think it out in one language and translate it in the shop.

Normal noises don't spoil sleep

I WAS amused on the way home by a sign hanging outside the front door of a house in our street.

It showed a pair of lips with a finger across them, and in very large lettering said, "Hush! Hush! Baby's Asleep!"

Baby, incidentally, was bawling his dear little head off.

I'm always terrified in houses where the telephone is covered with a cushion and everyone whispers and tiptoes if the baby's asleep.

Those are the babies who develop a phenomenal ear for dropping pins.

Surely a healthy baby, like a healthy puppy or kitten, ought to be able to sleep through a reasonable amount of noise.

When Katherine was born I had a new gramophone pick-up, a new Beethoven album, and a lot more spare time than I've ever managed to have since. As a tiny baby she used to sleep all day on the front verandah with the gramophone going a lot of the time.

I'd like to be able to say that this treatment developed her musical taste, but, alas, Kat has about as much ear for music as a bantam.

By the time Diana was born, her sister was running around and making sure there was rarely a moment's silence, and when Mike arrived the noise-level was higher still.

The children's ability to sleep through normal household noises probably accounts for the fact that nowadays Mum is the only person who ever hears the morning alarm.

A daughter's education

KATHERINE has just done her two Honors papers and filled out, with all her fingers crossed, her application for a Commonwealth Scholarship.

So much depends on it. If she gets a good Leaving pass and a scholarship, then she'll do a science course. If she doesn't—and we think the chances are no better than even—then she'll try to get a laboratory job and perhaps do science by evening study.

I'm not keen on that idea. I think a full working day will be quite enough for her.

Hugh and I have been over and over the figures till we know them backwards.

We'd like to give her a chance to go to the University whether she wins a scholarship or not, but the budget just won't stretch to it.

I think Hugh feels that it doesn't matter terribly much, that Katherine is sure to marry; and Mike's the one to worry about, for he'll have to support a family some day.

Needless to say, I agree with the second part of that, but not the first. I feel quite certain that Katherine would make a better wife, a better mother, and a better citizen for having had as much education as she can get. *But you can't argue with the figures.*

It should, at least, be easier by the time Mike chooses a career. We won't (I hope!) have anyone else still at school.

Gardening without gloves

THERE'S a peasant streak in me that makes me love to get to grips with the garden without wearing gloves.

Hugh's always warning me that I'll get tetanus or a bite from a poisonous spider, but gardening gloves make me feel so ham-handed that I usually tear them off.

On Thursday, after a glorious session planting out petunias and phlox, I remembered we were going out to dinner.

It was to be quite a dress-up affair, and it struck me that while I was blackening my nails in the garden, my hostess, who leads a well-ordered life, was no doubt lying down with a face-pack on.

Then I remembered Ye Olde Familie Recipe. It was something my grandmother always swore by, and though it's a bit messy it works wonders in softening and whitening your hands. *You put a teaspoonful of sugar into the palm of your hand, add about two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, and work the sticky mess into your hands for as long a time as you can spare.*

"Serve—with chaser of bicarb."

WE had a wonderful dinner, beginning with iced cucumber soup and ending with a superb chocolate pudding.

Our hostess was one of the sort you can't possibly ask for recipes, but she told us the name of the dish—Schokolademus—and my sister Alison supplied me with the recipe.

This quantity should be enough for six people—it's so rich nobody can eat much.

You need 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons of sugar, 6 ounces of dark chocolate, a teaspoon of vanilla, a teaspoon of overproof rum, 3 tablespoons of soft butter, and ¾ cup of chopped walnuts. You beat the eggs and sugar until they are light and thick, add the melted chocolate, vanilla, and rum, and mix well. Then you add the softened butter a little at a time. Beat the egg-whites stiff and fold them in, add the chopped walnuts, and mix. Pour it into an oiled mould and chill for about six hours, then serve it with whipped cream.

To turn it out, if you're brave enough to try, you can hold the mould under a hot running tap for a few seconds. If you're a coward like me, serve it from the bowl.

It's one of the dishes that should be served with a chaser of bicarb. soda, according to Hugh. He unwisely had a second helping.

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INTERNATIONAL PARTY FOOD

● **This five-page feature contains hors d'oeuvres recipes that are the favorites at diplomatic parties in many countries. They have been compiled by the American Embassy Women's Club, of Tokio, Japan, and grouped for easy reference.**

(America)

Six ounces cream cheese, 8 drops Tabasco sauce, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, ½ grapefruit, paprika, parsley.

Mix cream cheese, Tabasco and Worcestershire sauces, and lemon juice together until well blended and fluffy. Remove sections from grapefruit, cut sections into small pieces, add to mixture. Spoon into grapefruit shell and garnish with paprika and parsley. Place shell on dish and arrange cold raw vegetables around. Cauliflower, celery curls, carrot strips, and prawns are good accompaniments to this dip.

The dip will keep several days in refrigerator.

Hors d'oeuvres to make ahead

(France)

Half pound chicken livers, 2 tablespoons onion (grated), ¼ cup chicken fat or butter, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch ground cloves.

Drop chicken livers into just-boiling water, simmer covered 15 minutes. Drain well. Mince very finely 3 times. Add remaining ingredients and blend well. Pack into glass jar and store in refrigerator 12 hours at least.

The mixture will keep 1 week. Makes about 1 cup.

(Switzerland)

Two cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 4 to 5 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup freshly grated Swiss cheese, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Cut in butter until mixture resembles small peas. Add water a little at a time until dough holds together; chill. Divide into 2 parts. Roll out both into very thin rectangles. Sprinkle 1 part with cheese, top with caraway seeds and sprinkling of salt. Place other half of dough on top. Chill 5 minutes. Cut into strips 2in. long and ¼in. wide. Chill again. Place on ungreased oven-slides, bake in hot oven 5 minutes or until golden.

Can be prepared for baking several days in advance or baked and kept in airtight container for 1 week. Reheat in slow oven before serving. Makes about 5 dozen sticks.

(England)

One small Gouda cheese, 2 tablespoons beer, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash Tabasco sauce.

Cut wide circle in top of cheese. Remove red skin (on top only) and scoop out cheese, leaving firm shell. Stand 1 hour. Mash cheese with fork and add other ingredients, stand further 1 hour. Put back into shell and chill. (Flavor is improved if mixture is allowed to age for a few days.) Surround with black bread or savory biscuits and let guests serve themselves.

(Spain)

One large tin green olives, ½ cup vinegar, ¼ cup salad oil, 1 green pepper (chopped), 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 teaspoon oregano.

Place olives and juice in bowl, add remaining ingredients and marinate 3 or 4 days. Serve cold.

Will keep several weeks in refrigerator. Makes approximately 35 olives.

(England)

Half pound cheddar cheese (grated), 1½oz. dry sherry, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1-8th teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Cream cheese, sherry, and brandy together. Add Worcestershire sauce. Chill for at least 1 day. Serve with unsalted savory biscuits. Mixture will keep at least 1 month. Makes 1 cup.

(Mexico)

Half pound cheddar cheese (grated), 3oz. cream cheese, ½ clove garlic (crushed), extra grated cheese mixed with ¼ teaspoon chilli powder.

Combine cheddar cheese, cream cheese, and garlic. Mould into small balls the size of large marbles. Roll in chilli powder and cheese mixture, chill.

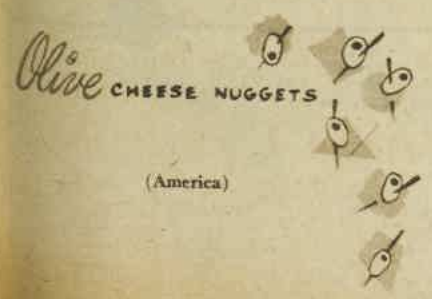
These will keep in the refrigerator about 1 week. Makes approximately 40 balls.

(Pakistan)

Quarter cup salad oil, 1 dessertspoon each of curry powder, Worcestershire sauce, and chutney (put through fine sieve), dash cayenne. ½lb. shelled walnuts.

Heat oil in frying-pan, add all seasonings, and heat thoroughly. Stir in walnuts, mix until well coated. Spread on oven-tray lined with brown paper, bake in moderately slow oven until crisp (about 10 minutes).

Can be made in advance and reheated. Yields about 2 cups walnut halves.



(America)

Quarter pound grated cheddar cheese, ¼ cup butter, ¾ cup sifted flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 36 to 40 stuffed olives.

Blend butter and cheese, add flour, salt, and paprika. Blend and mix well. Take about 1 teaspoon of mixture and flatten in hand, wrap around olive. Place on ungreased baking-tray, bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Can be made in advance and refrigerated before baking or frozen baked or unbaked. Makes about 36 to 40.

(America)

Half pound grated cheddar cheese, ¼lb. butter, 1½ cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper.

Combine cheese, butter, salt, and pepper. Cream well, add flour. Form into roll about 1in. in diameter and wrap in waxed paper. Chill 2 hours. Slice roll into thin wafers, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

They keep in refrigerator 1 week ready to be baked or they can be kept in the freezer baked or unbaked. Makes approximately 6 dozen.

Level spoon measurements are used in all recipes in this cookery feature.

Continued on page 51

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Tikki's VW is filled up and ready to go after its regular 3,000-mile inspection by her local VW service agent. Tikki knows exactly how much — or rather how little — this service will cost because it's listed in her VW Service Booklet. And it's the same wherever she drives.

On theatrical tours, Tikki and John have often carried enough for a 12 months stay . . . mountains of luggage, and even a typewriter and sewing machine. Says Tikki, "No matter how much we load on board, the VW goes as well as ever"

Driving through heavy traffic at St. Kilda Junction, Melbourne, Tikki feels completely at home in her VW. "In traffic or on a trip," says Tikki, "VW is so easy to drive it always gives me the feeling I'm complete master (or is it mistress?) of the car. For quiet and comfort, it takes a lot of beating."

"Volkswagen for me — wherever I go..."

says talented Tikki Taylor, dancing star of "Can Can", "The Pajama Game", "South Pacific", "Grab me a Gondola", "Oklahoma" and television variety.

If ever a girl depended on a car, dancer Tikki Taylor does! She and her husband, former actor John Newman, have been living to a split-second schedule, in England, Europe and Australia, for the past five years, and every day they've depended on a Volkswagen to get them from A to B — whether it's London to Lancashire, or Brisbane to Ballarat. They've driven more than 50,000 miles in VW's — much of it spent dashing from capital to capital to appear in stage shows. Their 1956 VW covered nearly 40,000 miles on the original tyres, was never parked under cover, yet needed only an occasional polish to keep it looking like new. And no matter how far or fast they travelled, it never held them up for so much as an hour!

"We wouldn't change our present car for anything," says Tikki; ". . . except another VW! If I want to be **sure** of getting somewhere, it's Volkswagen for me."

A rush trip from Melbourne leaves Tikki fresh and relaxed as she arrives at the studios of TCN-9 to rehearse her part in the next Bobby Limb Show on TV.

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International party food

DIPS AND SPREADS

● Savory biscuits, potato crisps, small rounds of pastry or fried bread in fancy shapes are all suitable to serve with these piquant mixtures. To add to their variety, ideas are given for extra or substitute ingredients.

(Israel)

One pound chicken livers, 5 chopped onions, 4 hard-boiled eggs, ¼ cup chicken fat, salt and pepper to taste.

Saute onions in chicken fat. Add chicken livers, cook about 5 minutes. Add hard-boiled eggs, put mixture through mincer or chop finely. Season and chill. Serve with rye or black bread or on savory biscuits. This will keep a few days. Makes approximately 3 cups.

If chicken livers are not available, young lamb's fry mixed with a little Worcestershire sauce would make a good substitute.

(France)

Five chicken livers, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons each of tomato sauce and whipped cream, salt and pepper to taste, rounds of bread, salad oil.

Saute livers in butter, remove from pan and chop finely. Season with salt, pepper, and tomato sauce. Return mixture to pan, cook few minutes. Cool. Put through fine sieve and fold in the whipped cream. Fry thin rounds of bread in salad oil; drain on absorbent paper. Pipe spread on to bread or spread over with knife.

Can be made in advance and refrigerated for several days or kept in the freezer. Makes approximately 20 canapes.

A pinch of bicarbonate of soda added to this mixture will help prevent any tendency to curdle.

Quarter-pound cream cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped chives, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tin sardines (if possible Norwegian), pinch salt.

Cream cheese and lemon juice until smooth, add remaining ingredients, and mix well. Serve on celery or as a dip. This cream will keep in refrigerator about 1 week. Makes about 1 cup.

Tarragon vinegar used in place of the lemon juice in this recipe would give an extra tangy flavor.

(Norway)

(Malaya)

Half-pound prawns, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ minced onion, ½ apple (pared and minced), 2 teaspoons curry powder, ¼ teaspoon mace, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour, 2-3rd cup milk, pinch chilli powder.

Saute onion and apple in butter until soft, add curry powder, mace, salt, chilli powder, and flour. When mixture is pasty, add milk and cook until it thickens. Add prawns. Spread mixture on savory biscuits or small rounds of toasted bread and heat in moderate oven until very hot.

Can be made a day in advance and refrigerated. Makes approximately 30 canapes.

(America)

One cup crabmeat, ¼ cup lemon juice, 3oz. cream cheese, ¼ cup cream, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon finely chopped chives, 2 dashes Tabasco sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Marinate crabmeat in the lemon juice at least 1 hour. Whip cream and cream cheese until smooth. Add mayonnaise and salt, blend well. Add onion, chopped chives, and garlic. Fold in crabmeat, add Tabasco and Worcestershire sauces. Makes 2 cups.

Tiny tinned shrimps, chopped, cooked prawns, or shredded lobster can be used in place of the crabmeat if preferred.

(America)

Quarter-pound blue cheese, 3oz. cream cheese, ½lb. cheddar cheese (soft), 1 onion (grated), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½lb. chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Mix all ingredients except nuts and parsley with electric mixer until well blended. Add half the nuts. Form into large ball, wrap in waxed paper, and refrigerate overnight. Remove ball from refrigerator about 1 hour before serving, and roll in remaining nuts and chopped parsley, completely covering the outside. Serve with savory biscuits surrounding ball.

Makes a ball about the size of a grapefruit.

Chopped ham, gherkin, cucumber, tomato, red or green pepper could replace all or some of the walnuts in this recipe.

GUACAMOLE

(Mexico)

One large ripe avocado, ½ ripe tomato (peeled and finely chopped), ½ green pepper (seeded and finely chopped), 1 dessertspoon grated onion, ½ teaspoon each chilli powder and olive oil, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, mayonnaise.

Mash avocado with silver fork, add remaining ingredients, and blend well. To keep Guacamole from darkening, spread heavy layer of mayonnaise on top and cover tightly. Just before serving, stir the mayonnaise into mixture. Serve with potato crisps. Makes ¾ cup.

The addition of chopped prawns would enhance the flavor of this dish.

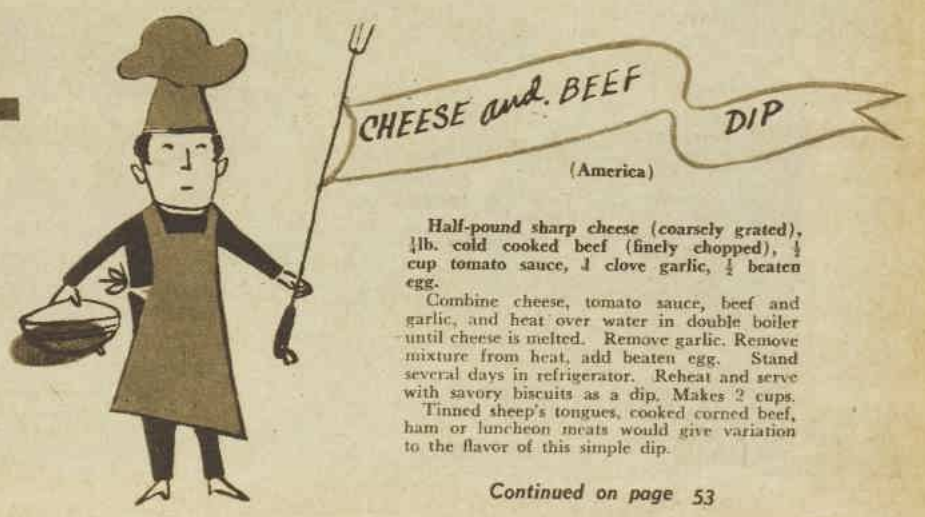
GRUYÈRE TREATS

(America)

One cup crabmeat, ¼ cup gruyere cheese (grated), 1 tablespoon chablis, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise.

Mix all ingredients together. Pile high on rounds of white bread which have been toasted on one side. Bake in hot oven until heated. These may be frozen and heated when required. Makes 35 canapes.

To preserve a blending of flavors, some of the wine or sherry which is to be served with these canapes can be used in place of the chablis.



(America)

Half-pound sharp cheese (coarsely grated), ½lb. cold cooked beef (finely chopped), ½ cup tomato sauce, 1 clove garlic, ½ beaten egg.

Combine cheese, tomato sauce, beef and garlic, and heat over water in double boiler until cheese is melted. Remove garlic. Remove mixture from heat, add beaten egg. Stand several days in refrigerator. Reheat and serve with savory biscuits as a dip. Makes 2 cups.

Tinned sheep's tongues, cooked corned beef, ham or luncheon meats would give variation to the flavor of this simple dip.

Continued on page 53

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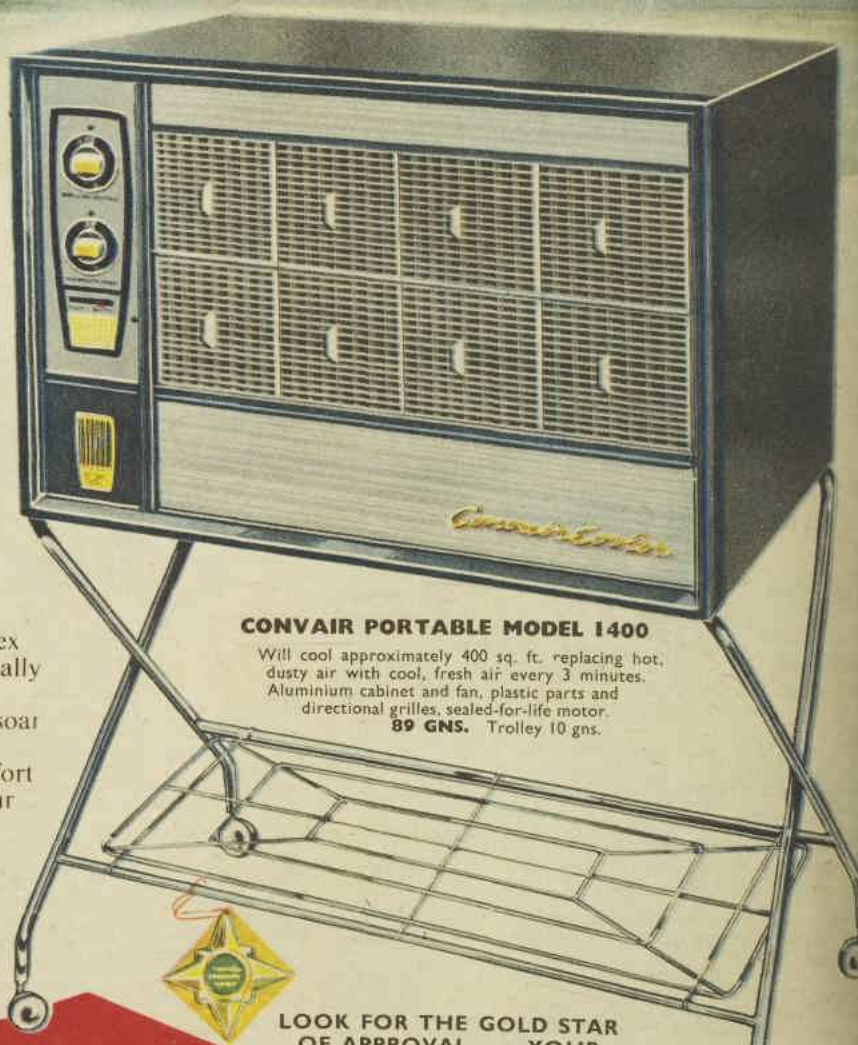

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

AUSTRALIAN FASHIONS
—pages 2, 6 and 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately
December 7, 1960

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Wages for helping at home

WE often hear discussions on how much board should be paid at home by teenagers who work, but can anybody suggest what is a fair allowance for a girl who stays home to help Mum and doesn't earn other money? I would like to know what readers suggest for (1) a city girl who has only the housework to do and a good deal of free time to herself and (2) a country girl who helps in the house and on the farm and has very little free time. — *C. Newton, Atherton, Qld.*

Big mistake

SOMEONE made a big mistake in introducing the word "teenager." Those "twixt twelve and twenty" should be called "immature adults"; teenagers might then realise that they are to be the men and women of tomorrow, and their "teenage" days could be made worthwhile in preparing for this responsibility. Don't think I'm another adult full of criticism for today's teenagers. I'm 18—an immature adult — and not very proud of the majority of tomorrow's citizens. — *L. J. Chopping, Albany, W.A.*

Segregation

WHY do some parents frown on mixed parties for those between the ages of 10 and 14? From the ages of five to nine mixed parties are all right, so why not carry on with them?— *"Old Enough," Macleod, Vic.*

Danger signs

IN some parts of Europe the authorities place skull-and-crossbone signs at all particularly dangerous parts of a road. In view of the mounting death toll on Australian roads I think it would be a good idea if it were adopted here. Also, at any place where a person is killed in a road accident, a small plaque could be placed on the footpath opposite. This would make people more aware of the numbers of people being killed on our roads and help to reduce road accidents. — *J. Forster, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

Too dear?

MY boy-friend and I are both saving for a house and rarely go out, so for my birthday he gave me an expensive present. I was thrilled and his pleasure was greater than mine at seeing my happiness — only to be shattered by horrible remarks from friends such as "money-mad" and "wish I could fool my boy-friend." Now I wonder if it was wrong of me to take such an expensive gift. — *"Puzzled," Melbourne.*

Child teachers

I AM a New Australian girl aged 15 and my parents find it very hard to learn English. I think that migrant children should help their parents with English and not always think of themselves by going out and having fun with other people. If we young folk help our parents, they will also be able to enjoy themselves when they go out, because they'll know what the laughing and talking is about. — *"New Australian," Belgrave, Vic.*

Good impression

I AM a 14-year-old American boy and have recently received some copies of Teenagers' Weekly. From them I have gotten an impression of Australian youth, and it is a good impression; you Australians seem wonderful people. What do you think of us Americans? America is a great country and so is Australia. I hope we remain friends always. — *Dave Till, Wisconsin, U.S.A.*

Cruel kindness

WHEN mothers fuss over their children and don't let them make their own decisions, they're not doing them any good, but just making it harder for them when they get out in the world by themselves. — *Andre V. Barrand, Mentone, Vic.*

Plea to boys

I LIKE boys and enjoy their company very much, but how I wish they'd invent a boy who DIDN'T think it sissy to buy a girl flowers on birthdays, DID think it essential to have a decent shave and haircut before going out on a date, DIDN'T describe enthusiastically and with monotonous regularity the latest car or motor-bike, DID occasionally notice new hair-styles and new dresses, and DID comment on a girl's appearance honestly and without sarcasm, DID . . . oh, the list is endless. — *Patricia Anne Cullen, Goulburn, N.S.W.*

Text-book hire

MARY GROY (T.W., 26/10/60) suggests that text-books be lent to pupils. I attend a five-year high school which has an excellent hire scheme for text-books. Each pupil pays a certain amount at the beginning of the year for the hire of all text-books required for the year. Any book not returned at the end of the year must be replaced or paid for. I think this scheme is an excellent one, as it greatly reduces the cost of keeping children at school. Not once have I heard a parent complain about this scheme.—*Gail Watkins, Collie, W.A.*

Sail-ho!

DURING the past two years our school has developed a sailing club. As we are near the sea it has been possible to sail quite often. We have certain standards for members and qualified people to teach us. Each year we have a regatta with the different houses competing. Our club has been publicised in "The Times," London, so we are very proud of our effort. — *Jill Colwill, Queenscliff, Vic.*

BEATNIK

"I AM the foreman"

Electric chat

AT a local dance I saw a boy stop in front of a girl, press a little button concealed under his lapel, and his red bow-tie blinked on and off. The girl smiled and danced with him. At the end of the dance he escorted her back to her seat and blinked his tie again, signifying his thanks. Who needs conversation? — *"M.C.," Kulnura, N.S.W.*

Not sissy

I LOVE antiques and art galleries, but in discussions on these things I was surprised at the number of my friends at school who thought they were "sissy." I think there is real beauty in these objects from the past, but anyone would think that to be slightly individualistic marks you as being permanently stupid. — *Natalie Worthington, Rose Park, S.A.*

Useful subject

WHY isn't the study of commercial principles encouraged more in schools? After studying it for two years I think it would be of value to everybody. Commercial principles shows the activities of our banking system and the Post Office — two very important enterprises in our country. — *R. J. Scott, Morwell, Vic.*

Religious hits

TODAY'S teenagers determine which tunes make the hit parades and a lot is said in a disparaging manner of the choice. Yet, look back over the past few years since rock-'n-roll has come in and you will find it is songs with a religious theme that get to the top and stay there. "He," 1957's greatest hit, "Wonderful Time Up There," and "Song of Bernadette" are just a few. And "Just a Closer Walk With Thee" must be one of this year's greatest sellers. Perhaps modern youth isn't quite as frivolous as many would like to believe. — *"Bambie," Tas.*

Ancient note

HAVING often been annoyed by adults criticising modern music, I was amused the other day to read this passage written by Aristophanes nearly 2000 years ago: "Since the theatres have become completely barbarised and since music has become utterly ruined and vulgar, we, being but a few, will recall to our minds, sitting by ourselves, what music used to be." —*Pam Davis, Sydney.*

Is it a crime?

IS it a crime to go steady? I am 16 and have been going steady for a year with a boy of 18. Lately, whenever someone comes to visit my mother I am given a great lecture about how unwise I am to be thinking of marriage so young. How could anyone know I want to marry the boy? What is a girl supposed to do? If you go steady everyone stands round waiting for the wedding invitations to be handed out, and if you are seen out with two different boys in one week you are labelled a flirt. — *"Steady," South Caulfield, Vic.*

Old schools

WHY do so many people have the idea that the longer a school has been established the better it is? The high school I attend has only 300 pupils, yet an older school, not far away, has more than 1000, many of whom have to travel much farther to school than if they attended the smaller, newer school. — *"Equality," Brisbane.*

Fashions for Australians

● The pretty and practical teenage clothes shown on the cover and on pages 6 and 7 were specially designed for Australian girls by Michele Gallet.

MICHELE is a 25-year-old French lass who came to Sydney seven years ago and now has a dress salon in Sydney.

"I hate fussy clothes," she told us, "and made these dresses as simple as possible. The white party-dress, for instance, would not be too old for a 14-year-old girl, and would also be pretty on a more sophisticated 18-year-old."

Michele chose Margaret Oliver and Christine Nossiter to model her clothes because they're exactly what she thinks a typical Australian girl looks like—blond, suntanned, healthy-looking, but very feminine.

Michele Gallet

They're both 17 — Margaret has just sat for her Leaving Certificate and Christine has completed a commercial course.

On our cover Margaret is wearing a fragile and feminine outfit which is sure to be fussed over at any informal barbecue or beach party.

The frilly blouse is white organdie and lace and the gay slacks are satin-finished spotted cotton. Note the narrow lace edging on the seams — a pretty way of dressing up an old pair of slacks.

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By MARJORIE STAPLETON

Big day for small fry

● Two hundred young anglers recently learned a fundamental law of the sport —you can stretch your fishing story as far as you like, but never try to stretch the fish itself.

THEY were taking part in the South Queensland Junior Angling Championships at Tangalooma, on Moreton Island, near Brisbane.

And in the set of rules they read: "Fish which have been subjected to stretching will not be accepted."

The name Tangalooma is always associated with whales, but on this expedition the boys were fishing for whiting and flathead right alongside the whaling station.

Similar trips are organised four times a year by the South Queensland Amateur Fishing Clubs' Association at a cost of 7/6 a head.

Best bait, gear

And before each trip, association officials give lectures on how to catch fish and the best bait and gear to use.

The boys, aged from about 10 to 16, travel on the M.V. Mirimar, under the guardianship of Mr. Ben Perkins, the association's president.

As the boat leaves Brisbane on the 3½ hours' voyage to the island, the boys are always reserved in manner and slightly overawed by the thought that they're entering for a championship.

But they soon chum up around the Mirimar's soft-drink canteen, and by the time they leave the Brisbane River and head for Moreton Island the tenseness has vanished.

No hazards

The sight of rolling porpoises and foraging bonito acts like a charm.

Once alongside the wharf at Tangalooma the boat empties in a matter of minutes and the boys hurry to the beach to rig their gear and await the starting signal.

Tangalooma's sandy foreshores are free from any natural hazards, so the boys fish between the Whaling Station wharf and Cowan Point, four miles to the north.

When the whistle blows there is a sprint towards the shallow inshore gutters.

The older, more experienced boys set off at a jog-trot to the far end of the beach. They carry their rods like bayonets, and resemble an infantry battalion charging an enemy post.

They fish solidly for several hours with the dreamy peace of the "compleat angler" plus an excited interest in each other's catches.

Officials posted along the beach watch over the boys' safety.

On the most recent fishing trip an ingenious lad found a box that had been washed up on the beach. He put all his gear and fish into it, harnessed himself to it with a length of vine and towed it back to the wharf along the waterline.

Before the boat sailed for home the catches were weighed and the trophies awarded. Alec Pemberton, of Brisbane, who caught 15 fish, was declared the new champion of champions, and Tom Cowlishaw, of Eagle Junction, won the prize for the heaviest fish, a 3lb. 2oz. flathead.

Trophies awarded

Trophies were also awarded to the winners of each age division — under 13, under 15, and under 17—and teams of six from many schools competed for a shield.

Hamilton Wharf, where most of the boys disembark, is always a blaze of lights as the boat comes home from these trips, noisy with the exuberance of 200 boys.

Parents and sightseers await the return of the prodigals bringing home the breakfast as their ship comes in. Pandemonium breaks loose as the anglers rush ashore to display their catches.

Some are not flushed with success, but they're all flushed with 12 hours in the open air.

One mother summed up her reaction to the outings in a letter to the association:

"I don't know how to thank you for taking my son in hand and teaching him how to fish, and then giving him the opportunity of gaining practical experience under supervision.

"Since first attending your lectures he has been able to pass on your teachings to his father who is a keen fisherman but up to now did not really know how to go about catching fish.

"As a result, they have formed a much stronger bond of companionship, and our home is much happier and a better place to live in."

A circular issued to each boy tells him to take his own fishing tackle, bait, and enough food and water to last from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m.

His Robinson Crusoe blood rises as he reads the warning: "Water is not available on Tangalooma."

Then he reads the set of rules which imposes the ethics of angling on each competitor: "Undersized fish presented at the scales shall subject the competitor to a penalty of 10 points for each undersized fish.

"Fish with severed gill connections must exceed the minimum legal length by at least one inch.

"Mutilated or undersized fish shall be impounded until the conclusion of the weigh-in and will be subject to dispute."

And then the one about STRETCHING the fish.

TOM COWLISHAW proudly displays the 3lb. 2oz. flathead which won him the trophy for the heaviest fish caught.

THE START. At the sound of a whistle, the boys charge down the beach, rods at the ready, to grab the best spots.

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How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.

2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.

3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET ... AT ANY PRICE!

15 sets for 4/10

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

There's room at the top

— but when you're about to leave school the problem is to turn dreams into reality. The trick is to be a realist, but keep your dreams—you can make them come true.

● Breathlessly waiting for exam results, thousands of girls and boys throughout Australia are about to leave school and enter the wage-earning world.

By MARCH WINGATE

WHAT a time this is! Poised on the springboard, they're ready to plunge into the whirlpool of an adult world.

They turn over plan after plan, they stay awake nights, and feel excited and slightly scared in turn.

Scared because they know they've been big frogs in the school pond during their final year. Now, suddenly, they're to become tadpoles again, running errands for the Captains of Industry.

It's not so much the Captains they worry about, but the know-alls just a few years older than themselves.

But don't worry. Life's pretty exciting, and it's also what you make it.

But what WILL I make of my life? the teenager asks uncertainly, facing the future full of hope and dreaming of what it might hold.

All of us have our dreams as we leave school. The sky's the limit, for at this age we try to get a glimpse of ourselves the way we're going to look at the tape-line instead of at the starting-block.

And if we didn't have this bit of vision the start would be rather stodgy.

In one dream we're landing a blazing aircraft, being talked-down by radio, saving the lives of all the passengers. Everyone claps as the plane comes down perilously, does a ground loop, rights itself . . . and then we wake up and say: "Dash, it was only a dream. I'll probably finish up pushing a pen in some stuffy office."

Way to get there

A girl sees herself stepping proudly along some foreign catwalk, wearing the gold sash of "Miss Globe." People whisper, "Isn't she beautiful?" . . . then she wakes, in her old swimsuit with sunburn stinging.

Dreaming on the beaches during Christmas holidays, the school-leavers put their hats over their eyes and see themselves in hushed theatres performing delicate brain operations . . . or singing at La Scala, Milan.

The dream fades, the purse is empty. What to do?

Many of these "Walter Mitty" dreamers will settle for quite ordinary jobs, for that's the way the world goes.

But there's still plenty of room at the top, and there's only one way to get there—patience coupled with hard work.

If we started half-way up it would be like opening a detective book in the middle and trying to pick the villain. There'd always be a few clues missing.

And these days we need all the clues we can get.

Let's explode one popular fallacy. Offices are not usually stuffy. Pushing pens is wonderful fun — though boring until the penny drops and you understand the purpose of your work.

And everyone will give you a go if you have patience and zeal.

You can't start at the top, that's for sure. Henry Ford, jun., tightened nuts and bolts on an old Tin Liz for years.

Donald Campbell took quite a while learning to manage a speedboat. Mario Lanza was told by his family not to sing so loudly because he was out of tune.

The Great World may disappoint you when you first start out —and you might even make a few false starts, but never mind.

Remember you have to start somewhere. Don't say to yourself, "This is the bottom." Say "This is the beginning of a wonderful future."

A writer told me: "My first job was in an office. The people there were nice, but, oh, the work! It was so dreary that I thought the end of the world had come.

"I used to go home every night and cry, being convinced that my life was ruined.

"When you are 17 you can't believe that two years is only a little while. But after that time I had learned a lot, and I was able to take the risk of seeking a job which suited me better.

"Again I started at the beginning. Again the years flew, and I was Getting Somewhere. I never regretted the monotonous discipline of my two years changing addresses on filing cards.

"I thought at the time it was so dull and dreary. But there were the office friendships, the little parties, giving a shilling for someone's wedding present, going out to choose a box of hankies for the switchgirl's birthday . . . all the inter-office romances, the FUN.

"I really hated leaving when the time came, but much as I'd grown to like it I knew I had to move on.

"Once again there was the feeling of knowing no one, then the fun began again, the excitement of being one of the world's workers."

This writer's story reminded me of my first job—as office-girl to a grumpy old man who had white bristles on the top of his strawberry nose. All day long he found fault with his three office-girls.

I, also, left two years later. I'd won a coveted newspaper cadetship—because this old martinet had kept my nose to the grindstone and improved all my standards.

I often bless the old Scrooge when I look back on those grim years. "All my girls get good jobs," the old werewolf growled as I left him.

But mostly bosses are human, offices are lively, and youth is treated with real affection.

All fields open

If you strike it rough in your first job, the two little tales I've told are intended to cheer you up. Things will straighten out, you may be sure.

Just play it cool for a time, until you find yourself.

Once it was unheard of to leave a good safe job and reach for the stars. Misfits continued to be misfits all their lives.

But the youth of today is being watched by talent scouts all the time. All fields of endeavor are open to them.

So keep all those dreams. You MIGHT land a blazing aircraft. You might land it on the moon, for all I know.

It's a grand life, working and being part of a team, and do you know what else is nice about it? The pay.

"Glad to do it, Maribel."

It's 4711. Tosca

When Fragrance Counts

- because TOSCA is young and delicious, because it's the perfume HE notices, remembers and links with you

4711 TOSCA Perfumed Cologne
4711 TOSCA Perfume
4711 TOSCA Talc
4711 TOSCA Cream
4711 TOSCA Cold Cream

All imported from Cologne

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HOW *NOT* TO SHOP FOR CHRISTMAS

She got it on sale,
It was a steal,
But as a present
It's no big deal.

She should shop now
But it's nicer to languish.
She'll buy in haste,
Repent in anguish.

For one great gift
She spent a bundle,
And then she saw
Her budget crumble.

No thought of Tom
When she made her buy.
He may like Beethoven,
But has no hi-fi.

GIVE SOMETHING DIFFERENT

● Wouldn't choosing Christmas presents be easy if it were only the thought that counted? If thoughts could fill the stockings, hang on the tree, be wrapped in luscious paper!

BUT Dad would rather have a shaving mug. Or would he? And what to give a mother, grandmother, grandad, brother, sister, boy-friend, girl-friend? Ohhh!

Start with the thought again. You want to give something different this year. Something you choose specially for one particular person.

It's fairly easy to choose for the family. You know what they need, what they'd like. But what to give someone you like, someone you'd like to know better—HIM or HER—is quite a problem.

And so is WHETHER to give a present. Nothing worse than that shocked "I'm trapped" look on his face as he unwraps your out-of-the-blue Christmas present. Embarrassing for the girl, too.

So, girls, you'd better wait for the boy in your life to give a present first. After all, this is all part of the courting game, too, and boys DO like to take the initiative.

If, however, you've got that certain feeling that he's planning to play Santa, have a present ready for him.

What, for instance? What to give everyone?

Here's a list of suggestions. The prices, ranging from 1/- up, are quoted from Sydney shops.

FOR GIRLS

- Silver charm for chain bracelet 7/6
- Two goldfish—real, each 2/-
- Sample bottle of French perfume 3/-
- China plaque, tiny and floral .. .. from 7/6
- Small tin of hair lacquer— various prices
- White collar, embroidered cotton, for wearing under sweaters 7/11
- Book, "Eloise at Christmas Time," by Kay Thompson 15/6
- Picture for bedroom. A Gainsborough or Matisse print, framed .. from 4/11
- Peppermint creme chocolates 5/6
- Cotton gloves, white, 8/11
- Talcum powder and toilet soap set in pretty pack— various prices
- White toy koala, small and adorable 33/-
- Frozen Cologne.. various prices
- Scent bottle for handbag in gay aluminium 7/6
- Miniature opera-glasses for sport or boy-watching . 17/6
- Gilt handbag calorie-counter 18/-
- Box of colored matches covered with velvet, suitable as earring-case after matches used 17/11
- Small elegant Japanese fan for the vapors 15/3
- Leather photo frame .. 14/9
- Rain-bonnet in plastic, which folds up into small box with poodle on top 16/-
- Hairpin box in Japanese lacquer 6/11
- Wooden bedroom shelves for displaying ornaments or cosmetics 17/6
- Diary with leather cover and pencil attached 12/3
- Autograph book covered with leather 7/6
- Gay floral tile to hang in bedroom 15/-
- Miniature cactus garden with colored gravel .. 5/9
- Tennis practice set—ball on string 7/-

AND BOYS

- Razor blades in Christmas pack with dispenser .. 8/8
- Handkerchief in fine Swiss cotton for "showing" in pocket 12/6
- Travel bag, zip-up, small, and plastic for comb, toothbrush, etc. 6/6
- Ashtray, aluminium, with weighted base covered in smart tartan cloth 7/6
- Atomiser top for hair-tonic or cream bottle 8/6
- Tennis balls .. per pair 14/-
- Go-Kart plan with building details 12/6
- Suntan lotion in plastic bottle 23/-
- Gob hat, white, for yachting 7/3
- Chrome badge mascot for car bumper 32/6
- Beach sandals, thonged, rubber .. .. .. from 9/11
- Matching tie, socks .. 23/6
- Trouser hanger, shoe-horn, and clothes-brush in one kit 29/6
- Key wallet in pigskin leather 13/6
- Set of darts 16/6
- Giant metal bottle-opener, 5/6
- Manicure set, plus comb in leather container 13/6
- Leather purse, neatly masculine, with spring steel fastening 17/6
- Plastic container with three pairs of pliers, all different, 16/6
- Car-wash sponge to stick on end of hose 16/6
- Carry-all for records with room for two dozen discs in smart striped plastic .. 29/6
- Chamois leather for car or bike cleaning 13/11
- Demisting cloth for windscreen 3/11
- Set of postage stamps— from 5/-

GRANDMOTHERS

- Italian leather spectacle case, bright red 22/6
- Compendium of writing-paper, shaped like book, with elegant painting on cover 19/6
- Pillbox for handbag—feminine and enamelled .. 9/11
- Dust-pan and brush for crumbs or cockroaches. Tiny, with magnetised brush handle so that it can't get lost from the pan 7/11
- Large fancy box of matches, with matches long enough to light gas oven without burning fingers 8/-
- Scented sachets for clothes drawers .. .. .. each 9/6
- Box of crystallised fruit — various prices
- Kitchen gadgets, the more newfangled the better. Like oven-cloth with magnet to stick on the stove 3/6
- Hanging fern plant— from 12/6
- Glass paper-weight from Italy, multicolored and floral 27/6

GRANDFATHERS

- Box of cigars. Be sure they're grandfather's favorites .. .. .. various prices
- An efficient torch 10/3
- Shoe-cleaning gadget with brush, polisher, and cream combined in one 29/6
- Bamboo garden rake .. 4/6
- Book, "The Roaring Twenties," by Jack Lindsay—all about Australians 31/-
- Pipe rack, wooden and handsome 20/-
- Waste-paper basket for office or bedroom, with English hunting scene print .. 29/6
- Indoor thermometer .. 17/6

FATHERS

- Iron magazine and newspaper rack, small and practical 37/6
- Giant Edam cheese imported from Holland in round metal container 32/6
- Drink coaster in form of a straw hat to fit bottom of glass .. .. each 10/6
- Book, "Father's Bedside Book," an anthology of British prose 26/-
- Golf club hoods in gay plastic .. .. each 10/6
- Paper knife with handsome teakwood handle 19/6
- Double-sided shaving mirror 55/6
- Bottle-opener with stitched leather handle 27/6
- Silk-lined leather travelling slippers in leather case 65/6
- Set of barbecue tongs . 10/11
- Swizzle sticks for long drinks, bamboo .. .. .. each 7/11

MOTHERS

- Recipe book — loose leaf, with room to add own recipes 17/6
- Handbag "organiser"—plastic purse, with compartments for cosmetics 19/11
- Plastic-coated playing cards, two packs 19/3
- Gilt jewelled ashtray with lid and handle for carrying in handbag 19/6
- Gardening gloves, stout, with green thumbs 13/6
- Wall rack for tumblers 6/11
- Enormous pencil with bell on top, for telephone table or shopping list 1/-
- Memoranda book with leather cover and three pads, 10/11
- Elegant fabric container for pair of gloves, in shape of enormous glove, studded with a jewel 13/6
- Shiny garden fork and trowel set 17/6
- Stamp box—about an inch square, in Venetian gold-embossed leather 21/6
- Matchbox cover in embossed leather 8/9
- Sun-hat, concealing, gay and mad in Italian straw . 19/11
- Pretty jar of Chinese ginger 29/6
- "Mother's Bedside Book," to match father's 26/-

● If you want to give someone a record, turn to page 11.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881817

FOR TH
AUSTRA

ARE YOU a typical Australi
Sydney dress-designer Mic
let sees you as fairly tall, su
and very feminine — equally
at a barbecue or a ball —
designed these clothes with
mind. They're simple and
sophisticated, young but not
ish, pretty and practical for
hot summer. They are mod
Margaret Oliver and Christine

PARTY-PERFECT for summer. Christine wears a dreamy dress of eyeleted broderie anglaise threaded with colored ribbons. The skirt is puffed out by an organza petticoat and sashed with a matching cummerbund.

SLICK SUIT for a smart secretary type is belted high to show off Margaret's tiny waist. The brilliant silk shirt is sleeveless—the cuffs are sewn in the sleeves of the jacket, a cool fashion trick.

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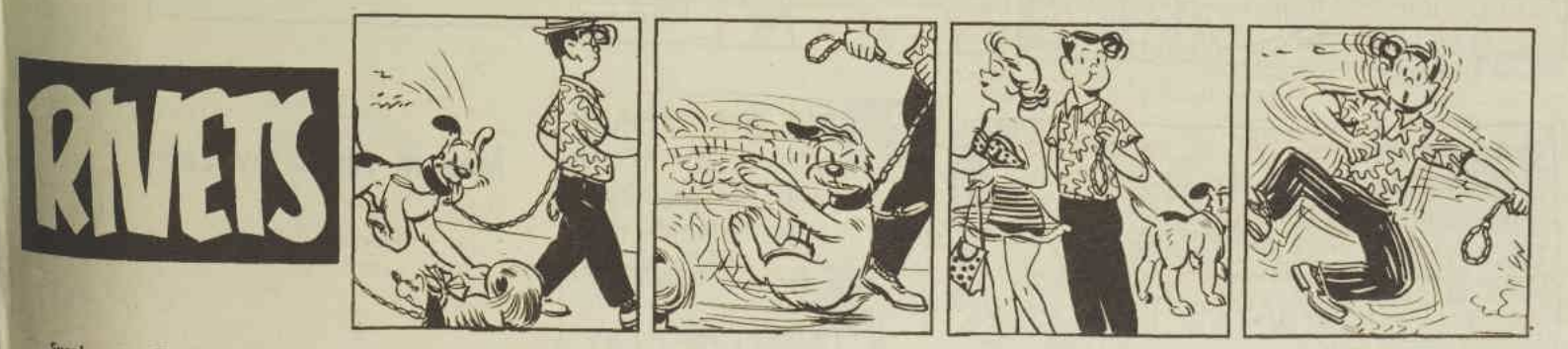
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

BY BILL SAWYER

SANDRA and Detective Mike Rogers chase the man who has tried to attack Sandra in her dressing-room. They are joined by the police, who finally catch him. Major Scott is surprised when he hears that his assistant Jenkins, not Sandra, is the one involved in the theft of the fashion sketches. Mike Rogers had intercepted a phone call from Jenkins to the thief. NOW READ ON . . .



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JACKY'S DIARY

By Jacky Mendelsohn age 33½.

IN CASE YOU don't KNOW, A SUPERSTISHUN MEANS a THING that's SUPPOST to BRING YOU BAd LUCK.

LIKE FOR INSTANTS LOTS of PEOPLE WONT go UNDERNEATH a LATTER, ON a COUNT of its UN LUCKY.

OTHER PEOPLE figgUR it's BAD LUCK if a BLACK CAT CROSSES YOUR PATH.... ESPESHULLY in A JUNGLE.

ALSO WHEN FRIDAY falls DOWN on the 13th it's NO GOOD.

LOTSA OTHER PEOPLE WHO ARE SUPERSTISHUNS figgUR ITS UN LUCKY if YOU OPEN UP A ~~Um~~ UMBRELLER INSIDE of a HOUSE.

AND ALSO THERE'S SOME PEOPLE WHO WON'T STEP ON THE CRACKS in the SIDE-WALK. BUT MOSTLY these PERSONS are FEW & FAR inBETWEEN.

AN OTHER ONE is if YOU BUST A MIRROR it MEANS YOU'll HAVE BAD LUCK FOR THE NECKS 7 YEARS.

P.S. THIS SUPERSTISHUN is REALLY TRUE... ON A COUNT of i BUSTED ONE YESTERDAY, & it all READY STARTED IN.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith

"It's you, dear — how much did it cost?"

TIZZY By Ka

"I HAVE to have new clothes, Mothe thing that Louise hasn't already

"It's yo John. I any

Man in Apron by Larry

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Osann

don't have a
owed!"

BUTCH

happiness that counts,
ot stand in your way
er. Go to Martha."

Family Comic — Page 3

● On the space station where Chris Welkin has gone to test his sail ship, preparations are being made for Christmas, but Koot, the Monster from Rigel, with his telepathy, senses that all is not sweetness and light. How right he is. Those two traitors, Aquila and Basil, are plotting to take Chris, Amaiza, and Koot prisoner, pending the arrival of the Callistans, old enemies of earth. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

WELL, KOOT, THE SPACE SAIL SHIP IS FINISHED BY CHRISTMAS!

IT'S SIMPLICITY ITSELF, CHRIS! SUNLIGHT PHOTONS STRIKE THE SAIL AND PROPEL THE SHIP, JUST LIKE A BOAT ON WATER!

LET'S GET AMAIZA AND TAKE A TRIAL RUN!

ON THE SPACE STATION, PLANS ARE COMPLETE FOR CHRISTMAS

Art Samson

THIS IS CHRIS'S PRESENT FOR ME! WONDER WHAT IT IS? A PORTABLE X-RAY MICROSCOPE, I HOPE!

WHAT IS THIS, AQUILA? A JOKE?

IT'S MUTINY, AMAIZA, MY DEAR! THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA!

THE SPACE SAILER FINISHED, CHRIS PREPARES TO SUMMON AMAIZA FOR A TRIAL RUN.

I STILL DETECT SUBVERSIVE THOUGHT WAVES, CHRIS!

THAT'S NOT TELEPATHY, KOOT. YOU'RE JUST HUNGRY!

STAND STILL, WELKIN!

IF I WAS WRONG, THIS IS AN ODD CHRISTMAS CUSTOM!

I'M TAKING OVER THE SPACE STATION. WITH THE CALLISTANS AS ALLIES, I'LL MAKE THE EARTH **MY** PLANET!

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL!

NOW HEAR THIS! BASIL WARVER IS NOW IN COMMAND OF THIS SPACE STATION. OBEY HIM WITHOUT QUESTION!

ANY OBJECTIONS, BOYS?

12-20

CONTINUED

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4881822

E TYPICAL
LIAN GIRL

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BEACH BELLE. The sleeveless jacket is trimmed with bands of furnishing fringe and the swim-suit is bound and buttoned in matching colors. The jaunty hat is both pretty and protective. By the way, this outfit's not made of Orphan Annie sacking but of natural-colored pure silk hopsac.

BEAU-CATCHER that's just plain glamorous and guaranteed to stun the stagline at the next formal dance. The draped bodice and ruched skirt with a band of pleats is Paris-plus. Material is pink silk taffeta.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Mixed marriage

"COULD you please help me? My fiance and I are very much in love and wish to get married, but as he is colored my guardian and relatives will not give their consent. I know this is the only reason, as they said I would have their consent if he was white. They cannot stop us being engaged. Do you think that, as I am not yet 21, I should wait till I am, or should we get a special licence? I have no brothers or sisters, and my relatives said they would never speak to or look at me again if I married a colored man. What should I do?"

"Color Unfairness," N.S.W.

Marriage is a very serious business, and you want to be quite certain of your feelings whatever nationality the bridegroom may be. I think you are the only person who can make the decision as to whether your choice of a marriage partner is right or wrong. Guardians' and relatives' opinions are a guide to outsiders' opinions, and are given in most cases from the heart with the intention of helping you to happiness. You must consider their advice when consent to your marriage is involved in it.

As to marrying without their consent, to do this you must, as you know, wait until you are 21.

There is no such thing as a special licence in Australia. I suppose you mean applying to a court for permission to marry. If you decide marriage before you are 21 is what you want, the only way you can achieve it is by applying to a Court of Petty Sessions.

Before you do so, it would be wise to talk it over with the Chamber Magistrate at your nearest courthouse. You will find one at most metropolitan and suburban Courts of Petty Sessions, which are listed in the telephone book. The Chamber Magistrate will give you advice and tell you, if you decide to, how to make application to the court for permission to marry.

World tour legend

"WE are two high-school girls who are beginning to plan our future. We are interested in travelling abroad, and someone told us that it is possible to book in with some company for a working world tour, and it arranges for your jobs according to the past experiences you have had. Would you please tell us if this company exists and its address?"

"Eeny and Meeny," Q.

No, I'm sorry to have to tell you there is no such company, it's just one of those legends you hear at school.

If you want to travel abroad you'll have to start saving as soon as you start work, there's no other way to get there.

First-date problem

"WE are two fairly shy girls just turned 16. Our girl-friend has asked us to her party, and told us to bring a boy partner. There are two very nice, well-mannered boys in our class that we would like to ask, but we don't know how to go about asking them. We have never been out with boys, but our parents are agreeable to us going to the party with them. How should we approach them? Also, my girl-friend is going to sleep at my house that night, and when we come home with the boys, should we say good-night at the gate or ask them in?"

"Shy and Nervous," Vic.

Ask the boys to take you. I think it would be best if the two of you saw the two boys together; a foursome outing is often more attractive to shy people. One of you can be spokesman, and tell the boys that your girl-friend has asked the two of you to bring partners to her party on such and such a date, and would they like to go with the two of you.

They can either say "yes" or "no" to your invitation. And don't be hurt if they say "no." Sometimes people have to refuse invitations, although they would like to accept them.

If they do refuse, don't be embarrassed, just say you're sorry they can't come, you'd have liked them to be there because it promised to be such a good party, or something like that.

Whether you ask the boys in or not after the party depends on the circumstances. Generally it is quite late when a teenage party ends, and you have to hurry home to be in at the time set by your parents, and generally, too, there's been a colossal supper and you don't want a thing to eat.

Sometimes this isn't so. If you feel like a cool drink and something to eat, ask the boys would they like one, too . . . if your parents are home and you have their permission to ask them in. But a good-night at the front door (and don't forget that "thank you for taking us") is quite correct, and really best after a late party, I think.

The boy's a flirt

"I AM an average-looking girl of 15½, and I have been going on and off with a boy the same age for 2½ years. This boy becomes very jealous if I talk to another boy, but he is a flirt with other girls. The other day I told him I didn't like him flirting with other girls and he became annoyed; now he won't speak to me. I am very fond of this boy, so would you please tell me how to get him back."

"D.J.," N.S.W.

Don't try, he'll come back. It will take him a while, though, to recover from the smarting feeling that home truths leave. In the meantime, enjoy yourself with other boys.

End of romance

"I AM 18, going on 19, and for the past 16 months I have been going steady with a 17-year-old girl. We both go to school, not the same one, and for the past few months I have become worried that if I don't break with her soon I'll end up married. She is a very nice girl, but I think the thing has been going on for too long. However, I don't know how to go about the break, since by now I am very friendly with her family and friends."

"Troubled Tom," Vic.

Settled steadies are the devil, because, as you say, they come to the stage where suddenly you find yourself standing at the altar.

You'll just have to break it off, I think, as you feel the way you do, and the sooner the less cruel it is. Remember, though, that you'll probably have to put up with some very hard feelings from her family and friends, but that's better than going on feeling the way you do.

Tell the girl herself how you feel, and that you want to end your association. It's a grim business, but probably going on and on as you are is grimmer.

Job during long engagement

"I AM 18½ years of age and have been engaged to a wonderful boy for the past six months. I love him very much and he loves me. My problem is that I have always wanted to work on a property in the country, and I have now been offered a job on one. As it would help me to save money to get married I would like to accept. The trouble is that I would have to leave my fiance, and he says he would be very lonely without me. I trust him. I know he wouldn't look at another girl while I was away. Should I accept the job and leave him for about six to twelve months, or do you think I should stay with him as he wants me to? I get on well with my parents, so it is not as though I want to leave home, but I just thought it would give me a chance to save a bit before we get married, which probably won't be for about 18 months or two years."

"Dottie," N.S.W.

I think you should take the job in the country, especially as such a job has always been one of your ambitions. You won't have a chance to do this after you are married, and the job would make you a happier person to live with and help you both, as you could save money for your marriage.

Naturally your fiance would be lonely; I'm sure you'd be lonely for him, too. But I really would take the job, even if only for a while. If you don't, you'll always be resentful that you didn't and it was because your fiance stopped you.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

• Planning a Christmas party?

Here's a rather beaut idea—have a "Back to Childhood" party.

Scrawl your invitations in running-writing on copybook paper, and don't forget to say the dress is that of 10-year-olds.

Girls, slip on above-the-knee frilly frocks, and bonnets with matching ribbons on those pigtails.

Please remember all little ladies wear socks with their new dancing-pumps.

Put on those shorts, boys, pull up your socks and get out your sailor caps and you'll win any young Miss' heart.

Transport is strictly by prams or strollers.

Hang up balloons, streamers, Santas, and the usual Yuletide jazz and create the tiny-tot world by having pictures from the kiddies' nursery stories all around the room.

Bring back memories by having the clown of the crowd dress up as Father Christmas, giving out mad gifts to all from a gaily decorated tree.

Supper should be all the favorite goodies. Toffee apples, chocolate crackles, fairy sandwiches covered with hundreds and thousands, hot dogs, lollie baskets, all day suckers.

Games come later—Drop the Hankie, Oranges and Lemons, Farmer in the Dell, Pin the Tail on the Donkey, and other exciting pastimes.

Prizes must be given, as this delights all little folk.

If anyone acts the least bit sophisticated, award him a lollipop and stand him in the corner, and the party should be a roaring success.

• Next week we have two full pages of more ideas and scrumptious recipes for Christmas, New Year, and holiday parties—so don't forget to get your copy!

Long hair

AT Christmas our family is having a party as usual. My hair has grown down to the end of my neck and I would like to know a remedy that will make it grow to about a quarter of the way down my back by then."

"Hair Trouble," Q.

There is no way to make hair grow at the rate desired. It just takes its own time.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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By PENNY FORD

They're off to the "Junior Davis Cup"

● While the world's leading amateur tennis players are battling out the final round for the Davis Cup in Sydney, teenagers from many lands will be playing for the "Junior Davis Cup" in Miami, U.S.A.

REPRESENTING Australia will be John Newcombe, 16, of Sydney, and Rodney Brent, 18, of Newcastle.

The tournament, the second to be held and officially known as the All Nations' Junior Cup, is run on the same lines as the Davis Cup, except that all players are under 19.

RODNEY BRENT, Newcastle trainee teacher, at White City during the N.S.W. Tennis Championships.

Play will start on December 21 and conclude on January 1.

All expenses for the boys will be paid by the Miami Tennis Association, who have organised the contest under the auspices of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association.

Spain won the "Junior Cup" last year when it was first played for by 15 nations. Australia was not represented.

This year 17 nations will compete.

John and Rodney were chosen to represent Australia by the Davis Cup selectors.

John has just sat for his Leaving Certificate at Sydney Church of England Grammar School.

He is ranked No. 9 in the Junior (under 19) National seedings, and No. 3 in the N.S.W. Juniors. In the N.S.W. under-17 group he is No. 1.

"Johnny is one of the best prospects we've had in Australian amateur tennis for years," Mr. Alf Fryer, secretary of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, told me. "And that includes people like Lew Hoad. John's worth watching during the next two years."

JOHN NEWCOMBE, Sydney schoolboy, who will represent Australia at the "Junior Davis Cup."

Six feet tall, with a build to match, John has been promised a job with a leading sports manufacturing firm, and they'll put him through an accountancy course.

"So I've really got something to work for," he said with his ready smile.

Because of his exams, John has given tennis second place this year, but he has had coaching from Harry Lindo once a week, and has spent most weekends playing in the Northern Suburbs competitions.

And he took the N.S.W. schoolboys' singles and doubles championships, and the N.S.W. under-17 singles and doubles, in spite of school work.

John started playing tennis when he was six. "I just used to hit the ball around the court," he said, "but my parents decided that if I was to play I might as well play properly, and arranged coaching lessons for me."

At eight he won the Northern Suburbs Association C Grade championships, and from then on he won most of the competitions he entered.

Rodney Brent, a student at Newcastle Teachers' College, is a complete contrast to John. He is fairly short and wiry, and started playing first-rate tennis only this year.

He played in the State championships last year and the year before without much success, but this year he won the N.S.W. country junior singles and the N.S.W. and Australian hardcourt junior singles.

"At college they let me off to play tennis, and I try to make up all the work I miss," he said.

"I'm going to try to finish my two-year course, because it's a good idea to be trained for something else besides tennis."

Rodney has had a bit of coaching from his father, Frank Brent, former interstate cricket player, and a few hints from Newcastle coach Jimmy O'Ryan.

How do these boys feel about treading in the sandshoes of Lew Hoad? "Extra good," said Rodney, and John added, "I think it'll be mighty to be playing for my country instead of for myself."

Paying hobby for a student

● You probably don't know 16-year-old Michael Thomas by name, but you almost certainly know his face. You've seen him eating cheese, riding bicycles, drinking bottle after bottle of cordial.

WHERE? On television, of course. For Michael, who has just done his Leaving exams at North Sydney Boys' High School, makes acting an absorbing (and lucrative) hobby.

As well as TV commercials, Michael has acted in several children's radio serials (including "Kings in the Cattle Country") and hour-long radio plays ("Background," "Don Carlos," and "Jane Eyre"), and on the stage he played a small part in "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" at the Independent Theatre.

But his best part was his first.

"I had joined weekly classes at the Independent Theatre when I was 13, because my mother wanted me to improve the way I spoke," he said.

"While there I was given a part in 'Two Boys in a Boat,' a film made by the Department of the Interior to advertise Sydney overseas.

"It was mostly about two boys sailing on Sydney Harbor, and I had to learn to sail, although they used stand-ins for the racing finish.

"Making the film took from November till the end of June, working during school holidays and weekends, and I earned £120."

Michael's latest TV job was in a series of book reviews, in which actors dramatised scenes from the books.

"I love acting, but I don't let myself get too wrapped up in it," Michael said. "My parents didn't let me neglect my school work, and I'm fairly confident of passing the Leaving.

"If I do, I'm planning to study Arts-Law at the University next year.

"I would like to be an actor, but it's too insecure just now, and I want to have something behind me first."

Acting sounds profitable enough—Michael gets £12/12/- a day while working on TV commercials—but sometimes a month goes by without his getting a job.

Michael Thomas

So, while studying at the University for a legal career, Michael will go on with his "working" hobby to help pay for his course.

"So far, the parts I've played have been boys aged from about 11 to 17, but next year I hope to be able to take troubled-young-man parts," he said.

There's nothing of the troubled-young-man about Michael, though. He's fresh-faced, well built, knows what he's doing and where he's going.

He lives with his parents at Castlecrag, and his other hobbies include playing the bongo drums, golf, and painting.

And girls? "I don't go steady—I haven't time—but I think girls are terrific."

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On whom the belles told!

● This week I am pinching (and he, no doubt, is flinching!) a rough idea from a famous colleague, Ernest Hemingway.

ACTUALLY, Ernie and I have written along similar lines quite a bit. He has done "A Farewell to Arms" and I've belted out regularly "An Unfair Yell to Charms!"

Because of this, of course, angry girls are likely at any tick of the clock to put me to "Death in the Afternoon"!

So with my earnest "ahem"-ing way, I now offer a gripping saga — "On Whom the Belles Told."

In it I lay bare the serious social problem of girls' inability to keep a secret. Here goes with chapter one (a **novel** approach? Well, what else is a **chapter** do?) . . .

Let's consider first that lovely, long-suffering legend of girls' secret yearnings for fellers' favors.

In fact, these longings are about as hush-hush as the answer to who killed cock Robin!

"I'm secretly mad about him," a girl will blithely reveal to a friend. The friend in turn lets the smitten kitten out of the bag to a mate of the victim. In no time the "secret" is safely locked in the hearts of a trusted few —hundred!

Taking the unhushed-up hankering to its logical confusion, pray peer at those other misplaced confidences — the "secret" engagement and wedding.

The undercover, fiancee mightn't get a revealing engagement ring, but she'll get plenty of congratulatory **telephone** rings!

And while the hush-hush husband is mumbling "I do," a score of know-alls are chortling, "I knew!" Why? Simply because the girls have thought that silence is **SO** golden that they've let everyone dig it out of them! (Hence, no doubt, the expression "**infra** dig"?)

The female failure to keep anything except hair under the hat goes further than romance, of course.

Regularly each year we read of "secret" dress fashions on sale by rivals while they're still on the originators' sketch pads. As that St. Laurent bloke used to say, "There are **Yves**-droppers who will do or Dior!"

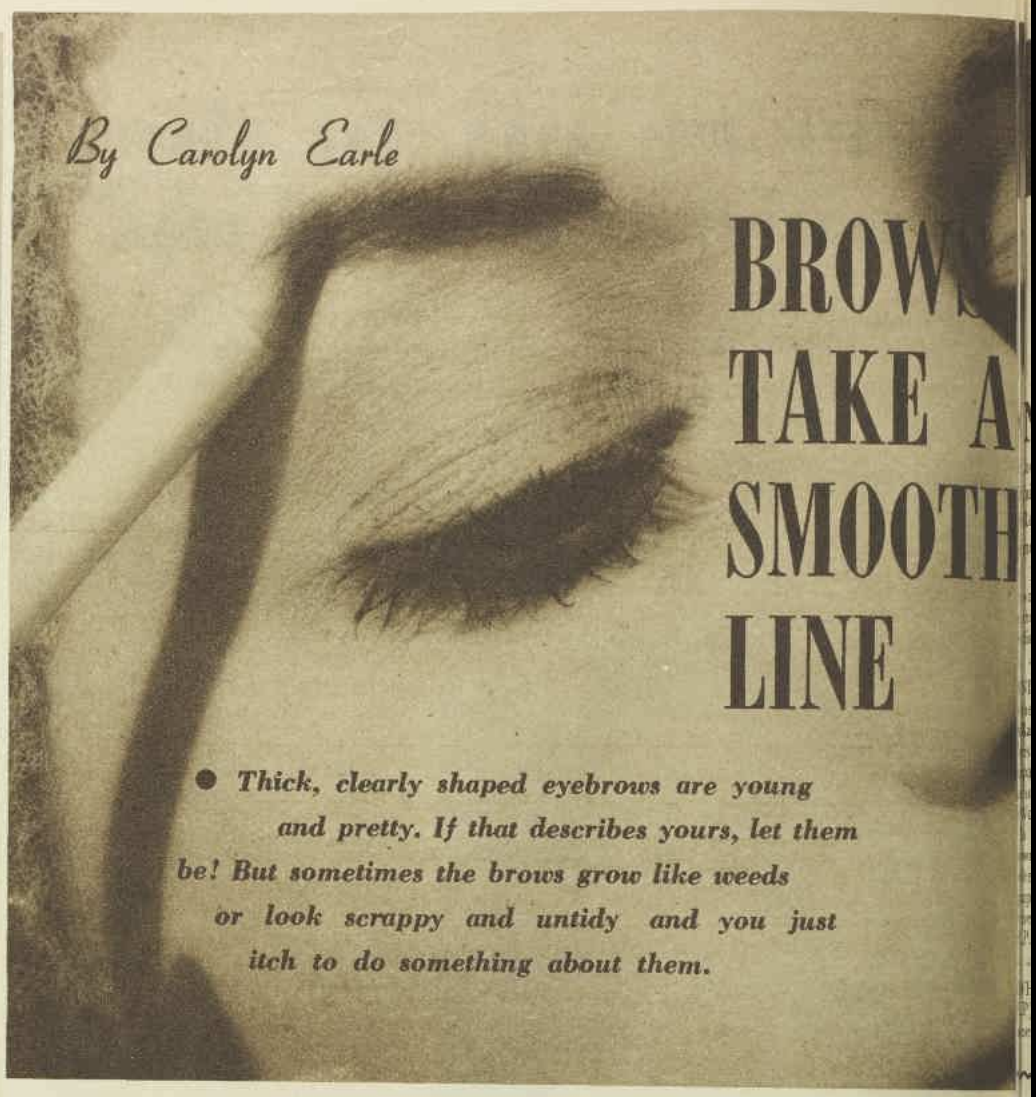
My other literary friend, Charlie Dickens, has brilliantly laid bare the world in which secrets aren't all they seem(stress) to be in his novel "A Tailor Two Cities"!

Well, that's the end of my story. It's only one chapter, I know (although I think it speaks volumes!). But then what girl would expect **me** to turn over a new leaf?

Short though it is, however, I expect great acclaim for my effort. I might, like my inspiration, win the Nobel Prize. Or should I expect the No-Belle prize?

For I'd forgotten, of course, that Hemingway also wrote a thing called "Men Without Women."

—Robin Adair



By Carolyn Earle

BROWS TAKE A SMOOTH LINE

● Thick, clearly shaped eyebrows are young and pretty. If that describes yours, let them be! But sometimes the brows grow like weeds or look scrappy and untidy and you just itch to do something about them.

LOTS of young girls look as if they have ragged eyebrows simply because they don't brush the hairs into place. So-o, as your very first step towards better brows, do this every time you fix your face:

With a small, clean brush, whisk the brows the wrong way lightly. Next, brush them straight upwards. Finally, apply a couple of drops of olive oil or a bit of cream and brush the hairs out until every one is flat in its place. This will give your eyebrows a neater, more graceful appearance right away.

Alternatively, if brows are specially unruly, "set" them with soap on a dry eyebrow brush.

When it comes to shaping the eyebrows with tweezers there are no set rules because faces vary so much. What you must always do, however, is keep the size of brows in proportion to your face, your hairdo, and the width of your mouth.

There are two kinds of tweezers for the job—one with pointed ends, the other with broad, flat ends. The second type is usually easier for a beginner to handle.

Today's fashionable eyebrow is light in color (just a shade darker than the hair color) and it is well arched.

More arch

If you wish to arch your brows more than they are arched now, here's how to do it without flinching:

● Soften the area by smoothing on a bit of cream and apply, for a few seconds, a wad of cotton-wool wrung out in warm water.

● With the tweezers pluck all stray hairs from UNDERNEATH the brow, taking care to remove only one hair at a time and pulling quickly in the direction in which the hair itself grows. This is usually up and out towards the temple.

● When you've finished, close your eyes, and swab the treated area with cotton-wool moistened with witch-hazel.

● Finally, if you have fair or mousy hair, or your brow is fairly straight along the top, take a pale eyebrow pencil and with short feather strokes round it out gently.

Your eyebrows, described in the dictionary as "the fringe of hair above the eye," set the character of the whole face. Slight changes in the brows alone can make it look serene or sullen, interesting or empty, gay or aloof. That's why you must know exactly what you're about when you attempt to change the shape of the brows you are born with.

The ideal distance between brows is the width of your eye. Anything wider is apt to give a face a blank expression.

New shape

If your brows are too close together (giving a frowning expression), you can give an illusion of width by plucking them a bit farther apart. Remove the hairs over the nose first, and then gingerly, hair by hair, clear the area until the eyebrow begins at the ideal spot just above the inner corner of the eye.

Bushy or shaggy brows need careful handling. Again, never pluck the top line of brow, but take out any strays above and around it and remove any stragglers from the eyelids. This narrows the area to be groomed.

Some eyebrows are definitely scanty and have thin spots here and there. To improve the view fill them in with eye-pencil sharpened to a fine chisel edge. Make short strokes to look like real hairs. Two shades of brown give a more natural effect than one color alone.

Remember, too heavy a hand with eye make-up of any sort can ruin the natural effect that young girls should strive for. Indeed, anything recognisable as a "made-up look" is quite wrong for the young at any hour of the day. Except for fun, don't try wearing winged or Oriental slants or bizarre eyebrow arches. Don't extend your brows in a downward line, either. Down lines are unnatural and give the eyes a "hound dog" expression besides.

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LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● High time to be giving a little thought to the business of Christmas gift-buying, friends. And this year there's a bewildering selection of Christmas albums to choose from.

NATURALLY enough, carols and traditional ballads, with a sprinkling of old faithfuls like "Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer," form a more or less basic repertoire.

But with so many talents at work with the same material, there's plenty of variety in the discs themselves.

"CHRISTMAS WITH CONNIFF" (Coronet). This is one of the more light-hearted ones, with **Ray Conniff** and the Conniff Singers throwing a lot of zip and sparkle into a programme that includes "Silver Bells," "Winter Wonderland," and "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town." Conniff's own arrangement of "Greensleeves" ("What Child Is This?") supplies a tender moment in a lively selection. Mono or stereo LP.

"IT'S CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE," **Paul Anka** (W. and G. LP). Young Paul opens up side one with a spoken greeting, then goes on to sing a merry and bright batch of Christmas pops. On side two you hear him in four carols, including "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing" and "Silent Night," as well as "White Christmas" and his own title-tune.

"CHRISTMAS JOY," **George Melachrino** and Orchestra (R.C.A. LP). Here the old ("Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful") and modern ("I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus") are served up with lots of good things in between in the lush, accomplished Melachrino manner. A lavish 16-item concert, mono or stereo.

"THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS," **Nat "King" Cole** (Capitol LP): Two orchestras and three choral groups accompany Nat on his first Christmas LP. "Away In A Manger," "I Saw Three Ships," "The First Noel" are among the 14 hymns and carols he sings with fine feeling on a quality disc.

"CHRISTMAS SURPRISES," the **Ralph Hunter** Choir (R.C.A. LP). A real surprise package from a leading American choirmaster, with something for all tastes and all ages. "Jingle Bells," a carol medley, and two delightful Christmas songs from other lands, "Latin Lullaby" and "Indian Christmas Carol." Mono or stereo.

"WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS" (Warner Bros.). TV stars **Efrem Zimbalist, Connie Stevens, Clint Walker,** and **Roger Moore** are among those who each sing a favorite carol or Christmas song on this festive disc. Others include **Edd Byrnes** ("Yulesville"), **Ray Danton** ("God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen"), and **Peter Brown** ("Winter Wonderland").

"MUSIC OF CHRISTMAS," **Percy Faith** and orchestra (Coronet LP). A superior selection of seasonal melodies ("Deck The Hall With Boughs Of Ivy," "O Holy Night") played with all the taste and style you would expect from this polished orchestra.

"THE SOUNDS OF CHRISTMAS" (Warner Bros., LP). Here's a real charmer (specially for older folk), with an orchestra of sweetly tinkling music-boxes, bells, and chimes used to play such traditionals as "I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day," "O Little Town Of Bethlehem," and a sprinkling of pop favorites, among them "Rudolph" and "White Christmas." Mono or stereo.

"CHRISTMAS EVE WITH BURL IVES" (Festival LP). This is something of an artistic eye-opener, if all you expect is rotund jollity. Devout and seasonal though it is in essence, **Burl Ives'** choice of material is one of the most interesting and unusual, and includes a charming composition of his own, "The Friendly Beasts." The Ray Charles Singers back on some tracks, and on some Burl sings with guitar accompaniment only.

SOMETIMES the gift you're looking for isn't just for any one person but for an entire family.

If you have such a problem this year, R.C.A.'s boxed two-disc album, "Sixty Years Of Best Loved Music," could be the answer. The line-up of classical artists includes **Caruso, Kreisler,** and **Rubinstein,** with **Belafonte, Duke Ellington,** and **The Ames Brothers** heading a star-studded roster of popular entertainers.

Or you may prefer "The Snow Goose"-"The Count Of Monte Cristo" (Festival LP). Paul Gallico's now classic story is brought to vivid life by actor **Herbert Marshall** and **Joan Loring.** On side two Marshall, as Edmond Dantes, will keep enthralled anyone who has ever thrilled to the adventures of Dumas' wronged hero.

A YOUNGSTER figures somewhere on the fringe of almost everybody's life, and for the youngster in yours, how about Australia's own Christmas disc, **Rolf Harris'** "Six White Boomers" (Columbia 45). Rolf tells the quaint story of the Christmas kangaroos on one side, and sings the song on the other.

Another for the youngsters is "The Snow Queen" (Festival LP), in which movie stars **Sandra Dee, Tommy Kirk,** and **Patty McCormack** are heard as the leading characters in this soundtrack album from the full-length film cartoon based on the well-loved Hans Christian Andersen children's tale. Sub-teens who like story-telling will love it.

Specials for Christmas

Four Christmas records, in beautiful four-color jackets, are available from the Popular Record Club. The Pied Pipers and the St. Nicholas' Church Boys' Choir sing such songs as "White Christmas" and "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing." Each of the LP records costs only 30/-, and the four together cost only £5. For full details, write to the Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

WORTH HEARING

DEBUSSY: The Sea

DEBUSSY was a supreme master in the art of suggesting scenes and moods through musical sounds, and his orchestral work **La Mer (The Sea)** is one of the richest and most vivid of all his works. Here, as in all his best works, the scene-painting is never obvious: Debussy is not content with having the orchestra "make a noise like the sea," which is a fairly easy thing to do; he subtly brings to the listener's mind the sea's moods and the feelings they arouse.

Debussy wrote **The Sea** between 1903 and 1905, when he was at the height of his powers. It was an important period, not merely for Debussy but for the whole history of music, for Debussy was helping to break down the old idea of music written according to strict harmonic laws and was ushering in a period of complete harmonic freedom.

The Sea is in three movements and could be called a descriptive symphony. But Debussy, in his revolt against musical conventions, avoided the word symphony and subtitled the works "Three Symphonic Sketches."

There are three recordings worth recommending: Toscanini conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (R.C.A.); Eduard Van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra (Philips); Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Coronet).

— Martin Long

ROCK CHANGING, SAYS PIN-UP BOY

● "Don't knock the rock," says popular young rock-'n-roller Warren Williams. "It's here to stay."

"BUT tomorrow's rock will be much more relaxed — the definite beat will be there, but the songs will be much more like the old ballads."

And that's the kind of song Warren likes to sing most. His latest songs recorded by Festival, "What's A-Happening, Baby," "You Don't Owe Me A Thing," and "Where My Baby Goes," are bright and catchy, with the real rock beat.

Warren has been singing ever since he can remember. When he was at school, he sang in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, then he sang — as a soprano — in Sydney eisteddfods. ("Got a second place once, too.")

Now, as one of Sydney's rock-'n-roll stars, Warren's future seems assured. He has a regular weekly television spot, sings in most of the big teenage shows, and has appeared with Col Joye on country tours.

● Turn overleaf for a pin-up of Warren.

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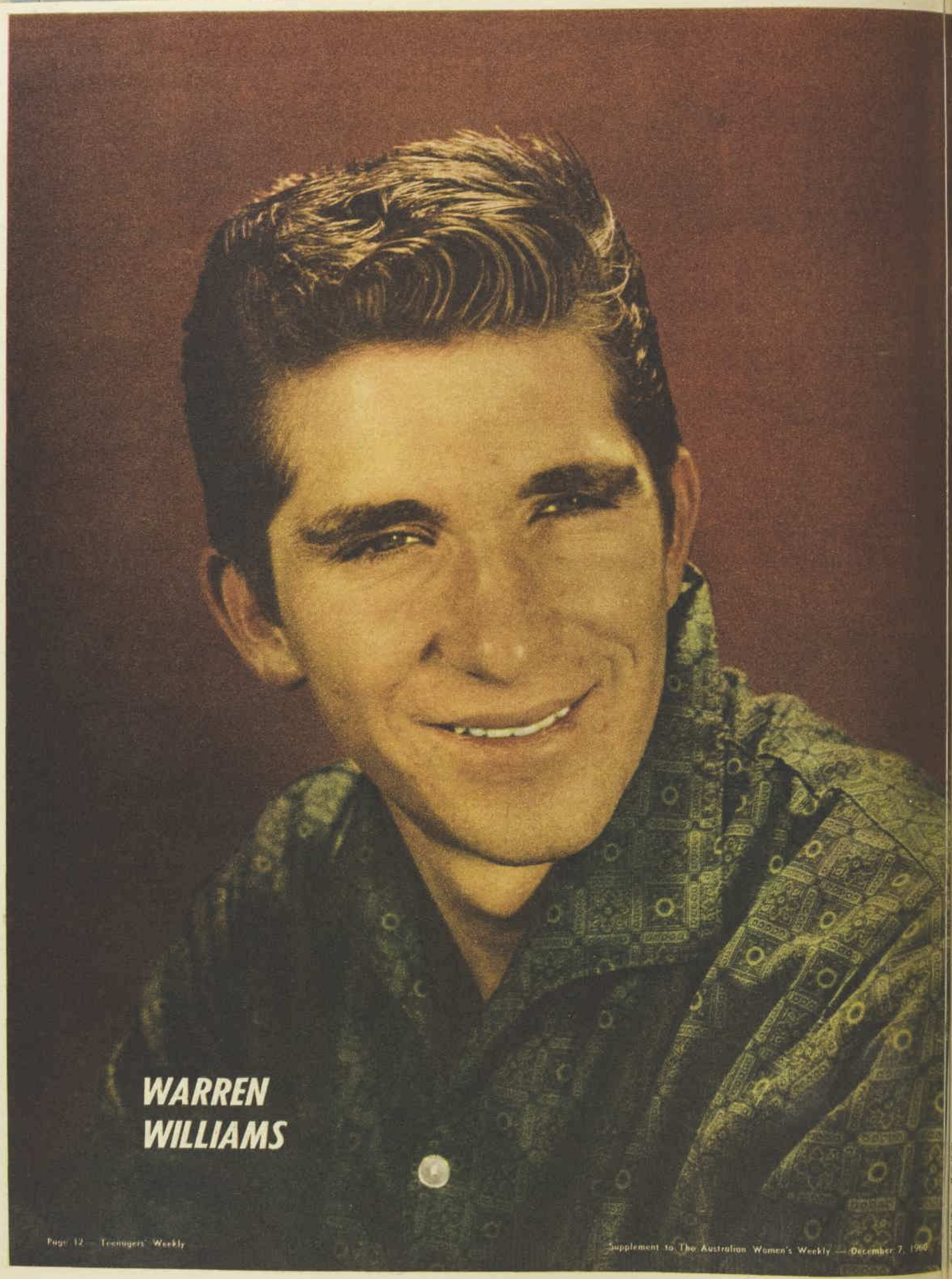

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International party food

DUAL-PURPOSE DISHES

● **Recipes for savories which can be served in small quantities with cocktails or in larger amounts as buffet snacks are popular with most hostesses.**

(Philippines)

Half pound raw chicken meat (cut into small pieces), ½lb. raw lean pork (cut into 1in. cubes), ½lb. chicken livers, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon water, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 cloves garlic (crushed).

Combine vinegar, water, salt, pepper, garlic. Marinade meats in mixture 1 hour. Remove livers, drain. Bring liquid to boil and cook chicken and pork until tender. Drain. Deep-fry the chicken, pork, and chicken livers until crisp and brown. Adobo has strong odor while cooking, so it is better to prepare in advance and deep-fry just before serving or deep-fry early and reheat. Serve on picks. Makes about 30 servings.

(Hungary)

One pound minced beef, 1 beaten egg, ½ grated onion, ¼ cup uncooked rice, salt, pepper, 2 heads cabbage, 1 small bottle tomato sauce, 2 sliced onions, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 lemons, 1 bayleaf.

Boil cabbage until tender but not soft (about 5 minutes) in salted water. Mix meat, rice, egg, grated onion, salt and pepper. Cut cabbage leaves into 4in. squares, fill each square with 1 teaspoon meat mixture. Melt butter in deep frying-pan, add onion, saute until golden. Place cabbage balls into pan, sprinkle with brown sugar, lemon juice. Add tomato sauce, bayleaf. Bake until brown in moderate oven, approximately 1 hour.

Can be refrigerated and reheated a day or so later, and are actually better this way. This stuffing could be made into small meat-balls. Makes 50 cabbage balls.

(Greece)

One pound minced beef, 2 onions (chopped finely), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon chopped mint leaves, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 large tin tomatoes, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup butter.

Combine meat, onions, mint, breadcrumbs, water, salt, pepper; mix well. Shape in small balls, place in baking-dish. Strain tomatoes, pour over balls. Dot each ball with piece of butter, sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Turn at least once to brown evenly.

Can be made in advance and refrigerated or frozen to be reheated when needed. Makes 50 meat balls.

(China)

Two pounds meaty spareribs, ¼ cup soy sauce, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup vinegar, ¼ cup sherry, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, ½ tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon water, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh ginger or pinch powdered ginger.

Have butcher cut spareribs into individual bite-size pieces. Brush with the ¼ cup soy sauce, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour or until brown and crisp.

Combine sugar, vinegar, sherry, and 1 tablespoon soy sauce. Add cornflour, which has been blended with water, and stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add ginger, pour over spareribs, and serve hot.

Can be made in advance, then refrigerated or frozen, and reheated when required. Makes about 30 servings.

(France)

One pound fresh mushrooms, 1 tablespoon each chopped onion and butter, ½ pint cream, 1 tablespoon sherry, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Wash and dry mushrooms. Remove stems and chop very finely. Saute with chopped onion in butter. Add cream, sherry, salt, pepper. Cook until mixture thickens (about 10 minutes). Fill mushroom caps with mixture, grill until brown and bubbling.

Can be prepared in advance and refrigerated or frozen, to be put under griller just before serving. Makes approximately 20 mushrooms.

(Russia)

Dough: One cup warm water, 1 cup milk, 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼lb. butter, 4 cups flour, 1 (1oz.) package yeast.

Dissolve yeast in the water. Heat milk and add butter, allow to melt. Beat egg-yolks, add sugar, salt. Add milk and butter to egg-mixture, then add yeast-mixture and stir. Sift flour and add it to make dough, which will be somewhat thin. Cover, put in warm place. Let rise for 1 to 1½ hours.

Filling: One pound minced beef, 4 medium onions (chopped), 3 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2oz. butter.

Cook onions in butter until soft. Add meat, salt and pepper, cook until meat is done. Add chopped hard-boiled eggs. Cool.

Add enough flour to dough to enable you to roll it out on very well-floured board. Be sure to keep hands well floured at all times. It helps to do small portion at a time, and knead with flour before rolling out. Roll to approximately 1-8th-inch thickness, cut into 1½in. circles. Place ½ teaspoon filling on each circle, stretch dough up to centre. Pinch outer rim together. Filled pocket should resemble tapered egg. Fry each in deep fat until golden.

Can be made in advance and reheated or can be frozen either deep-fried or not. Makes approximately 50.

(Egypt)

Dough: Three cups flour, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon salt.

Add water to the flour and salt and mix well. Knead until smooth; chill.

Filling: One pound lean minced beef, 2oz. beef suet (minced), pinch allspice, pepper, and cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 small tin tomato paste, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 small onions (chopped), 5 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Combine all filling ingredients, mix well. Roll out dough on well-floured board until very thin. Cut into 1½in. circles. Place 1 teaspoonful of filling on each circle. Fold in halves and seal edges. Fry in deep hot fat until golden.

Can be frozen, then fried when needed. Makes approximately 20 pies.

(Austria)

One cup sifted flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼lb. butter, 3oz. cream cheese, 1 egg-yolk.

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Make well in centre and add remaining ingredients. Work ingredients into flour until dough is smooth. Chill 1 hour.

Filling: One cup finely chopped ham, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon sweet pickles.

Combine all ingredients. Roll out pastry on lightly floured board until very thin. Cut into 2in. squares, place 1 teaspoon of filling in centre of each square. Pull the four corners to centre and pinch edges to seal. Chill 1 hour. Place on ungreased oven trays, bake in hot oven 10 minutes or until golden. Serve hot.

These can be baked in advance and reheated at the last minute, or prepared up to the stage of baking, and baked when needed. Makes about 30 pockets.

(Philippines)

Wrappings: Two cups flour, 1½ cups water.

Mix ingredients together to form thin batter. Lightly grease small frying-pan. Pour about 1 tablespoon of batter into pan and tilt so batter spreads as thinly as possible. Each tablespoon should make a round about 4in. in diameter. (If pan is not hot, you can brush batter on with pastry-brush.) Remove each wrapping from pan and continue with the next.

Filling: Half pound finely chopped lean pork, ½lb. finely chopped prawns, ½ cup finely chopped mushrooms, ¼ cup water chestnuts (chopped), 2 tablespoons chives (chopped), ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour, ½ cup water.

Mix all ingredients together until well blended. Place about 1 teaspoon on each wrapping. Fold edges in and roll. Seal with mixture of 1 tablespoon cornflour and ½ cup water. Deep-fry until golden.

Can be pre-fried and reheated in hot oven. Makes about 40 lumpia.

(China)

Pastry: One and a half cups sifted flour, 5 to 6 tablespoons cold water, cornflour.

Combine flour and water and mix into stiff dough. Knead thoroughly to make dough smooth, stand ½ hour. Roll out to ⅛in. thickness. Cut into ⅛in. squares. Flatten these and roll them out into rounds about 2in. in diameter. Sprinkle with cornflour, stack until ready to use.

Filling: One bunch spinach (lightly cooked, drained, and finely chopped), ½lb. finely chopped pork, 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh ginger, ½ finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 tablespoon sesame, peanut, or salad oil, 1½ tablespoons soy sauce, 1½ teaspoons salt.

Saute onion, ginger, and pork in the oil until thoroughly cooked. Add sesame oil, soy sauce, and salt; cool, and then add spinach.

Place teaspoonful of meat mixture on rolled-out pastry. Fold over to make semicircles. Pinch edges together, deep-fry until golden. Serve hot.

Can be made in advance and frozen cooked or uncooked. Makes approximately 30 fried dumplings.

(France)

Half pound scallops (washed, drained, and quartered), 1 cup dry white wine, 3 sprigs parsley, 1 bayleaf, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 3 strips bacon (partially cooked).

Combine wine, parsley, bayleaf, salt, and pepper, bring to boil and add scallops. Simmer 5 minutes; drain. Thread alternate squares of bacon and scallops on skewers. Place in lightly buttered baking-dish, bake in slow oven until bacon is crisp.

Can be prepared in advance and put in oven at last minute. Makes about 20 hors d'oeuvres.

(Japan)

One pound fish (bream, mullet or snapper), ¾ cup soy sauce, ¼ cup sugar, ¾ cup sweet sherry.

Cut filleted fish into small pieces (about 1in. square). Mix remaining ingredients and marinade fish about 30 minutes. Place 1 or 2 on bamboo or metal skewers, grill until cooked. Serve hot. Makes approximately 30 squares of fish.

CRAB BALLS

(Japan)

One small tin crabmeat, 1 tablespoon each butter and flour, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup cornflour.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook for 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring over heat until thickened. Add crabmeat and salt; chill. Form into balls the size of walnut. Roll in cornflour. Deep-fry in hot fat until golden. Serve hot with soy sauce and hot mustard.

Can be prepared an hour or so in advance and reheated in hot oven. Makes about 20.

Continued overleaf

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International party food

Snacks with a difference

● These savory snacks from different countries are sufficiently unusual to set your guests commenting—with surprise and delight.

(Israel)

Three pounds fish (bream or snapper), 4 onions, 2 carrots, 2 stalks celery, few sprigs parsley, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup water, 1 tablespoon matzo meal or fine biscuit crumbs, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon pepper.

Fillet and salt fish. Refrigerate overnight. Save skin and bones, and place in large pan with 2 onions (sliced), carrots (sliced), then celery and parsley, and 1 quart cold water. Bring to boil, let simmer 10 minutes.

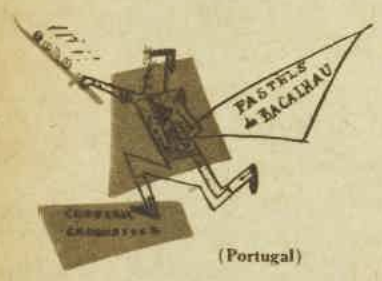
Mince filleted fish and 2 onions finely. Add 1-3rd cup water, egg, matzo meal, salt, sugar, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Wet palms of hands and form mixture into small balls. Place carefully into boiling water, making sure water covers them. Add remaining pepper and more salt if necessary. Simmer for about ½ to 1 hour or until cooked. Serve on toothpicks. Carrots make a pretty garnish.

These are usually served with grated horseradish, which is flavored with beets. Makes approximately 60 balls.

(Austria)

Three ounces cream cheese, 1-3rd cup butter, 2-3rd cup flour, 1 egg-white, 2 small tins liver pate.

Place cheese, butter, and flour into bowl, mix thoroughly; chill. Roll out on to lightly floured board, cut into 2in. squares. Form liver pate into pencil shape about 2in. long, place along one edge of each square. Roll each up and seal with egg-white. Place on baking-tray and bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven. Makes about 20 rolls.

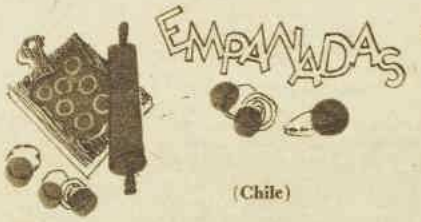


(Portugal)

One cup flaked codfish, 2 cups pared and diced raw potatoes, 1 egg, slightly beaten, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon melted butter, few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon salt (optional), ¼ teaspoon celery salt.

Cook fish and potatoes until well done. Drain and mash thoroughly. Add egg, paprika, melted butter, celery salt and pepper. Beat until light and fluffy; chill. Form mixture into small balls. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Serve on picks with bowl of chilli sauce and bowl of pickles.

Croquettes can be prepared several days in advance and refrigerated or frozen and reheated in hot oven before serving. Makes approximately 40.



(Chile)

Dough: Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup lard, ½ cup milk (heated).

Melt lard in the heated milk. Add salt, milk, and lard to sifted flour in bowl. Knead until well blended. Refrigerate overnight.

Filling: Quarter-pound minced beef, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 hard-boiled egg (sliced), ¼ cup pitted ripe olives, ¼ cup seedless raisins, 2 teaspoons cayenne, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons oil, melted butter.

Saute beef in oil, add onions, salt, and cayenne, and brown quickly. Roll dough very thin, cut half into 1½in. circles, and other half into 2in. circles. Spread smaller circles with ½ teaspoon of meat mixture. On top of each place ½ pitted olive, ¼ of one slice of egg and 2 raisins. Put larger circles on top, wet edges with water, and seal. Pinch edges with fork. Brush with melted butter and bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes until golden.

Can be made in advance. Makes approximately 30.

(America)

Half-cup milk, ½ cup chicken stock, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, few grains black pepper, 1 cup fresh mushrooms (sliced), 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 10 thin slices fresh bread, ¼ cup creamed butter, extra butter.

Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in saucepan, add flour and salt, and stir until blended. Gradually add milk and chicken stock, stirring until thick. Clean mushrooms, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Saute in butter until tender. Add these to white sauce. Allow mixture to cool until ready to spread. Spread very thinly sliced bread with mixture, and roll up like jelly roll. Secure each roll with toothpick or string. Chill. When ready to serve, spread each roll with creamed butter, cut roll into thirds and bake in moderate oven until slightly brown. Garnish with sprig of parsley.

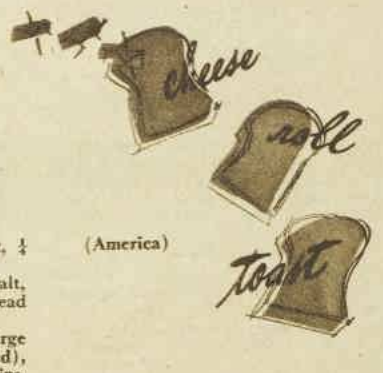
Can be prepared in advance and refrigerated or frozen. Reheat before serving. Makes 30 sandwiches.

(Sweden)

Three-quarter pound minced beef, ¼lb. lean pork (minced), ¼lb. veal (minced), ½ cup milk, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons butter or more.

Have butcher mince meats together twice. Saute onion in about 2 teaspoons of butter until soft, but not brown. Beat eggs and milk together, pour over breadcrumbs. When mixture is soft, add it to meat and work well together. Add seasonings and onion, blend well together. Form into balls about the size of a walnut. Brown in remaining butter, a few at a time. Keep turning balls so they retain shape and brown evenly. Add more butter if necessary.

Can be made one or two days in advance and reheated. Makes approximately 40.



(America)

One pound cheddar cheese (grated), 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1½ teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 20 thin slices very fresh bread, softened butter.

Combine all ingredients except bread and butter, spread bread with this mixture and roll up like jelly rolls. Wrap each roll in waxed paper and chill. Cut each roll into thirds. Just before serving, spread softened butter on rolls and grill until brown. Makes approximately 60 rolls.

(Turkey)

One pound shortcrust pastry, ½lb. Feta or Gruyere cheese, 1 tablespoon butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, ¼ cup milk, salt and pepper to taste.

Make thick cream sauce with butter, flour, and milk. Cut cheese into small pieces, add to cream sauce, cooking until cheese melts and mixture thickens; season. Pour mixture on to platter and cool. Chill. Form into small sausage shapes. Roll out dough very thin, cut into 2in. squares, place sausages in middle of the squares and fold to make triangles. Deep-fry in very hot fat. Serve hot or cold.

Can be prepared in advance and fried when required or can be fried and reheated. They can also be frozen. Makes 30.

(Austria)

Twenty small brussels sprouts, 3oz. cream cheese, 1 tablespoon whipped cream, 1½ tablespoons freshly grated horseradish, salt.

Cook brussels sprouts about 3 minutes in boiling salted water, only enough to obtain a brilliant green. Soften cream cheese and mix with whipped cream. Add the horseradish. Cut each brussels sprout ⅔ of the way through the centre and stuff with cheese mixture. Sprinkle the sprouts with salt, and let stand at room temperature 30 minutes before serving.

(China)

Two eggs, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 1lb. minced pork, ¾ cup chopped shallots, ½ cup chopped Chinese cabbage (substitute ordinary cabbage if Chinese variety is not available), ¼ cup flour.

Beat eggs, add soy sauce and sugar. Add meat, shallots, and cabbage, mix until well blended. Add salt, monosodium glutamate, and flour, knead well. Form into small balls. Fry in hot oil about 1in. deep. Drain on paper towels. Serve on toothpicks.

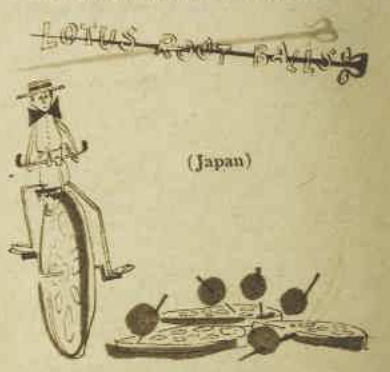
Can be made in advance, refrigerated or frozen and reheated. Makes 40 balls.

(Italy)

One eggplant (peeled and cut into 1in. cubes), ½ cup wine vinegar, ¼ teaspoon each of basil, oregano, salt and pepper, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons olive oil.

Cook eggplant cubes in boiling salted water until tender. Combine remaining ingredients, except olive oil, pour over eggplant and marinade overnight in refrigerator. Just before serving add olive oil. Serve on picks.

Makes approximately 40 cubes.



(Japan)

Half-cup grated lotus root (if lotus is not available, use raw sweet potato), ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour.

Mix all ingredients together and form into small balls. Deep-fry and serve on picks. Makes 15 balls.

Danish MEAT BALLS

(Denmark)

One pound minced beef, ½lb. sausage meat, 1 dozen savory wheat biscuits (finely crushed), 1 cup cream, 2 eggs (beaten), 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, butter.

Mix beef, sausage, crushed biscuits well. Add remaining ingredients; chill. Form into small balls and fry in butter or substitute.

Can be refrigerated or frozen before or after frying. Makes approximately 40 balls.

Continued overleaf

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International party food

For busy days

These dishes can be made and served at short notice.

(America)

One pound small prawns, fresh, tinned, or frozen (about 30), ¼ cup peanut butter, ¾ cup mayonnaise, 30 savory biscuits.

Shell prawns. Spread thin layers of peanut butter on savory biscuits. Spread with heavy layers of mayonnaise on top of peanut butter, making sure edges are covered. Place small prawn in the middle of each biscuit. Grill under moderate flame until mayonnaise begins to puff and is slightly golden.

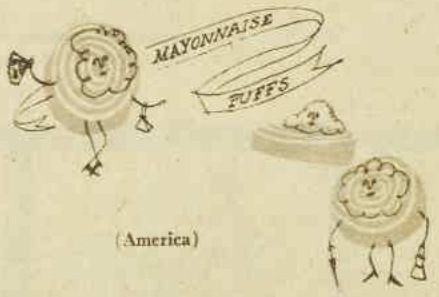
These puffs can be prepared in advance, refrigerated, and put under grill when needed. Makes 30 servings.

(Sweden)

Twelve hard-boiled eggs, 4 tablespoons anchovy paste, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

Cut eggs in half lengthwise, remove yolks. Mash yolks with silver fork. Add anchovy paste, mayonnaise, sugar, and blend well. Fill egg-whites with mixture and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley.

Makes 24 hors d'oeuvres.



(America)

One cup mayonnaise, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten), pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 onions (sliced), rounds of bread (toasted).

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff. Fold in mayonnaise and Worcestershire sauce. Place thin slice of onion on each round of bread. Top with generous layer of mayonnaise mixture. Place under moderate flame about 1 minute or until mixture puffs and turns golden.

Can be reheated, but they are better served immediately. Makes 25 puffs.

(Japan)

Two pounds medium-sized prawns, fresh, tinned, or frozen, 1 cup water, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, soy sauce.

Shell and de-vein cooked prawns, leaving tail attached to flesh. Slit undersection of prawn to prevent curling. Wash and dry thoroughly. Prepare batter by beating egg and water together, then adding flour and mixing lightly. Two or three stirs should be enough, even though some lumps may remain. Dip prawns into batter, holding them by tails, and deep fry in hot oil just a few minutes. Serve with soy sauce. Makes approximately 50 savories.

NEXT WEEK: Eight pages of Christmas recipes in color.

(America)

One tin tuna (drained and finely chopped), 1 finely chopped onion, 4 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, extra ½ cup flour, 1-3rd cup water, dash salt, 2 egg-whites (stiffly beaten).

Saute onion in 1 tablespoon butter. Make thick cream sauce with 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, and the milk. Add tuna, onion, salt and pepper. Chill.

Make batter of ½ cup flour and about 1-3rd cup water. The consistency should be like thin pancake batter. Add salt, fold in 2 beaten egg-whites. Form balls about the size of large marbles from the tuna mixture and roll in batter. Fry a few seconds in very hot fat; drain.

If you do not fry these too long they can be made in advance and reheated in moderately hot oven 10 minutes when ready to serve. Makes approximately 30.

(Switzerland)

One pound Swiss cheese (coarsely grated), 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups dry white wine, 2 cloves garlic, 3 or 4 tablespoons kirsch or cognac, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash nutmeg, bite-size pieces French bread.

Pour 2 cups dry white wine into chafing-dish or heavy frying-pan. Crush garlic, add to wine. Cook over low heat until tiny bubbles rise to surface. Do not allow to boil. Turn heat very low and add cheese, coated with flour, a handful at a time, stirring constantly. Be sure each addition of cheese is completely melted before adding more. Keep stirring until mixture starts to bubble, then season with salt and dash of nutmeg. Add kirsch or cognac. Continue stirring until mixture bubbles gently again. Each guest then spears piece of French bread, with crust on, with fork and dunks it into the fondue, swirling the fork as he dips.

This recipe serves eight to ten.

(America)

Six ounces cream cheese, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 to 2 tablespoons cream, 12 slices bacon (partially cooked), 12 very thin slices fresh bread.

Mix cream cheese, onion, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper together. Add enough cream to make a spreading mixture. If regular sliced bread is used, slice it again. Bread should be very fresh and quite thinly sliced. Remove crusts. Spread cream-cheese mixture on bread, roll tightly like jelly roll. Wrap each roll in piece of partially cooked bacon and secure with toothpick. Chill. Remove from refrigerator, slice into 1in. lengths, bake in moderate oven until bacon is crisp. Serve warm.

Makes about 36 souffles.

(Japan)

One pound raw white chicken meat (cut into bite-size pieces), ¼lb. chicken livers, 5 stalks large shallots (cut into 1½in. strips), 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, 1 cup soy sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Combine sherry, soy sauce, and sugar, cook over low heat 10 to 15 minutes until mixture thickens slightly. Thread meat, livers, and shallots on bamboo picks or skewers and grill until done. Pour sauce over meat and put back under griller for 1 minute. Makes approximately 30 servings.

All the recipes in this feature are from "Hors d'Oeuvres: Favorite Recipes from Embassy Kitchens," published by the Charles E. Tuttle Company of America and Tokio, Japan.

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Rabbit recipe wins prize

TENDER RABBIT PIECES cooked first in stock and then coated with egg and breadcrumbs and fried form our main prizewinning recipe this week.

● A Queensland reader wins the £5 main prize this week in our popular readers' recipe contest for her interesting rabbit dish.

RECIPES for simple cherry macaroon biscuits, a tasty stuffed marrow dish, and a chilled sweet which incorporates jelly, peaches, and creamed rice win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

CRUMBED RABBIT WITH PINEAPPLE

One rabbit, 1 chopped carrot, 1 chopped onion, 1 bay leaf, 2 cloves, few peppercorns, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tin pineapple slices (drained), melted butter, parsley, salt.

Soak rabbit in cold salted water. Place in large saucepan with fresh water to cover, salt, carrot, onion, bayleaf, cloves, and peppercorns. Simmer until tender. Remove rabbit from saucepan, allow to cool. Cut into serving pieces, dip in beaten egg and milk and then in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot fat or oil until golden brown all over; drain. Brush pineapple with little melted butter, grill until slightly brown. Serve rabbit and pineapple in heated ovenproof dish garnished with parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Church Street, Beenleigh, Qld.

CHERRY MACAROON BISCUITS

Four ounces flour, 2oz. cornflour, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 2 egg-whites, extra 4oz. sugar, 6oz. coconut, glace cherries.

Sift flour and cornflour into basin, add sugar. Rub in butter or substitute and mix to dry dough with egg-yolks. Roll out on lightly floured board, cut into rounds with fluted cutter. Place on greased oven-trays, then prepare topping. Whip egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Fold in coconut and pile on to biscuits. Place half cherry in centre of each, bake in slow oven 15 to 20 minutes. Loosen, cool on oven-trays, and store in air-tight tin.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

STUFFED VEGETABLE MARROW

One medium-size vegetable marrow, 4oz. pork-sausage meat, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon mixed herbs, 2oz. chopped mushrooms, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, ¼ cup stock, ¾ pint cheese sauce, grilled tomatoes.

Cut marrow lengthwise, remove seeds. Place in saucepan and cover with water. Cook marrow 8 minutes only, then remove and drain. Combine sausage meat with breadcrumbs, minced onion, chopped parsley, herbs, and chopped mushrooms. Season with salt and pepper, mix well. Melt butter, add beaten egg and stock, add to meat mixture. Place one half of marrow in base of greased casserole. Cover with stuffing, add second half of marrow and press down. Cover, bake in moderate oven for 1 hour. Uncover, pour on the cheese sauce. Garnish with tomatoes, place under griller to brown lightly.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Suthers, McLean Street, North Ipswich, Qld.

SWEETHEART DESSERT

One 16oz. tin sliced peaches, ½ cup uncooked rice, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sugar, lemon essence, ½ pint red jelly, strip angelica.

Drain juice from peaches, arrange fruit on large round platter. Place rice and milk into saucepan, cook gently until milk is absorbed. Add peach syrup, simmer until it absorbs also. Stir in sugar and lemon essence, set aside to cool. Spread creamed rice over peaches, leaving about 1½in. uncovered. Set jelly in round sponge tin, brushed all over with oil. Turn out when set, cut into heart shape. Place heart-shaped jelly on top of rice, pierce it with arrow made from angelica. Serve well chilled.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss E. Butler, 11 Delville Street, Horsham, Vic.

Collectors' Corner

SOME PIECES from Miss Badgery's teaset.

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about her antique teaset.

QUESTION: "This is part of a tea-service which has been in my family's possession for many years. The only pieces with any marks under them are the saucers and the bowl, which have 43 ·· painted over the glaze, and two large plates which have the same figures and, under the glaze, a circle of leaves with an anchor in the centre. The pattern is painted in royal-blue and gold."—Miss R. Badgery, Mittagong, N.S.W.

ANSWER: It is quite rare to find a complete set like this and it is also in an unusual pattern. It is Davenport china, made about 1840.

For information about your antiques, send a photograph of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Christmas books for children

● **Book reviewer Joyce Halstead here lists, under the various age groups, children's books that can be recommended for Christmas buying.**

UP TO 4 YEARS OLD:

BOM GOES TO MAGIC TOWN — by Enid Blyton (Brockhampton).

More adventures of Bom, the little toy drummer. In this one he goes to find his friend Skipper Heave-Ho, who has been made small by a Wizard, and had his house, an upturned boat, stolen. One adventure after another from Enid Blyton's nimble pen.

VERY FAR AWAY—Maurice Sendak (World's Work).

Cleverly illustrated book about a little boy who leaves home disguised in a cowboy suit and a false moustache, to go "very far away" where he will find someone to answer his questions—his mother is too busy washing the baby to listen to him. He meets a horse and a sparrow and a cat, who go with him.

4 TO 6 YEARS:

JOHNNY'S HUNGER STRIKE — Carol Odell. (Faber).

About a little boy who decides eating is a waste of time, and passes the idea on to his pets. They all go on strike except the white rabbit, who just eats and eats and stays fat and happy. What will happen to the others? The book tells. Charming animal illustrations.

SEVEN DAYS WITH JAN — Mary Cockett (Brock Books).

Jan is an engaging little boy with a special independence of his own. When he is not helping his father, who has a fruit stall, he goes off on jobs of his own, such as helping the pet-shop lady to deliver pets to the children on Christmas morning.

8 TO 10 YEARS:

GOOD OLD SECRET SEVEN — by Enid Blyton (Brock Books).

Another book to add to the Secret Seven series in which the little "gang" look at the world through a telescope which is a present from one of their uncles. What they see brings them some frightening adventures.

HE WAS A CHILD — by Norman Vincent Peale (Prentice-Hall).

A story of Jesus as a young boy in Nazareth going to school, playing with other boys, already showing himself different. Well written and beautifully illustrated in color.

THE JUNIOR TRUE BOOKS

Published by Muller, they include informative, well-illustrated books on:

ANIMAL BABIES — by Illa Podendorf.

About the habits and behaviour of young animals, leading up to some simple, well-explained and illustrated facts about reproduction of humans and animals.

PLANTS WE KNOW — by Irene Miner.

First lessons in botany.

CLOTH—by Esther Nighbert.

Explanation of natural and synthetic fibres.

SOUNDS WE HEAR—by Illa Podendorf.

Elementary explanation of how sounds are made, the human ability to hear them, and the type of sounds made by animals, and why they make them.

8 TO 12 YEARS:

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SANTA CLAUS—Phyllis McGinley (Brockhampton).

Half the charm of this book comes from the lovely, clever illustrations by Kurt Werth. In delicate color they cover the pages, embracing the long delightful poem about the year when Santa decided not to turn up.

This is how it begins:

"Have you been told?
Did you ever hear
Of the
Curious
Furious
Fidgety year
When Santa Claus
Unhitched his sleigh
and vowed he was taking a
Holiday?"

Even grown-ups won't be able to put it down until they've read to the very last line.

10 TO 12 YEARS:

THE HUMPY IN THE HILLS—John Gunn (Lutterworth).

Col, the son of the local police sergeant in Ballimal, a small Australian town, and his sister Barbara team up with newcomers to the town, Andrew Blake and his little brother Ian, to find stolen money. Their search brings them many adventures, which require hardiness and independence. They find the clue to the mystery in a humpy, where they meet also a very nasty character who taxes their courage and ingenuity. A good adventure story that will appeal to boys.

10 TO 14 YEARS:

THE MERROW PONIES — Judith Campbell (Muller).

A children's publisher recently in Australia said that the most popular books now were those about ponies. In this one Judy Merrow and her sisters, Kit, Sue, and Fiona spend a good bit of their time with their ponies. Judy even turns down a chance of a year in Switzerland to stay with her horse. But she does make Switzerland in the end to go skiing and meet her first dawning romance.

12 TO 15 YEARS:

DRINA DANCES AGAIN — Jean Estoril (Hodder & Stoughton).

Another of "The Drina Books" with the brilliant teenage ballerina unable to dance because of a strained leg, but shining instead as an actress in Barrie's play "Dear Brutus." Her friends' teenage doings fill the book.

From young teenagers to grown-ups.

SPACE TRAVEL — Kenneth Johns (Muller).

Parents and their children alike would enjoy this book which explains how rockets work as weapons and as exploratory vehicles in space travel research. The history of the development of the rocket and the men involved is given.

THE ARABS — Harry B. Ellis (Brock).

What fascinating information there is for both children and adults in this book. It describes the ancient Bedouin tribes and their nomad habits, the rise of Mohammedanism, the development of Arabic as a language of culture, and traces the history of Arabia.

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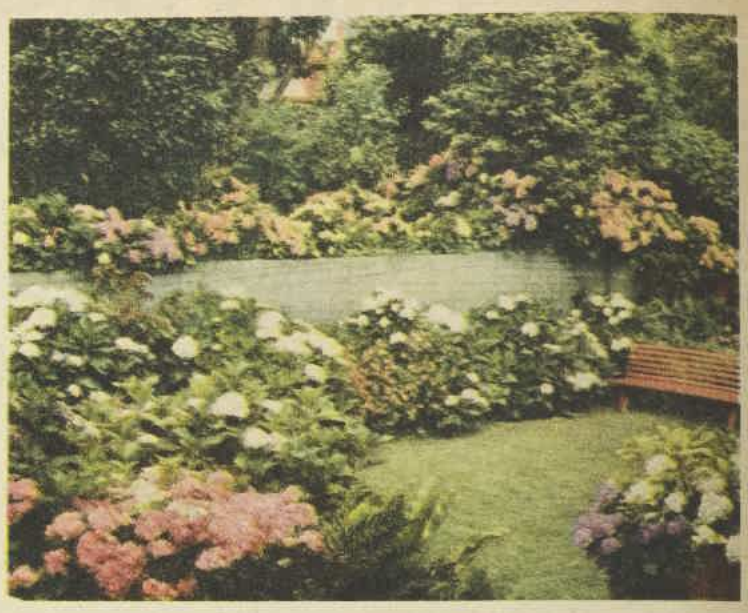

● *Massed hydrangeas are a feature of Mr. R. Betts' garden at Double Bay, Sydney. A wall of brick or wood has been set round plants to hold the water.*

HYDRANGEAS

● When choosing a plant for a Christmas gift consider the claims of the chameleon hydrangea, which turns pink or red when grown in alkaline soil, blue, purple, or violet in acid ground.

GARDENING

BE sure when potting hydrangeas as gifts to provide a big enough pot — about 8 inches in diameter — and give them good fibrous soil that holds moisture well, adequate drainage and regular watering.

Given a place in semi-shade where the drainage is good, or a spot in full sunlight, where the soil should contain ample humus (rotted vegetable matter), they will do quite well.

Avoid deep shade or the colors may be wishy-washy.

Many hydrangeas grown in poor sand have off-white pips or blooms, neither pink nor blue, due to lack of nourishment or a neutral soil that is neither acid nor sufficiently alkaline.

An alkaline soil that produces pink or red blooms may produce blue, purple, or violet simply by the addition of aluminium sulphate, powdered sulphur, or sulphate of iron.

A little hydrated lime applied in winter will, in most cases, make mildly acid soil alkaline, and the colors will then be pink or red.

White hydrangeas do not change, no matter what type of soil they are given.

Since strongly acid soils are difficult to alter, it would be best to make up potting soil of partly steamed garden loam, plenty of sand, and some well-rotted manure. Lime carbonate (crushed limestone) or hydrated lime should be added. But don't overdo lime, or yellowing of the foliage (chlorosis) may occur and affect the health of the shrubs.

Plants obtained at this time of the year should be left in the pots and be watered regularly. They can be transplanted to the open garden when they get too big for their pots or when flowering is over.

They do well in a variety of soils, but should have some protection if grown where heavy frosts occur during winter.

There are dwarf, medium, and tall hydrangeas.

The variety known as H. hortensis is the basis of most modern hydrangeas, but there are many others in the species, including the very hardy H. paniculata (Grandiflora).

Feed the plants regularly in December with weak liquid manure, after watering soundly, and they will probably continue producing more heads of bloom until late in February.

● *President Doumier can be changed to a deep maroon by continual applications of sulphate of aluminium to soil.*

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the joyous foods of Christmas!

Bake them from the best recipes, the richest ingredients, the finest flour, Mother's Choice vitamin-enriched flour, and shine as a Christmas cook.

Cherished recipes from the Mother's Choice kitchen.

YULE BAR

Chop 4 ozs. each raisins, sultanas, cherries, 2 ozs. peel, walnuts, glace pineapple, 1 oz. almonds and soak in 4 tblspns. sherry. **Cream** ½ cup (4 ozs.) shortening and ½ cup (4 ozs.) packed brown sugar then add 3 eggs. **Mix in** fruit alternately with ½ cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, 1 cup Mother's Choice Plain Flour, ½ level teaspoon salt. **Spread** in 10" x 4½" loaf pan lined with one thickness greased paper and make a hollow down centre of mixture. **Cook** in a slow oven 2 hours or until it tests done. Cool in pan and store until required. **Brush** base of cake with jam then place on topping. **Cover** with coffee icing and decorations.

TOPPING

Combine 1 egg and 1½ cups icing sugar in top of double saucepan. **Cook** over boiling water stirring well for 10 mins. **Beat in** 1 dessertspoon sherry and 1 teaspoon almond essence. Cool. **Knead** on board dusted with icing sugar and roll to fit base of cake.

MINCE TARTS

Rub ½ cup (4 ozs.) shortening and 1 level teaspoon grated orange rind into 1½ cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, ½ level teaspoon salt. **Mix** with 3 tblspns. orange juice. **Roll** thinly and cut 1 dozen each 3" and 2" rounds cutting an opening in centre of smaller rounds. **Line** patty pans with pastry, fill with fruit mince and top with pastry. **Cook** in hot oven 12-15 mins.

FRUIT MINCE

Cook 1 cup raisins, ½ cup dates, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup currants, 1 large grated apple, 2 level tblspns. brown sugar, 3 tblspns. Sherry, ½ level teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg until boiling then for further 3 mins. stirring well.

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HOME HINTS

● **These summertime hints sent in by readers will save trouble, time, and effort. Each wins £1/1/- prize.**

***BARBECUED** meat should never be pierced while cooking, as the juices run out, making it dry and tasteless.—B.D., 302 Miller St., North Sydney.*

ROLL pastry on a sheet of plastic and it will not stick. It also makes for easier handling when transferring the pastry from table to pie-plate—just lift the plastic sheet.—**Mrs. A. Gregory, 105 Staples St., Kingsgrove.**

★ ★ ★

TO remove obstinate grass stains on flannel trousers make a paste of egg-white and glycerine and leave on 24 hours. Wash in lukewarm suds.—Mrs. E. Maguire, "Rosedale," Dangarsleigh, Armidale.

★ ★ ★

RUB olive oil ever wooden utensils such as salad platters, fruit and nut bowls, and polish afterwards with a soft silk cloth. This will enhance the sheen of the wood.—Mrs. V. Lyons, 11 Cotswold Rd., Strathfield.

★ ★ ★

CHECK efficiency of your refrigerator by testing the rubber seal on the door from time to time. If it is admitting air you are not getting full benefit from the

***LEMON JUICE** coated over bananas, peaches, and apples prevents their discoloring after being sliced.—Mrs. L. Wilton, 75 Sproule St., Lakemba.*

refrigerator. To test, place a sheet of paper against the door frame and close the door. If paper can be drawn out the seal is inefficient and needs changing.—**Mrs. L. A. Riley, Police Station, Maclean.**

★ ★ ★

THE inside of cucumber peel rubbed on the face makes a cheap astringent and is very cooling in hot weather.—Mrs. T. C. Johanson, 115 Victoria Road, West Pennant Hills.

★ ★ ★

If you have a useful hint you would like to pass on to other readers, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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the joyous foods of Christmas!

Bake them from the best recipes, the richest ingredients, the finest flour, Mother's Choice vitamin-enriched flour, and shine as a Christmas cook.

Cherished recipes from the Mother's Choice kitchen.

ALMOND BON-BONS

Cream ½ cup shortening, ¼ cup castor sugar. **Mix** in ¾ cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, ½ cup cornflour, ¼ level teaspoon salt, 2 ozs. finely chopped almonds. **Mould** with hands into 32 little rolls 3" x ½". **Cook** on greased slides in mod. oven15-18 mins. Cool. **Dip** ends in melted chocolate or coloured icing then in chopped almonds or coloured candies.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Combine ½ lb. raisins, 2 ozs. each sultanas, currants, chopped almonds, dates, prunes, cherries, 1 oz. peel. **Pour over** 2 tblspns. sherry or rum and stand several hours. **Cream** 3 ozs. shortening and 4 ozs. brown sugar. **Beat in** 2 egg yolks and ¼ cup marmalade. **Sift together** 1 cup Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, ½ level teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon bi-carb. soda; add ½ cup fine white bread crumbs. **Add** alternately with fruit to shortening and sugar. **Mix in** ¼ cup each grated carrot, grated apple, hot milk, 1 dessertspoon Mother's Choice Coffee Essence. **Fold in** 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. **Steam** in 2½ pint greased covered pudding mould 4 hours and further 2 hours on day of serving.

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Sorry . . . We set out to show you our latest dessert, but it looked so good the photographer ate it. He left so little that we thought we'd better show you the packet. Now you'll know what to look for at your grocer's, because we're sure you will want to try it for yourself to see how good it really is. It's Mother's Choice MOCHA WHIP.

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Care for baby's eyes

• Every mother should do all in her power to safeguard her baby's eyes. In this she follows nature's lead, for nature has given the eyes special protection by placing them in bony cavities (the orbits) which are lined with fat.

THE eyelids, eyebrows, and eyelashes all function to protect these delicate organs, which give us one of the most important of our special senses — that of sight.

But nature can be helped from the very beginning of a baby's life.

Special attention is always given to a baby's eyes within a few minutes of birth, in case of any infection during birth.

In the first few weeks of life every mother should observe her baby's eyes carefully, to see if there is any redness of the eyes, any discharge, or inflammation of the eyelids, so that prompt medical attention can be given.

A baby's tear glands do not function for the first few weeks, so that at first baby has no tears (nature's eyewash).

Therefore, at bathtime, and especially if there is any discharge, baby's eyes should be carefully and gently irrigated with normal saline.

Prevention of eyestrain, which is so prevalent, should begin in the nursery.

A baby should never be tucked down in his bassinet facing a glare of light from a window.

A screen with a dark color (green for preference) should always be arranged to protect his eyes from glare, whether he is outside or inside the house.

When the bassinet is outside, a "sunshade" made of strips of dark green, fadeless material should be fitted over the hood and taped to the back of the bassinet.

If a screen is used, a triangular-shaped piece of this material can be attached to the top of the screen at the angle formed by the two sides, to protect the eyes from direct sunshine or (on a dull day) "skyshine."

A soft cotton hat with a shady brim lined with darker color should be worn by older babies and toddlers, and it is most important that there should be protection for the back of the neck.

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

Sense of color

How often a little child can be seen in a push-cart facing directly into the sun, while the mother is walking with her back to the sun.

The child's eyes are subjected to a strong and dangerous glare of light—the very thing to be avoided.

In addition, it is quite a common sight to see on our beaches bareheaded little babies and toddlers, with no protection whatever, subjected to the strong, dangerous glare of sunlight, which is also reflected from the sand and surf.

Eye trouble in later years is sure to be the result of such careless treatment.

All baby's first toys should be large and brightly colored, for at six to seven months the color sense begins to develop.

For that reason, also, colored foods should be included in the baby's menu, so that meals may appear attractive to him.

Objects should never be held too near to baby's eyes.

No toys should be fastened to the hood of the pram or bassinet to dangle near baby's face, or be tied above the cot, and no one should stand behind baby looking down on him so that he rolls his eyes backwards.

Little children should not be allowed to thread beads or be taught to read under the age of five years.

A baby's sight can easily be tested by attempting to make him look towards a moving object or a bright light.

However, in the early months, his sight has not developed sufficiently to pick out objects, especially at a distance.

It takes a baby some time to learn to focus the eyes on different objects at varying distances, and the tiny muscles of the eyes get tired and sometimes do not function quite normally, so it is common in the early weeks to find one or both eyes turned in a little at times.

"Lazy" eyes

This early "squinting" is nothing to worry about. It occurs only when the eye muscles are tired.

However, if a squint is noticed in an older baby or toddler, when one eye is definitely turned in, an eye specialist should be consulted.

This is a "lazy" eye, and if not treated the sight in that eye will deteriorate.

Special eye-treatment and glasses are sometimes necessary for correction.

If a squint suddenly develops in a sick child, a doctor should be consulted at once.

A simple, early eye-trouble can be caused by a blocked tear duct.

Usually only one eye is affected, and it looks weak and always appears to have a tear in it.

This condition usually rights itself, but sometimes the blocked duct has to be pierced by an eye specialist.

The appearance of the eyes is often indicative of good or ill health.

In good health they are bright and sparkling; but in poor health they may be dull, sunken, or unduly prominent.

In early school life teachers and parents should be on the lookout for signs of eyestrain, which is often caused by bad positions during lesson hours, or by bad lighting arrangements at home or at school.

Signs of eyestrain to be noticed are rubbing of the eyes, frequent blinking, red eyelids, conjunctivitis, and listlessness.

Periodic testing of schoolchildren's eyes carried out thoroughly is most valuable, as the earlier an optical defect is detected, the greater are the chances of preventing serious trouble.

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Crochet this toy monkey

● This appealing, cheeky monkey will be a popular gift with young children. He measures about 18in. high and has a fringed, felt jacket.

Materials: Three balls white, 1 ball red Patons Double Quick knitting wool, 1 crochet hook size 12; stuffing; scraps of felt for jacket and tie; 6 pearl buttons; 2 jet buttons for eyes.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; s.c., single crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec, decrease; inc., increase; rep., repeat.

Note: Be sure to work loosely, keeping work soft.

HEAD

Starting at nose with red, ch. 2.

Rnd 1: 6 s.c. in 2nd ch. from hook. (Mark beg. of rnds for accurate shaping.)

Rnd 2: 2 s.c. in each s.c. around (12 s.c.).

Rnd 3: * 2 s.c. in next s.c., s.c. in each of next 2 s.c., rep. from * around (16 s.c.).

Rnds 4, 5, and 6: Inc. 4 s.c. at even intervals in each rnd (28 s.c.).

Rnd 7: 2 s.c. in first s.c., s.c. in next s.c., 2 s.c. in each of next 2 s.c. (mark these 4 s.c. for centre of forehead), s.c. in next s.c., 2 s.c. in next s.c., s.c. in each rem. s.c. around (32 s.c.).

Rnd 8: S.c. in first 11 s.c., sl-st. in next 2 s.c., turn; s.c. in each sl-st. and next 11 s.c., sl-st. in next 2 s.c., turn; s.c. in each sl-st; inc. 1 s.c. on each side of forehead, s.c. in each rem. s.c. around (34 s.c.). Change to white. Mark off first 17 sts. for top of head.

Rnds 9, 10, 11: Inc. 6 s.c. evenly across top of head, s.c. in each s.c. around.

Rnds 12 to 18: S.c. in each s.c. around (52 s.c.).

Rnd 19: * Pull up a loop in each of the next 2 s.c., yarn over and draw through all 3 loops on hook (1 s.c. dec.), s.c. in each of next 11 s.c. Rep. from * around — 48 s.c. rem.

Dec. 8 s.c. at even intervals on every rnd until 16 s.c. rem. Stuff head lightly, shaping nose to form a rounded point. On next rnd, dec. 8 s.c. around. Leaving a 12in. end, break off. Sew up opening.

BODY

Starting at top with white, work same as head until there are 28 s.c. Work without inc. until piece measures 6in. from beg. Stuff lightly. On next rnd, dec. 4 s.c. On each of next 2 rnds dec. 8 s.c. Finish same as head.

LEGS

Starting at top with white, work first 2 rnds same as head. Inc. 1 st. on next rnd and work without inc. on 13 s.c. until piece measures 6½in. Break off.

FOOT

With red, ch 7.

Row 1: S.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in next 5 ch. Ch. 1, turn.

Rows 2 to 7: S.c. in each s.c. across. Ch. 1, turn. At end of 7th row, break off.

Make another piece the same. Holding both pieces tog., attach red to one corner. Working through both thicknesses, s.c. in end of first 3 rows, ch. 4 for digit, s.c. in 2nd, 3rd, and 4th ch. from hook, s.c. in end of next 3 rows, * ch. 4 for digit, s.c. in 2nd, 3rd, and 4th ch. from hook, s.c. in next 2 s.c.

Rep. from * twice more, make another digit, s.c. in end of each row to opposite edge. Break off. Stuff leg and foot lightly and sew tog.

ARMS

With white, ch. 2.

Rnd 1: 5 s.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

Rnd 2: 2 s.c. in each s.c. (10 s.c.).

On next rnd, inc. 1 s.c. — 11 s.c. Complete arm and hand exactly the same as leg and foot.

TAIL

Starting at tip with white, ch. 2.

Rnd 1: 4 s.c. in 2nd ch. from hook.

Rnd 2: S.c. in each s.c.

Rnd 3: * 2 s.c. in next s.c., s.c. in next s.c.; rep. from * once (6 s.c.).

Rnd 4: Rep. rnd 2.

Work even around, inc. 2 sts. evenly on 6th and 9th rnds. Work even on 10 s.c., stuffing lightly as work progresses, until piece measures 11in.

Break off and sew to back of body. Sew head, arms, and legs in place.

EARS

Starting lower edge with red, ch. 2.

Row 1: 2 s.c. in 2nd ch. from hook. Ch. 1, turn.

Row 2: 2 s.c. in each s.c. Ch. 1, turn.

Row 3: 2 s.c. in first s.c., s.c. in next 2 s.c., 2 s.c. in last s.c. Ch. 1, turn. Work without inc. on 6 s.c. until piece measures 2in. Break off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew one ear to each side of head on 5th white rnd. Make tassel by cutting 7 strands of white each 2in. long. Tie tightly tog. at centre. Sew 2 tassels in front of each ear. Sew jet beads on 7th rnd of head, 2in. apart. Embroider nose and mouth with black thread or yarn, or use scraps of black felt. For jacket cut piece of felt 3½in. wide and 8in. long. Fold in half and cut 1½in. circle at centre for neck. Fringe both narrow edges. Slit front at centre. Sew back and front tog. at sides, leaving arm-holes open. Sew pearl buttons to jacket. Cut narrow strip of felt to fit around neck, cut piece 4in. long and 1in. wide for bow. Secure centre of bow to tie with another narrow strip.

***PEARL BUTTONS** trim the monkey's felt coat and a narrow strip of felt forms his bow tie. Two jet buttons make his eyes.*

More Christmas gifts to make, page 73

"PRESS ON REGARDLESS"

(Sequel to "HUSKY BE MY GUIDE")

By

F. J. THWAITES

This book records the experiences, humorous, dramatic, and otherwise, which its author, his wife, Jessica, and their younger son, Roger, encountered while completing the second leg of a trip around the world by car. Canada, U.S.A., Mexico, Guatemala. El Salvador, etc.

Obtainable at all booksellers and libraries. Price 19/9.

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...without boiling!

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"THE OLD WAY: BOILING"

"MODERN MILTON WAY"

Some mothers sterilize by boiling . . . but this takes so much time and effort. Bottles and teats may be damaged, and there's the danger of scalds and burns. Now — you can sterilize bottles and teats with the Milton Method. Just one tablespoon of Milton in a quart of *cold* tap water makes a germ-killing solution of unqualified protective power — and, in addition, deodorizes without taste or taint. All you do is immerse previously-cleaned bottles and teats in the *cold* Milton sterilizing solution between one feed and the next. The Milton Method keeps bottles and teats *continuously* sterile, *continuously* protected from flies or dust . . . for less than the cost of gas or electricity for boiling. Baby's bottle is ready to fill at once — without even rinsing!

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● *Bungalow-type home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Herde in Canberra, A.C.T., is framed in gum-trees. Pictures on this page by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES

CANBERRA is noted for its fine modern houses.

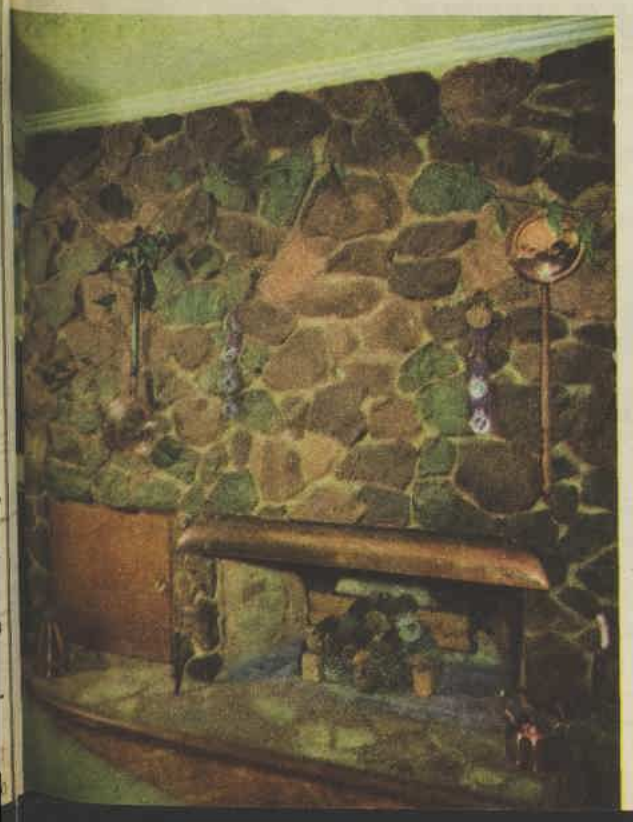
Above is the home of Mr. Kenneth Herde, of the Prime Minister's Department, and his wife and three children, Pamela, Chris, and Phillipa.

It was designed to combine modernity and comfort.

Mrs. Herde is managing director of a real-estate company, and leads a busy life.

Hospitality is the keynote at Professor and Mrs. A. H. Ennor's home (right) at Red Hill, Canberra.

The Professor is Dean of the John Curtin School of Medical Research at the Australian National University. He and his wife entertain university visitors from all over the world.



● *Stromlo stone was used for this fireplace (left), a feature of the Ennors' living-room. Mrs. Ennor likes antiques; her husband, the Professor, likes everything modern.*

● *Professor and Mrs. A. H. Ennor's home at Red Hill in Canberra, where they live with their children, Janice and Philip.*

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Planned around an inner court

● Designed for the small suburban site, this house, Plan No. 906 in our series, has an inner courtyard for privacy.

IT would be ideal, too, for a block with the sun or view at the rear.

The house has three large bedrooms which have built-in wardrobes and dressing-tables, and the master bedroom overlooks the courtyard.

The bathroom has a separate shower recess, and the toilet is accessible from both the bathroom and large utility-laundry area.

A dining area next to the kitchen overlooks the courtyard, and the spacious living-room, 20ft. by 12ft., has glass doors which open on to the courtyard.

Plan No. 906 would be 13 squares built in brick, and would cost £4050-£4800.

In timber, it would cost £3800-£4500, and be 12.25 squares.

These prices are only approximate, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate prices on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre (see addresses at right).

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres are under the direction of experienced architects, and each Centre is supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

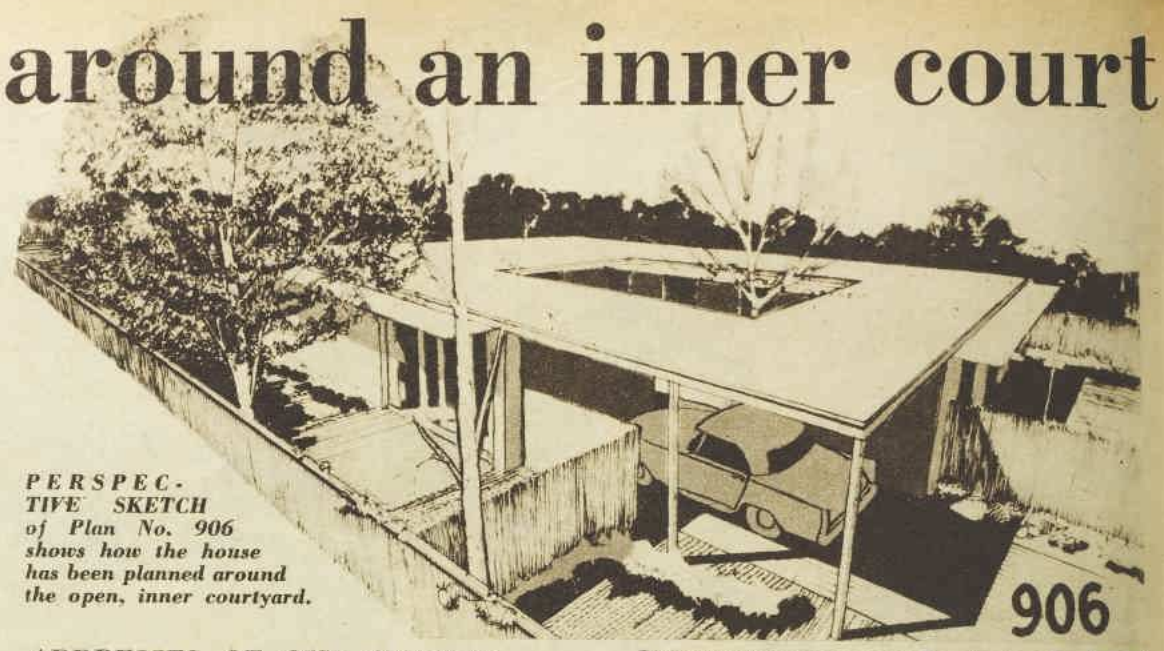
This advisory service is free, but if alterations are made involving extra drafting or printing, a small extra charge is made.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications, and the Centres will deal with your problems and return plans to you quickly.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be included in the design. A carport would cost from £175 to £250 and a single brick garage £235 to £400.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site and advise you on the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

Note: In future, our Home Planning Centre, Geelong, will open on the first and third Thursday in every month, from 10 a.m. to 12 noon only.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Plan No. 906 shows how the house has been planned around the open, inner courtyard.

ADDRESSES OF OUR CENTRES

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

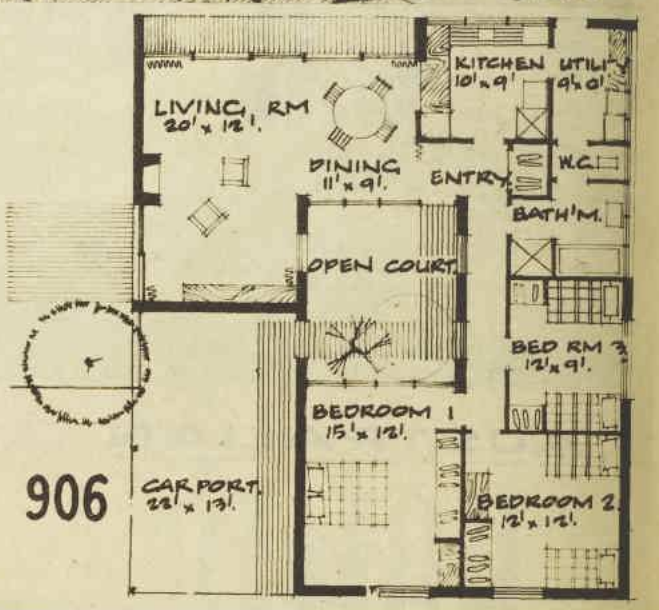
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)



FLOOR PLAN of Design No. 906 shows the living-room opening on to the inner courtyard through glass doors.

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Country Club's Italian-designed Resort Shirt in Airmesh cotton, 59/9.

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Country Club's Italian Spread collar style looks terrific in Swiss Airmesh cotton. Long sleeves, 65/-.

For the look on his face that tells you he's delighted with your gift—give him a Country Club Sports Shirt. Choose from five handsome styles—tailored in magnificent fabrics imported from Switzerland—silk-like cottons, Airmesh cottons, luxurious Sheers—all of Country Club Quality

Country Club

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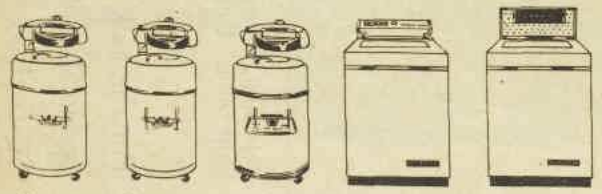
NO MORE HANDWASHING! Imagine! A washing machine with such powerful washing action it gets the dirtiest work clothes thoroughly clean . . . yet, with just a twist of the dial, it gently eases the dirt from your precious cashmere sweater and daintiest nylons with *complete safety*. That's the beauty of Simpson Two-Speed washing. It lets you *machine-wash everything* that is washable!



Simpson Standard washer | * Simpson Standard twin pump | * Simpson Two-Speed twin pump | Simpson Fully Automatic | Simpson Two-Speed Fully Automatic

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Cycles on a washing machine control only the washing *time*. Unless your machine has TWO SPEEDS, the washing *action* remains the same. To wash everything safely and efficiently you need a normal speed for your regular and heavy-duty washing . . . and a second, gentle slow speed for your precious woollens and fine nylons. You wouldn't wash a fine wool sweater with the same turbulent action needed for grimy work clothes so be sure the washing machine you buy is a Simpson TWO-SPEED Washer, Australia's TWO-SPEED washing machine! Approved by the Australian Wool Testing Authority as the washer *safe for precious woollens.*

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

LACY knitted jumper has a boat-shaped neckline. Waistband is in stocking-stitch.

● The lacy jumper at left is high fashion, cool for summer, and easy to make. Here are the directions.

Materials: 7 (7-8) balls Lincoln Daphne crochet wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 6 and 12 knitting needles; 1 No. 3 steel crochet hook; 1 lead weight; 2in. buckle.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34-36) in. bust; length from back of neck, 20½ (21-21½) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in. (stocking-stitch); 5½ sts. to 1in. (pattern).

Abbreviations: L.h.n., left-hand needle; t.b.l., through back of loop; x 2, knit 2nd st. on l.h.n., leave on needle, k 1st st., t.b.l., release both sts. together.; inc. 1, pick up thread running between last and next st., place on l.h.n. and k t.b.l.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 1 (x 2) to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, (x 2) to last st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p 2 tog., purl to last 2 sts., inc. 1, k 1.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: As 4th row.

Note: To correct bias slant of this patt., every 4th row has to have a dec. st. at beg. of row and an inc. st. at end of row.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 109 (115-121) sts. Purl one row. Now com. patt. as given above and work one complete patt. Still working in patt., dec. 1 st. at each end of 10th row, then every 4th row following 5 times. 97 (103-109) sts.

Cont. without shaping until 67th row is complete.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 7 (8-9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd, 7th, and 11th rows. 77 (81-85) sts.

Cont. in patt. on these sts. until there are 44 (48-52) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 (7-8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 53 (53-53) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back for 9 rows, then cont. in patt. without dec. for side shaping until there are 67 rows above cast on.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 7 (8-9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row 4 (4-4) times. 87 (91-95) sts.

Cont. until there are 42 (46-50) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping: Cast off 6 (7-8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 4 (4-4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 55 sts.

WAISTBAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 257 (257-265) sts. Work in st-st. for 10 rows.

11th Row: K 20 (inc. 1, k 6) 39 (39-40) times, k 3 (3-5). 296 (296-305) sts.

Work a further 10 rows.

22nd Row (wrong side): Knit.

Work 10 rows in st-st.

33rd Row: K 20 (k 2 tog., k 5) 39 (39-40) times, k 3 (3-5). 257 (257-265) sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Block to measurements. Join side seams and shoulder seams, forming a tuck at each side of neck. Work 1 row of d.c. round armholes and across back of neck. Fold waistband in half, forming a point at one end. Attach waistband to lower edge of garment, leaving 3in. free at front. Sew buckle into position. Work 2 circles of d.c. to cover weight, and attach to centre front of neck so it hangs inside neckline.

Flower-trimmed scuffs

● A useful, pretty gift which is simple to crochet in cotton. The scuffs have white tops and black wall soles.

Materials: 3 skeins white, 1 skein black knitting cotton; steel crochet hook No. 1; 1 pr. inner soles; 1 pr. same-size cut from strong cardboard or strawboard; 1 pr. black soles (felt, cork, or rubber); small quantity rubber solution; small piece elastic.

Soles can be cut from a pattern made by placing foot flat on floor on piece of stiff brown paper or thin cardboard and tracing round foot with pencil, then cutting out.

TOP

Commence at toe end with white cotton, leaving about 6in. of cotton at beg. of chain for sewing. Ch. 2.

1st Row: D.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. into 1st d.c. (1 d.c. increased), ch. 1, turn.

3rd Row: 2 d.c. into 1st and 2nd sts., ch. 1, turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into each st., ch. 1, turn.

5th Row: 2 d.c into 1st st, 1 d.c. into each st. to end of row, ch. 1, turn.

6th Row: 2 d.c. into 1st st., d.c. to end of row.

Rep. last row until work is inc. to 16 sts. along row (18 rows from beg. of work).

Cont. without inc. for 14 more rows (32 rows in all).

SIDE

Working along side of front piece (commencing at top edge), d.c. into each of the 14 rows, ch. 1, turn.

Cont. in d.c. over these 14 sts. for 9 rows.

10th Row: D.c. for 10 sts. only (from top edge), turn work.

11th Row: D.c. to end of row, ch. 1, turn.

12th Row: D.c. to end of row, ch. 1, turn.

13th Row: D.c. to end of row, ch. 1, turn.

14th Row. D.c. 8 sts., turn.

15th Row: D.c. to end of row, ch. 1, turn.

16th Row: D.c. to end of row, turn.

17th Row: D.c. to end of row, break off cotton.

Attach cotton to other side of front piece at top edge and work other side to correspond, reversing shaping. Do not break off cotton at end of last row. Ch. 1. Holding elastic, d.c. across front at top, attaching elastic in with it. Secure elastic at both ends with needle and thread.

SOLES

Commence with 10 ch., turn work.

1st Row: D.c. 8 sts., ch. 1, turn.

2nd to 15th Rows: D.c. to end of each row and inc. 1 st. in last d.c. before turning for following rows.

Now cont. in d.c. until there are 20 rows worked from beg. of work. Dec. at beg. and end of next row.

Next 8 Rows: All d.c.

Next Row: D.c. to end of row, inc. in last st., turn.

Next Row: D.c. to end of row, turn.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. in 1st d.c., cont. to end of row, turn.

D.c. for next 8 rows

Inc. at end of each of following rows until there are 21 d.c. in row.

D.c. next 5 rows.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of row.

Cont. until there are 56 rows from beg. of work. (When dec., do not ch. 1 and turn; just turn the work on every row).

SCUFFS can be decorated with artificial or crochet flowers. See crochet directions below. To clean, use nailbrush and warm, soapy water.

WALL OF SOLE

Cont. in d.c. into every st. round the sole piece for 2 rows in white, then attach the front piece on each side at 28th row from front of sole in second row of d.c. Now join in the black cotton and d.c. 5 rows. Break off cotton. This completes the scuff.

Work another scuff in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Place cardboard and inner soles under crocheted sole, stitch into position. Stick on outer sole with rubber solution, pressing scuff under weight to ensure sole sticks firmly. Allow to dry thoroughly before removing weight.

FLOWER TRIM

Using white cotton, ch. 5, join in circle, 1 d.c., 5 ch. Rep. 4 times (either into circle to give a hole in centre, or d.c. into each ch. to give centred effect).

Next Row: 1 d.c., 5 tr., crochet into each 5 ch., 1 d.c. Continue this in each of the 5 ch. loops.

With black cotton, 1 d.c. into every st. round edge. This tends also to give fluted effect.

Make 4 or 5 flowers for each scuff. They can be white trim black or black trim white. A glitter thread can be crocheted in with cotton to enhance flowers.

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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 21

When the stillness was again with them, she said, "I'm only a teller. I'm not permitted to keep much money at my window. They've got a rule—a strict rule—"

He was amused. "Mind if I call you Kelly? I feel I know you. I've followed you so long."

"I couldn't care less what you call me," she retorted angrily.

"You leave home at 7.55 each morning, take the Hollywood Freeway, and arrive at the bank at 8.25. You get a coffee break for ten minutes at 9.50, then check out for a 45-minute lunch at 11.15. You get another coffee break at three, and quit work at five. You're home at 5.30, unless you stop at Ralph's to shop."

She said, "You've got me pretty well cased—if that's the word."

"You speak my language." He paused, enjoying his supremacy. "Your kid sister, Toby, goes to Van Nuys High School. Leaves here a few minutes before you do, catches the school bus up on Valley Vista. She eats lunch at school, only sometimes she goes to the Hangout with the other kids for a hamburger. She gets out at 3.15, takes the school bus home, except when she stops for a soda with her boy-friend. But she's always home by four." He added, "That's an hour and a half she's by herself. All by herself."

She waited until she was sure she could control her voice. "You want me to do what?" she asked.

"I've got a plan — a perfectly perfect plan." She could sense the animation in his voice. "I'm no ordinary guy. I've got a brain and I use it. Why hold up a bank and get yourself shot—when there's a simple, quiet way?" He paused, timing his words. "So I'm not going to hold up the bank. You are."

"If you think for one minute I'm—"

"I think you're going to, Kelly. Because you really have no choice, have you?" He grew persuasive. "Look, you're in this whether you like it or not. But if you play along and don't give me any trouble, I'll cut you in for twenty per cent. How does that sound—twenty thousand dollars? It's a lot of money. You'd work at the bank a long time to make that much."

"It is a lot of money," she repeated.

"You bet it is. It's this way. I need you to work in the open, and you need me to handle the job. And we don't get caught and there won't be any violence—unless you cause it. Remember that. If anyone gets killed it'll be on your head."

"I'd have to know what I have to do."

His breathing was labored. "If you're thinking you'll go to the cops—well, I've worked that out, too. You squeal and I'll know about it. I won't tell you how, but I'll know." He added, "I'll tell you this much. Somebody else is watching you besides me."

"I could use the cut," she said slowly. "I'm making so many payments, the loan sharks are breathing down my neck."

He was opening the car door. He was standing directly behind her. She felt the gun-metal on her shoulder. Softly he said, "You're giving me a snow job—and I can spot a snow job a mile off. I haven't lied to you, and I wanted to. I'd like to hurt you."

For a moment there was neither sound nor movement behind her. Then: "I just wanted to talk to you tonight, size you up." He added, "Twenty thousand bucks. It's a lot of money. Think what you can do with that—you and your kid sister. But I'll have to kill you both if I hear you've gone to the police. It's one or the other. A bullet or twenty thousand bucks."

With that, she heard him backing out of the tight space between the car and the garage wall. The garage door slid back; his footsteps melted into stillness.

Her head felt light and dizzy with relief. The whole nightmarish experience was like an obstacle course in a pitch-black amusement house—emotionally, at least. He had jerked her from one situation to another, always dealing her the unexpected, leaving her no time to readjust her thoughts. She still didn't know whether he was clever or completely irrational—but it made little difference.

She sat for minutes, too frightened to move, thinking he would be waiting outside. She took a long, deep breath, felt her muscles loosen. She discovered that her fists were clenched and forced them apart.

Sliding out of the seat, she groped her way toward the door, past the stacked-up paint cans, the lawn-mower, an old potbellied stove she had bought at an antique store.

The air revived her. She stood staring into the dark, searching for a blob that might move. She crossed to the back door, and as she fumbled with the key hysteria clawed at her.

In the kitchen, she turned on the light, then hurried through the house, switching on every light and pulling the curtains. She checked the front door to assure herself it was locked.

She never had the least doubt what to do. Her father worked as a court reporter all his life. The best in Los Angeles County, they said. Hurriedly she riffled through the pages of the telephone directory on the kitchen table, then started to dial Hubbard 3-3551. Halfway through, her finger slipped, and she began over again.

A girl's voice answered. "F.B.I. . . ."

Rip was so buried in a case report he was roughing out that he jumped when the phone rang.

The switchboard girl said, "I've got a call, Mr. Ripley. She sounds far out. Will you take it?"

"Sure," he said. "If it isn't a drunk."

It had been a long day and Rip was bushed. He had started at 8.30 a.m. on the complaint desk, a tall, hard-packed man who sat his chair as if it were a saddle, a little forward, the reins loose but firm in his hand. It was the way he had sat as a boy on a cattle ranch in Arizona.

A few minutes later, Peg looked in on him. She was the receptionist, an ash-blonde with a turned-up pixie nose. "Hi," she said, standing very straight in a white sheath dress. Her blue pendant earrings danced.

He smiled up at her. "Hello, Peg." She was a bright spot in a business always serious, often grim.

"Well, did you or didn't you?" she asked.

He'd been on a stake-out for a killer the night before. He shook his head. "He didn't show."

She said, "I couldn't sleep." Her mood changed abruptly. "Nat 'King' Cole's singing at the Philharmonic Saturday night."

"Interesting."

She added, "I know you don't get time to read the papers."

As she started out, he called after her, "Seven o'clock Saturday be okay?"

She whirled about. "You mean it?"

"You don't have to hit me over the head—"

"I do, too."

She laughed and was gone, leaving her scent behind her, soft and refreshing, like her. He thought a man could tell a lot about a girl by her perfume.

A short time later a ten-year-old boy came in. He had lost his dog, Meatball, and wanted the F.B.I. to find him. "He's a three-time loser," the boy said very seriously. He was a breath away from tears.

"Three-time loser?"

The boy nodded. "The cops've been out three times and they said once more and they'd send him up for life."

They came steadily all day to the complaint desk, which was not what the name implied. It was a desk set aside to receive people who wanted to talk with an agent, people who usually had information. A landlady who thought she knew the whereabouts of a fugitive. A union official with a tip on a highjacking. A bank examiner to discuss a possible embezzlement. A housewife who had overheard a man in a cocktail lounge bragging about impersonating an admiral.

Each call, the amusing as well as the serious, was evaluated. No one could tell about information. The most inconsequential today could prove the most vital tomorrow.

At 3.53 p.m., Peg ushered in a striking-looking brunette who wore pancake make-up to conceal the wear and tear of her thirty-odd years.

"Thank you for seeing me," she said pleasantly. She held his hand a little too long, then sat. Her skirt fell into position at her knees. She crossed long, slender legs and swung one gently. From the doorway, Peg tilted an eyebrow.

"I shouldn't be taking up your time, I know," she gushed, "but I've got a very dear friend who's in trouble and I told her I'd stop by. It's the least I could do."

"May I have your name, please?" Rip asked.

"Of course. Nancy Ashton."

Peg slipped out.

"Your address?"

"1015 Roxdale Avenue."

"What do you do, Miss Ashton?"

"Do you mind?" She indicated a cigarette. Rip moved in easy, swift steps to light it. "I'm an entertainer," she said.

"An actress?"

"You might call me that."

He didn't press. She was a call-girl. He remembered one of his old professors at the F.B.I. Academy at Quantico, Virginia, saying in a lecture, "A woman is a woman. She's to be treated like a lady, even if she isn't one."

"Now about your friend . . ."

She sat as though she were about to run. "I won't beat around, Mr. Ripley. She's got herself mixed up in something with a guy who's no good. Not through any fault of her own, you understand. But she's had to go along on some things. She just couldn't help herself. I know this for a fact. And now she doesn't know where to turn. I told her if she came down here and talked with you — Well, I mean, would she be prosecuted for something she couldn't help?"

"What kind of a crime, Miss Ashton?"

She hesitated. "It's—it's a serious one."

He pressed. "A holdup? An embezzlement? An extortion?"

"Something like that . . ." She stopped, at a loss for words.

He rose and leaned against the wall. The name and address were fictitious. And she was the one who wanted the information. He was positive, even though he was guessing. But he was guessing. He couldn't hold her, nor could he put a surveillance on her, nor open an investigation—not unless he had facts to indicate she was involved in a crime that fell within the Bureau's jurisdiction. Conjecture was a crime in the Bureau. An agent could be disciplined for taking action based solely on suspicion.

He said slowly, "We're an investigative agency only, Miss Ashton. We turn our facts over to the United States Attorney, and he decides whether they warrant instituting an action."

"You mean — you couldn't —"

"No—but I think you should advise your friend to come in of her own volition and give us the facts."

His phone rang. It was Peg. "Negative," she said. She had asked the chief clerk's office to run the indices for a Nancy Ashton.

"Thanks." He hung up slowly.

"You're checking on me," she said accusingly.

"Should we?" he asked bluntly.

"I —wouldn't be here if I had anything to hide."

He chose his words carefully. "If your friend wants to make a break with this criminal, she should do it now, before she becomes even more involved, with more charges against her. If she has committed a crime, she will be prosecuted, of course, and at that time a judge or jury will take into consideration her personal relationship with the criminal—whether she was intimidated by him, and that kind

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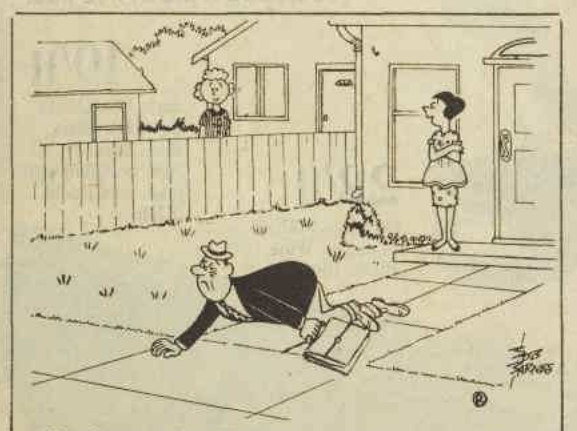

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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

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thing. But whatever the outcome, she will be in a position where she can start over again."

She rose abruptly. "Thank you," she said, and offered her hand. "You've been very kind, Mr. Ripley, and I'll tell my friend." She paused at the doorway. He was suddenly conscious of the tremendous physical vigor of the woman. She said, "I'd like to buy you a drink some evening."

He smiled. "Sorry—I don't have much time for things like that."

"I suppose not. Well, good-bye again."

She left her scent behind, heavy and cloying.

Nancy Ashton. He would remember her name, alias or not.

At six, he left the long, low, modern, two-story building with its black facing around the doors and its plantings of palms and tropical shrubs. He passed a masseuse's salon, a hi-fi centre, and other small businesses. The area was several blocks from the heart of the principal business district, and the Bureau building one of the few in an old neighborhood marked by many ancient frame structures.

A block away, he pushed through a door into the Teris Hotel coffee shop. He ordered a steak, which he couldn't afford on his salary, and the waitress said, "That kind of a day, huh?"

By seven he was back in his office, assembling notes on a bank-robbery case on which he was working. The rule was: A written report on each case at least every thirty days, and considerably more often if there were developments breaking.

When he took the 11.44 p.m. bus, he had no reason to assume that the visit that afternoon of Nancy Ashton could be related in any way.

"Ripley speaking," he said into the phone.

The woman's voice seemed far away. "I've got to see someone—right away—about a risk—"

He interrupted. "May I have your name, please?" Get the case, and the address, at the beginning.

"Sherwood." She spelled it out. "S-h-e-r-w-o-o-d. I—"

A sound thumped his eardrum, deafening him. Something had hit her or she had dropped the phone, or it had been knocked out of her hand and struck something. He watched the receiver to the other ear. "Hello," he said repeatedly.

He heard a faint groan, the sound of labored breathing; then he heard nothing until the receiver was replaced—almost stealthily, it seemed—in the cradle, and the line went dead.

Ripley had only a last name and a voice, and nothing more. The name was definite, but the voice was only a soundtrack in his memory. It had been a steady, well-disciplined voice, but edged with fear.

Somewhere out there, in a city of over two million, a woman had put in a call for help. She might have fainted, or gone into such a state of shock that she could no longer talk. She might have been knocked unconscious.

Someone else had been about, for the phone had been hung up. It was that someone he worried about. A member of the family surely would have come on the line with an explanation.

He felt the old helplessness gnaw at his insides. Frustration was a part of the business, but he had never become accustomed to it—the knowledge that someone was in desperate straits, perhaps grave danger, and he could do nothing but sit and search his thoughts for some way out. Some way out. The feeling that you could figure a way out. Some way out. The feeling that you could figure a way out if you ferreted deeply enough in your own mind, if you were smart and clever enough. So often a detective had to prowl his own mind rather than the streets.

He asked the help of four other agents working late, and passed out sections of the Los Angeles telephone directory to them. So huge was the city, and far-spread, that the phone company had broken down the directory into sections, and even then the books were two inches thick.

They began dialling Sherwoods. In the Central alone, there were ninety-four and in the Northwestern, which covered sprawling San Fernando Valley, seventy. As he called, each agent said, "Say, I was talking with Miss Sherwood and got cut off." He never mentioned the F.B.I.

Usually the reaction was a sleepy, "You've got the wrong number." Sometimes it was more explosive. "You blasted fool. Why don't you look when you dial? Getting people out of bed at this hour." Sometimes it was meant to be funny. "No, there's no Miss Sherwood here. If you find her, send her over."

Once a man answered, and waited a long moment before replying. "Who're you?" he asked finally.

"Rip. John Ripley."

"Don't know you."

"I'm an old friend of Miss Sherwood."

"Which Miss Sherwood?"

Rip remembered his war days. Always take the offensive if cornered. "Say, who is this?" he demanded.

The man bristled. "You wasn't talking with any Miss Sherwood here. They've all gone east. What's your game, Joe?"

Rip was putting the receiver down when an agent called, "I think I've got something." Holding his hand over the mouthpiece, he continued, "She took the bait when I gave my little speech, called me Pete and said I shouldn't be calling at this hour." He handed Rip the phone.

"You called me, Miss Sherwood?" Rip asked.

Her voice was strong. "Pete, this is the third time you've got me out of bed. I'll bet you're half whacked in some bar. I work for a living. You've heard of people like me, haven't you?"

A good feeling washed over him. He didn't know the woman, had no idea whether she was young or old, and yet he felt good.

"You okay?" he asked.

"I think so."

The agent handed him a memo with an address scratched across it—14712 Tustin Street, Sherman Oaks—and a map. He indicated the street. It was only two blocks long at this point, and a dead end.

Rip said to her, "Is anybody listening in?"

"No."

"You don't have an extension?"

"No."

"But somebody may be listening to you?"

"Could be, Pete."

"Somebody in the house?"

"No."

"Somebody outside?"

"Yes."

"You're by yourself?"

"Yes, tonight. You remember my kid sister, Toby, don't you? Well, she's with friends."

"Okay—I'll carry the ball. You just say yes and no." He talked swiftly, fearing if she stayed on the telephone too long the "someone" might grow suspicious.

"Is it a man?"

"Yes."

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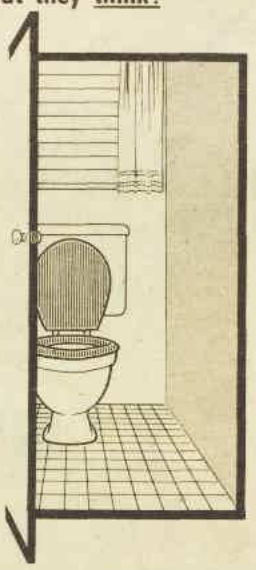

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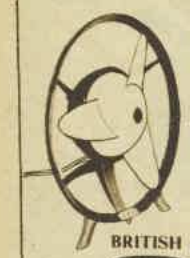

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"Did he talk with you?"
"That's right."
"And he threatened you — wanted you to do something?"
"Yes."
"Do you know him?"
"No."
"Never saw him before?"
"I didn't tonight. It's so dark outside, you know, Pete. I think I lost the package when I parked."
"You had to hang up because he was listening?"
"No."
"He forced you to?"
"I can't put it into words, Pete."
"Hit you?"
"Yes."
"A bank holdup, an embezzlement—"
"Something like that."
"Can I come out?"
"No, Pete, it wouldn't look right at this time of the night —and, anyway, you couldn't find it. It's just a little dead-end street tucked away off . . ." She underscored "dead-end street."
He glanced at the agent. "Any alleys out there?" The agent shook his head. Los Angeles had few alleys. A criminal could watch a dead-end street easily without exposing himself. Even if the agents parked some distance away they would have to walk to the front of the house or cut through backyards to a rear door. Either way, they would be conspicuous in the dead of night.
She continued, "I tell you what. If you find the package, why don't you drop it off at the bank tomorrow? You go by the corner of Hollywood and Cherokee, anyway, don't you?"
"Will anything happen at the bank tonight or in the morning before we see you?"
"I don't think so."
"We'd like to come out. We'd post a man tonight . . ."
He caught the strong undertow of fear. "Please, Pete, don't. Think what the neighbors might say tomorrow or even next week if they saw you."
"You mean we'd be putting you in some kind of danger in the future?"
"I knew you'd understand."
He thought he'd talked as long as he dared. "You're sure you'll be all right?"
"Yes."
"If you want to, leave the phone off the receiver. I'll keep the connection open tonight—and if you stay close by—"
"That'd be swell, Pete. See you tomorrow."
He waited, hearing the faint touch of the receiver as it was placed on a wooden surface. Swiftly, he walked to the switchboard. "Be sure to hold that line open," he told the girl. "I'll arrange for someone to monitor it."

. . . . .

Kelly had been sitting by the small black Chinese desk in the so-called "family room," where she and Toby watched television.
As she waited for the switchboard girl to put her through to the F.B.I., she had been conscious, and yet not conscious, of a floorboard faintly complaining. But hers was an old house and she had become so accustomed to its arthritic grumblings that she scarcely heard them.
She had said scarcely a dozen words and spelt out her name when, almost simultaneously, the room went dark and a blow caught her on the jaw. Knuckles cracked hard against the bone as though there was no protective flesh. She slid in slow motion—or so she imagined—to the floor.
She never quite lost consciousness. She struggled to roll over and to hold on to the receiver, but a foot stepped heavily on her. Any moment she thought that a bone would snap. She sought to cry out, but the sound was choked up deep inside her.

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

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He had said quite coolly, "I was waiting for you to phone the cops—and the next time you try a trick like that I'll kill you."
She had lain stock-still, barely breathing, hearing his footsteps receding through the house, across the kitchen linoleum, and then the back door slamming. She felt the heat, the pain, but most of all a thrust of fear such as she had never known.
Spot growled low, the way she did when a stranger was about. The man was staying close to the house. Surely Vesta or Luke Voight or their son, Roger, would investigate —if they awakened.
At last she sat up, and waited, straining so tensely to hear that the process itself hurt. When she heard nothing, she rose, straightening her dress. Her shoulder pained her, and her jaw, and her face, where she had struck her cheekbone.
She forced her feet to the kitchen and locked the back door. Fear walked with her to a bedroom closet. High up on a shelf, she found her father's .45 where he had hidden it many years ago, so Toby, then a child, would not chance on it. She herself had never fired it — nor, for that matter, any gun. By sheer willpower she stilled her fingers as she slipped the shells in the chamber. She was mad; this was a nightmare; this would pass.
Afterwards she checked every window, and at the back of the house she noticed a small square of glass, barely large enough for a man's hand to reach through, cut neatly out of a pane. The killer had simply unlocked the window, raised it, and stepped through.
And all the time she could think of nothing but Toby. A compulsion which refused to be quieted demanding to hear Toby's voice. Toby was all right. She knew she was. It was ridiculous. She would only frighten the girl. Besides, she dared not telephone.
Time was when Toby had been only another troublesome kid sister, borrowing her clothes when she wasn't looking, cadging her costume jewellery, begging to go everywhere Kelly did. Then had come the night when the Los Angeles police called. There had been an automobile accident north of San Francisco. Their parents had been killed, returning from a vacation.
Their grief and a feeling of aloneness had welded the two, and Kelly's own devotion to her father and mother had transferred itself to this maturing, beautiful creature who was half woman, half girl.
She loved life so much that Kelly feared for her. It always hurt so deeply when the first illusions were shattered, or the first enthusiasms were crushed by thoughtless people or the whim of events.
Eventually the compulsion to call Toby won out. It was stronger than her better judgment, even than her fear of the man outside.
She sat by the phone with its receiver out of the cradle. This time she faced the door, and placed the .45 at hand's reach. Outside, Spot continued her growling, her tone more threatening.
Kelly whispered into the open line, "Hello."
A man's voice answered. "Yes?"
"I want to call my sister, so I'm hanging up. I'll call you back."
"You're okay?"
"Yes."
After hanging up, she dialled the Hendricks' number. When Mr. Hendricks came on the line, she started to whisper, then reconsidered and spoke in a normal voice. She sensed that the man was listening outside the window, and a whisper might arouse suspicion.
Might she speak with Toby? She had forgotten to tell her something important.
Toby said, "Sis, what's wrong? What's happened?"
Kelly managed a calm voice. "Nothing's happened, silly. I remembered I had some business in Van Nuys tomorrow. So I'll come by for you and Loucella. It'll save you taking the bus."
"Something's wrong. I know."
"Please don't dramatise."
"You mean you woke up the whole place over here just to tell me that?"
Kelly let down. "Okay, Toby, let's just say I wanted to see if you were all right. I had a nightmare—"
"Man, it must have been a gorilla."
"I'll be by at 7.15. Goodnight."
"Night, Kel."
The cuckoo in the living-room announced it was one o'clock. For months, and years even, life flowed along in a dreamlike way, in the old familiar patterns, and then within two hours all of this.
Operation Terror, as it was to become known, began smoothly, efficiently, at 12.32 a.m., when two agents left by car for the Tustin Street area. They would park a few blocks away, and could be reached by radio if Kelly Sherwood indicated over the open telephone line that she needed help. The other two departed at the same time for the Hollywood First National Bank to place it under surveillance.
By 12.44, Rip was ringing the Special Agent in Charge of the Los Angeles field division, which covered fifteen counties, an area considerably larger than Rhode Island.
So accustomed was the S.A.C. to having his sleep broken in that he answered on the second ring. Rip said, "Harry, this is Rip. Sorry to get you up" and briefed him about the call. "She indicated we'd put her in greater danger than she's in already if we saw her or ran a surveillance. It's a tricky setup, a dead-end street —but still . . ."
He was thinking that if Kelly Sherwood were found dead in the morning, he would have to live with it the rest of his years.
"I'll ride along with you on it," the S.A.C. said. He would ride with this guy Ripley for most anything. Ripley thought in a straight line, cutting through the bric-a-brac. It was surprising how few men could do that.
Rip continued, "I've got a call in for the police bank tail and the bank manager."
The S.A.C. said, "Call me if anything develops—and let me know what she says tomorrow."
Shortly afterwards Rip talked with the bank manager and arranged to place two agents inside the bank. Next, the switchboard girl connected him with Captain Frank Moreno of the Los Angeles Police Department's robbery division.
Rip knew the captain well. They had worked together on a score of bank holdups which had plagued Los Angeles in the past year—as well as the rest of the nation. Moreno was of Mexican descent, in his thirties, with a look of durability about him that was no illusion. He had come up with his fists from a rat-pack neighborhood.
"Sorry to get you up out of bed, Pancho," Rip said.
"That's okay. I'm trying to shake the habit—and with you and a few other friends to help . . ."
Rip told him what the setup was and asked his co-operation. In any case in which a national or federally insured bank was the victim, the F.B.I. held primary jurisdiction but worked closely with the local authorities.
Moreno said he would send a couple of men over to the bank.
By the time Rip pulled up in front of his apartment building on East Hampton, his car clock said it was 2.30. He walked softly down the creaky, tattle-tale hall to his eighty-dollar-a-month bachelor apartment and slipped the key in quietly.
Inside, Rip found a letter from his mother that the landlady had left on the chest. She wrote that she was fine and hoping he could spend Christmas with her on the ranch near Tucson, Arizona. As always, she asked when he was marrying Peg. Rip grinned. His mother was a firm believer in the efficacy of gentle pressure regularly applied. He had taken Peg to the ranch for a quick weekend trip at Easter, and his mother had fallen in love with the slender, radiant girl. "She knows how to laugh," his mother had said. "And she will see to it you don't forget how."
He had never known anyone who could enjoy life as fully as his mother. Even though she was arthritic, and in pain much of the time, she began each day as though God had made it for her and it would be sacrilegious to take it for granted.
He wished he had inherited more of her spirit. He blamed the anxieties of the era he lived in, but suspected he was rationalising. Every generation has its anxieties.
Undressing swiftly, he stretched out on the bed, put the phone to the edge of the night table, and switched off the light. He was too exhausted to sleep readily.
He wondered if he had called

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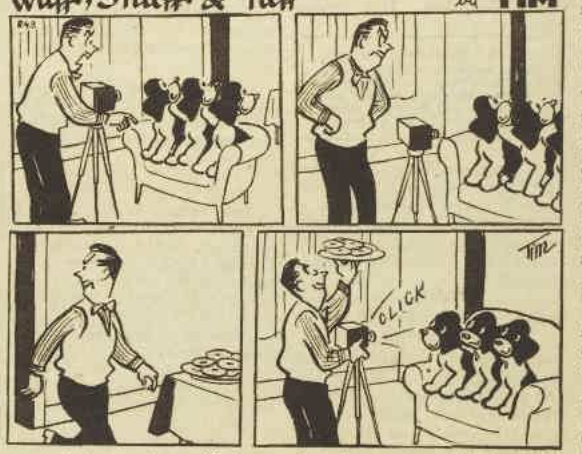
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**



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the play right. Sometimes it seemed that no matter which path a man walked in this business he placed a life in jeopardy. . . . . .

Kelly dragged and pushed the divan to within a foot of the telephone, whose receiver lay by its cradle, a thin, tenuous line from her barricaded position to the outside world. She stretched out in her clothes, and discovered that no matter how deeply she breathed she was still short of breath.

Shortly after two, Spot quieted, and she heard a car start up in the distance. After that, she slept fitfully, though she heard the cuckoo clock strike each hour.

Soon after five, her restlessness routed her out, and she changed into her blue-dotted cotton print. After downing two cups of black coffee, she picked up the phone. "I'm leaving for the bank now—"

"Thanks for letting us know," a man's voice said. He had sat up with her all night, a man she might never see, never know.

At the garage door she hesitated. The killer had said he would see her again, set up the details. Quickly, before she lost courage, she pulled the sliding door back. The old, cluttered garage looked the same. In the daylight, it seemed impossible that she could have sat there in the car, talking with a murderer.

Toby and Louella were having a French exam that morning, and they talked away about it as Kelly drove. Toby knew she would flunk it. Toby was not studious, and fiercely proud of the fact. Still, she was perceptive, amazingly so. She could feel another person's feel, almost know what the other one was thinking. Kelly caught the swift sidewise glances.

Toby said, "Gad, were you way out last night!"

"Uh-huh. I had a corker of a nightmare."

"Is that how you got hit?"

Kelly had thought the bruise on her cheek was completely hidden under her make-up.

Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 78

"Oh, that," she said deprecatingly. "I dashed out to hang up the wash after I got home and ran head-on into the apricot tree."

As Toby and Louella left the car at Van Nuys High School, Kelly called Toby back. Toby turned swiftly, and Kelly saw in her a younger edition of her own self, a long girl, narrow-hipped, with large gay eyes, who moved as though she were gliding on ice.

Kelly asked, "What're you doing after school?"

"Jack wanted to drop into the Hi-Fi and listen to some records."

"He'll bring you home?" Kelly asked.

"Isn't that okay?" Toby was taking the defensive.

"Sure. You know I like Jack." She took a deep breath. "Listen, Toby, I don't want you to be by yourself today at any time, understand? If Jack brings you home before I get there, sit out in the car with him. Okay?"

"Something's happened and you're not telling me. We said we'd tell each other everything—"

"I will tonight. I'm late now."

In the rear-view mirror she saw Toby standing quite straight, looking after her.

Already the sun lay hot on the brick and concrete as Kelly parked her car in the same lot and walked the same sidewalk she had a thousand times.

The bank guard turned a key in the glass doors. "You're early, Miss Sherwood," he said.

"Hi, Mike." She nodded. "Miracles will happen." She sent a surreptitious glance back down the street.

"Looks like a hot one," he said. She agreed and hurried on.

Pete Morrow was already behind his long polished desk at escrow. "Hello, beautiful," he said, rising and coming to the railing. "You look—" He caught himself and grinned. He wasn't handsome, but he had a way about him that warmed her.

She forced a smile. "I know. Death warmed up. I didn't sleep much."

"Better watch it. They'll think you're playing the horses on the bank's money. How about dinner and a movie tonight?"

"Thanks, Pete. Not tonight." She searched for an excuse. "Toby. I've got to take her to—"

"Tomorrow night?"

"Can I let you know later?"

He gave her an odd look. She had never stalled him before.

As they talked some of the night rolled away. Pete was easy to be around. They differed in many ways, and yet they always fell comfortably into conversation. It seemed they had known each other a lifetime instead of a few months. Everyone thought they were in love, but she doubted if she could ever love a man who had been married once and divorced.

> ● Just because you've fallen in love with the dimple is no reason for marrying the whole girl.
> —W. C. Fields

Nervously, she searched the bank for new faces. The F.B.I. would have staked it out. They had once before, when the manager received a telephone call demanding that he leave ten thousand dollars on his desk. Her eyes went to the offices on the mezzanine which overlooked the bank floor. The venetian blinds were drawn.

As she joined the girls and the lone male teller at the vault, it was the same as every morning. The girls chattered madly as they waited for the time device, set for 8.30, to permit the vault to open.

Everything normal—to the hush that settled when Frank Welk walked up at exactly 8.29. He never varied by a minute. He was the chief clerk, a dark little man, extremely efficient, like a fine precision instrument. He said a pleasant "Good morning," as though it were another of his many duties. Everyone was inclined to ignore him, except Kelly, who felt a certain instinctive sympathy for the man. No one would be that way by choice.

At 8.30 he turned the combination to open the vault, and each teller went into her own private vault, which was not unlike a huge safety deposit box. It held her cash tray. The loan people came to get their papers, and Pete came for the escrow documents.

The daily familiar routine began. The cheques from the clearing house arrived at nine o'clock, brought by a messenger she had never seen before. She thought she caught him staring at her.

Along with the other tellers, she sorted the cheques into alphabetical order, then took a batch to compare each signature with the depositor's file card. It was usually boring work, though occasionally one of the tellers would spot a forgery.

At 9.15 the armored truck pulled up outside, parking where she could see it through the glass doors. It delivered money from the Federal Reserve Bank, requested the evening before by the head tellers or chief clerks of several hundred banks in the Los Angeles area.

Most days she scarcely noticed it. This morning, though, she watched apprehensively. The usual two guards, guns jammed into holsters belted tightly to their sides, walked through the doors and hesitated. Their eyes swept the bank, going to the

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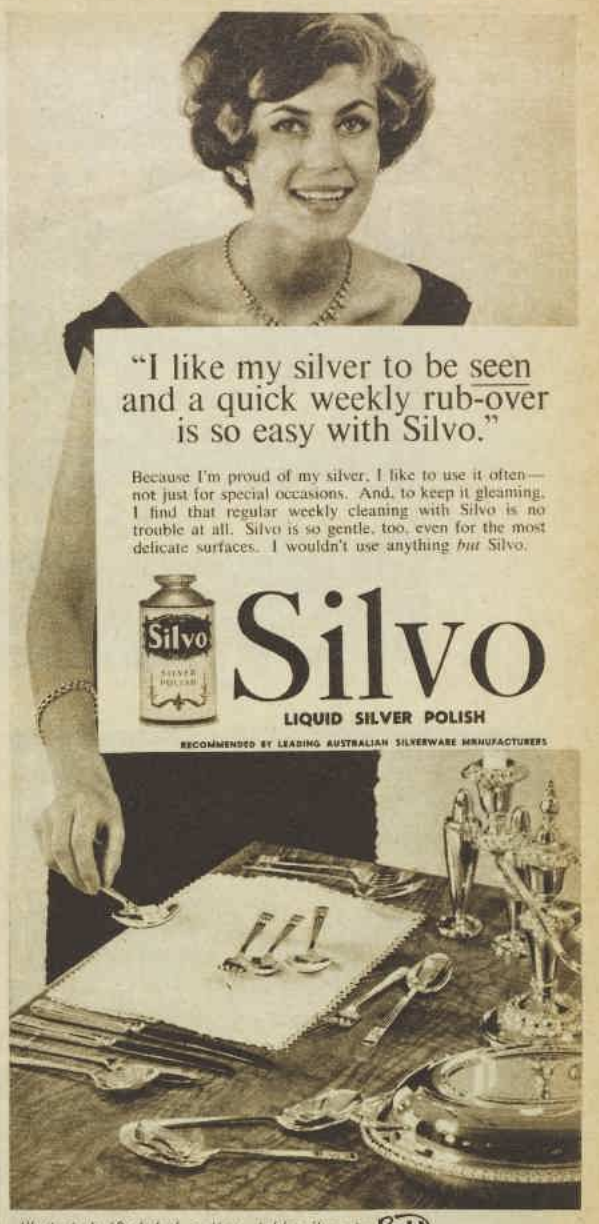

Illustrated: 'Berkeley' pattern table silver, by Rodd candelabra and entrée dish by Hecworth

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2

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3

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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

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mezzanine offices. They conducted then to the vault, walking swiftly. Mr. Welk counted the money and signed receipts.

She noted that Penny, who worked at the window next to theirs, was studying her curiously. Kelly said quickly, "You missed a real fun party last night."

Penny nodded. "I wanted to come, honest I did, but . . ." She had a soft voice that went with her personality. She was dating a man secretly, meeting him in bars and on street corners so her parents would not know. All her friends were worried about her. One had met the man and reported back that he was a "creep."

Soon afterwards, Mr. Welk delivered to each teller the cash that had been requested the night before. Kelly signed for three hundred dollars in fives, two hundred dollars in tens, and one hundred dollars in tens, which brought her cash on hand up to the twenty-five-hundred-dollar limit.

Promptly at ten, the guard opened the bank doors. A score of waiting customers entered, mostly businessmen who headed for her window that bore the legend "Commercial." In spite of the small sign, which was intended to designate merchants only, many of her old customers continued to come to her window. The bank didn't care. It preferred that accounts went wherever they were the happiest.

She thought she couldn't possibly stand at this window all day. Every time a face piled up . . . She doubted that she could control her hands if she counted the money.

Her fingers explored beneath the counter to locate two buttons. One, when pressed, automatically photographed the customer from a high-up, concealed camera to her rear. The other notified the Hollywood police sub-station that she was being held up. Her fingers lightly touched them by way of reassurance.

At 10.10 a tall man, a little taller than she, dressed in a dark suit and tie and a white shirt, presented a cheque. "Good morning," she said pleasantly.

"Sure a hot one," he commented.

As she stamped the cheque she saw only a scarcely readable scrawl across it: "When can I see you?" It was signed "Sydney."

She pretended to initial a deposit receipt, writing in a small, fine hand, "11.45. Conference room."

Rip had started the day after receiving reports and following up leads to work in Operation Terror. The surveillance car that had sat out all night in the Tustin Street area had shadowed Kelly Sherwood to the Van Nuys High School and to the bank. The agents had checked out for three then, and two others had taken over their assignment. Three heavily armed agents in the bank's offices on the mezzanine were relieved by others, and a new shift of four detectives under Captain Moreno continued the vigilance outside the bank.

Rip conferred at length with the S.A.C., who had just finished talking with Washington. The Bureau, anxious to stem the rising flood of bank raids—764 this past year, compared to 631 the year before—required detailed telephonic reports on developments.

"Let's put a surveillance on her sister at the high school," the S.A.C. said. "If he's threatening the older one, or trying to get her to do something, he may use the younger as a lever."

They had before them a brief report which established through the Tustin Street postman, Chester Held, that the two sisters, Kelly and Toby Sherwood, lived alone and had excellent reputations.

"What kind of a tail?" Rip asked.

"Keep it loose on both."

A "loose tail" meant that the agents working the surveillances would shadow the Sherwood sisters at a distance and with the calculated risk of losing them.

The S.A.C. said, "We can't take a chance on running a tight tail and having the subject spot us." He added, "Tell the agents to keep a close watch for a counter-surveillance. The subject may be looking for just this—a shadow job on the victims. What's the manager like?"

"Very co-operative. I had a case there five, six months ago, and we checked him out at that time."

"All right, let's take him into our confidence on the entire setup when we get it from the victim. But no one else in the bank." The inference was evident. The subject might have an inside man in the bank. The S.A.C. rose. "Call me the minute you've finished talking with Miss Sherwood."

Soon after Rip returned to his desk, Captain Moreno telephoned. "You got your man yet?"

Rip laughed. "Give me time."

"You've had eight hours."

Moreno said he would talk with a few informants, see if he could find a lead.

The switchboard operator rang Rip then on another phone, and Rip said to Moreno, "Hold on a moment, will you, Pancho?"

The operator said, "I've a Nancy Ashton on the line. Says she has to talk with you at once, Mr. Ripley."

"Tell her I'll be right with her." Returning to Moreno, he asked, "Ever hear of a Nancy Ashton?"

"Nancy Ashton?" Moreno rolled the name over a couple of times. "Yeah," he said. "I picked her up once when I was on the Vice Squad."

Moreno hung up and Rip took the call. "I was in yesterday," Nancy Ashton said by way of identification.

"Yes, Miss Ashton."

"You remember me?"

"Of course."

"That's sweet." Her voice held a caress.

She continued, "About that matter—my friend— I must see you. I can't come to the office. It's—well—I think I'm being followed."

"Who would follow you, Miss Ashton?"

"I can't—well, I mean—not over the phone."

"How about meeting you somewhere?"

She brightened. "Would you?"

"Where?"

"My apartment. Seven o'clock? You know where to find me."

"That's the correct address?"

Accusingly: "You thought it was a phony?"

He could have sworn she would give a fictitious address. It only went to prove what the Bureau repeated constantly. Hunches and "feelings" could not be relied upon.

He sat a moment, lost in thought. It might be a trap, a setup. An agent ran that chance every time he knocked on a door. She might have other ideas. She had asked to buy him a drink.

He thought about calling her back, to change the meeting place, but discarded the idea. Too much hung in the balance —a very delicate, erratic balance.

Peg passed by. She had overheard. "How's the girlfriend?" She walked on before he could answer. She had the nicest, boyish back, sheared straight down . . .

Rip found the bank's conference room without making inquiry. He had reasoned it would be on the mezzanine, and it was, far to the back. The door was out of view of the lobby below, and next to doors leading to the rest-rooms. Hence, one could head for a rest-room, and after making certain no one was watching turn quickly into the conference room. He was impressed with Kelly Sherwood's shrewdness.

He waited only a minute or two, then turned about on hearing the door open.

She stood for a moment, looking at this man whose voice had come to her in the middle of a nightmare, a nightmare from which there was no awakening. She had tried to think what you would say to a man, a stranger, into whose hands you had placed your life and who might yield his to save yours. What did you say?

"I just can't believe this," she was saying. There was strength and reality enough for a firm handclasp. "I can't adjust, I can't think, I don't know what to say. Is the man crazy? Is he just a crackpot?"

Rip motioned her to a chair. "You'd be a little more than human if you could think normally, Miss Sherwood. I'm sure I couldn't if I were in your position. As for him, it's anybody's guess right now."

She liked this face opposite her. There was something so completely normal about this man. If there were danger, or cause for hope or despair, she felt he would tell her. He was serious now, but she read the pattern of lines about his eyes and knew he had a sense of humor.

She dropped into a chair, nudged off her shoes, and doubled her feet under her. "You'll never know what a night I spent! After it happened I couldn't wait to get to the phone to call the F.B.I. Nothing else entered my head. And then, then—"

"You regretted it."

"I couldn't believe he'd do anything — anything violent— until he grabbed me there at the phone. Then all kinds of things went through my mind. Do you suppose he does know I tried to call you? Because if he does — that's what I've got to know. That's what I'm afraid of, I guess."

Rip nodded. "I know. That's why people hesitate to call the authorities in these cases. But I assure you we'll take every possible precaution, and we've had a lot of experience—but if I made you any kind of guarantee I'm sure I

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Fashion FROCKS

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"CATHIE." — Sleeveless, button-through frock is in embossed cotton. Colors are grey and white, mint-green and white, turquoise and white, salmon-pink and white.
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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 103. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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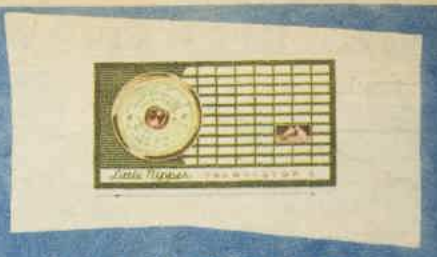

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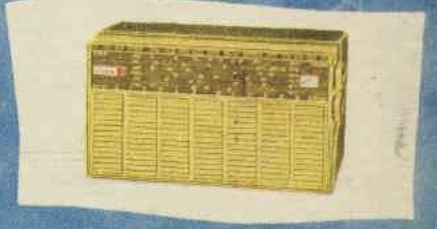

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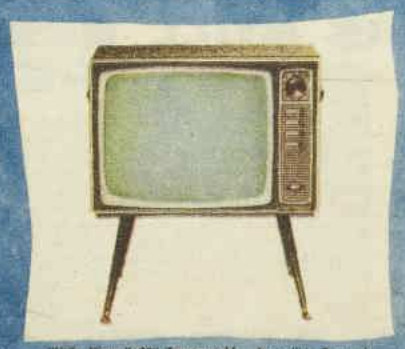

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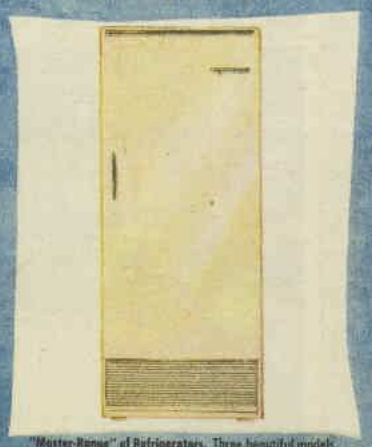

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TV COLUMNIST in search of a word

● Dennis O'Keefe, a long-time favorite with movie fans, is well on the way to being a top TV favorite. He says televiewers were directly responsible for The *Dennis O'Keefe Show*, an amusing comedy series in which he plays the role of a widowed New York newspaper columnist. He had planned to be TV's umpteenth trench-coated private eye, but, before his plans were complete, televiewers rated his old comedy films so highly that he thought again. The result was the comedy-situation series that has now won him new fans all over the world and laughs for televiewers.

DENNIS O'KEEFE at his typewriter. At left: Cast of the Dennis O'Keefe Show. From left: Eloise Hardt, Eddie Ryder, Hope Emerson. In front: Dennis with his TV son, Rickey Kelman.

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Johnny, 14, has woman trouble

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● My dinner escort took a big gulp of his cocktail — a "Shirley Temple" special — and confided that life would be wonderful if only women "from seven to seventy" would stop pestering him.

WITH compassion I looked at him across our secluded table at Nickodell's, a smart Hollywood restaurant frequented by screen, TV, and radio personalities.

Normally I wouldn't have much sympathy for poised, cocktail-drinking males who complain so feelingly about being chased by women. I'm sure they secretly enjoy coping with the situation.

But several things made Johnny Crawford a different proposition.

First, his choice of cocktails indicated he didn't really belong to the world of sophisticated lady-killers.

For a "Shirley Temple" is a lemon-flavored soft drink, served "on the rocks" with a dash of grenadine, slice of orange, sprig of mint, and a straw.

The main reason for my sympathy, however, was Johnny's age. A man of 14 has quite enough problems without women.

Embarrassing

Beguiling, brown - eyed Johnny would never have found himself in this difficult situation if he hadn't won TV success as Mark McCain in the popular "Rifleman" series.

"It's sure made life embarrassing for me," said Johnny as he fingered the restrained blue tie he wore with a well-cut grey suit.

"Every time I go out to dinner some woman old enough to be my grandmother races up in the middle of the restaurant and practically yells at me that she thinks I'm adorable.

"And then in front of all those people she hugs me and tells me she stays home Tuesdays (the Californian viewing night for 'The Rifleman') just so she can see me.

"No foolin', it's kinda creepy.

"Bejeepers, I know it's tremendous to have fans and I get a great kick out of knowing people watch the show and recognise me.

"But you must know how a guy feels when these women get all mushy. Boy, it makes me feel like fading into the floor."

As Johnny began to make a man-sized attack on his dinner of broiled ground steak, he explained that it wasn't only older women who harassed him.

At his Beverly Hills home the phone rings hot with calls from girls—teenagers and under—who have endless invitations for Johnny and his 16-year-old actor brother, Bobby Crawford.

"Sometimes it's fun, but there are times when you just don't feel like getting dressed up to go to the parties. You know a guy often just feels like goofing around, and it's not the same when there are girls there."

Johnny then told me about one Hollywood actress who'd been "chasing" him in recent weeks.

The star hasn't yet celebrated her tenth birthday — but what she lacks in years she makes up for in feminine wiles.

The last time she rang Johnny was to invite him to a party where there were to be "lots of big producers, and directors and people who can really help your career."

Johnny gave a boyish guffaw.

"Sure. I went to the party," he said. "Mom said I should go because she's a real nice girl when she's not trying to impress you.

"But no kidding, you know there wasn't one producer or director at the party. Just a bunch of kids like me."

Then Johnny, an expert impersonator, mimicked some of the guests at the party. And by the time he'd finished he was almost doubled up with laughter as he recalled the high spots of the occasion.

Quickly striking a serious note, however, he said he really wasn't a great man for party life.

As Mark McCain in "The Rifleman," he plays the role of a widowed rancher's son in wild-west country, and in this outdoor setting Johnny is in his element.

"Swell life"

At intervals during the year Chuck Connors, Johnny's TV "paw," and the rest of the company go on location, and then Johnny gets plenty of scope for horseback riding and camping — his favorite pastimes.

I asked Johnny if he really enjoyed being a TV actor.

His brown eyes widened. "Why, sure," he said. "It's swell. And you make some real nice friends."

By this time Johnny was showing a more-than-friendly interest in a jumbo-size ice-cream sundae.

But he put down his spoon, leaned across the table, and said almost breathlessly: "One of these friends gave me a horse. Boy, I just couldn't believe it."

The horse, "Two Bits," was untamed when Johnny got him, but the skill with which he's broken him in has amazed everyone.

Johnny then told me his "greatest ambition in the world" was to ride a horse right across America.

Another ambition is to get a pilot's licence — and, of course, a plane.

"Flying's tremendous," he said. "A friend let me take the controls in a small plane we were flying from California to Oregon. See, I told you I met some real nice people through acting."

School, too

A third ambition is to become a really first-rate baseballer, and he gets expert advice and practice from his video father, Chuck Connors, a former professional baseball star.

For 39 weeks of the year, Johnny spends about three days a week working on the episodes of "The Rifleman," but this doesn't mean he escapes any schooling.

By American law, the film and TV studios must provide tutors for youthful stars, and they go with them even on location.

But schoolwork, like acting, comes easily to Johnny, who has had dozens of TV and movie roles since 1955, when he became one of the original Mouseketeers on Walt Disney's Mickey Mouse Club.

● *Fourteen-year-old Johnny Crawford, who plays the role of Mark McCain, a widowed rancher's son in TV's popular "Rifleman."*

Now Johnny, who plays the guitar expertly, is venturing into the recording field in singing harmony with his brother Bobby, whom Australian televiewers probably know best for his role in "Laramie."

"What are your voices like," I asked. "Do you think you'll be a success?"

"Look," replied Johnny, "no one, just no one, could possibly sing worse than Elvis Presley. And boy, he's been some success. We just tell ourselves that, and then we're not too bashful about our efforts."

As we sat discussing the relative merits of Elvis, we were joined by Johnny's real life "paw," Hollywood film editor Robert Crawford, who'd arrived to drive his son home to bed.

Mr. Crawford said his family had several Australian friends and they hoped in the near future Johnny and Bobby could make a personal appearance tour, concentrating largely on their singing and dancing act.

Bright, amusing

If they make the trip, I'm sure the boys would be a tremendous success with all age groups.

I haven't met Bobby—he was too busy with homework to join the dinner party—but I believe he's much the same in charm and personality as Johnny, and probably by reason of his extra two years, even more talented.

And Johnny I know would be a great hit, apart from his entertainment value.

Teenagers would love him because he's a bright, amusing boy with a wealth of 1960-style teenage personality.

But parents would love him as much, for he knows how to combine this personality with good manners and a lack of conceit.

I found him a delightful dinner companion, and one who coped with ordering dinner for two with more charm and assurance than many males twice his age.

It isn't really surprising that women from seven to seventy think he's adorable.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

I SAW a preview of a film about Sydney the other day, a film made by a young Austrian migrant, 24-year-old Henry Materna, who has been in Sydney for the past 18 months.

The film, "Sydney in Sight," lasts 30 minutes, and was made specially to be shown on the national TV stations in West Germany, Switzerland, and Austria.

Australian televiewers will probably see it later on, too, for the A.B.C. (which earlier this year showed a ballet film, "Kontraste," which Materna made when he was 21) is interested in the film.

It is to be hoped Australians do see it, for Sydney, through the eyes of young Mr. Materna, is different from and far more beautiful than the city they are used to.

"I felt a great responsibility making this film," Mr. Materna said. "I love Australia. I wanted very much to show Europeans what Sydney is like and how the average Australian lives."

He does this very well. There are things he finds funny about Sydney, too. Some of them are the mounted policemen controlling the powerful surge of the traffic, the Australian habit of carrying small suitcases into town, and our public telephones—the completely enclosed ones, the open ones, and the half-and-half jobs.

I like the film, and the music, specially written by Tony Hermann, is delightful; but I found the commentary, spoken by James Condon, jarring.

It is basically the thoughts, feelings, and humor of a young migrant and it doesn't match the middle-aged Australian voice.

I would like to have heard young Mr. Materna do the commentary himself. It would have carried more authority, made the film twice as real, twice as interesting.

● *Sunday street scene from "Sydney in Sight."*

Doc got his broth

"GUNSMOKE," despite new and more lavish Westerns, which I don't think can touch it for entertainment, remains a continuing pleasure to me. A recent episode which starred Doc and Chester was a pearler.

The two of them were on their way to some of Doc's patients who live a longways out of Dodge. Travelling by sulky with a spare horse tied behind, they found trouble, and Doc was shot, badly, somewhere in his middle.

Chester was wonderful. After getting guidance from above, from the Doc, and giving Doc a strong pull at a whisky bottle, he operated with the probes and removed the bullet.

Doc kept calling for strong broth to complete the cure. Chester, undaunted, produced it.

He shot Doc's horse (off camera) for soup bones, added wild onions and sheep sorrel, and hey presto—soup. I'd rather settle for Chester's coffee.

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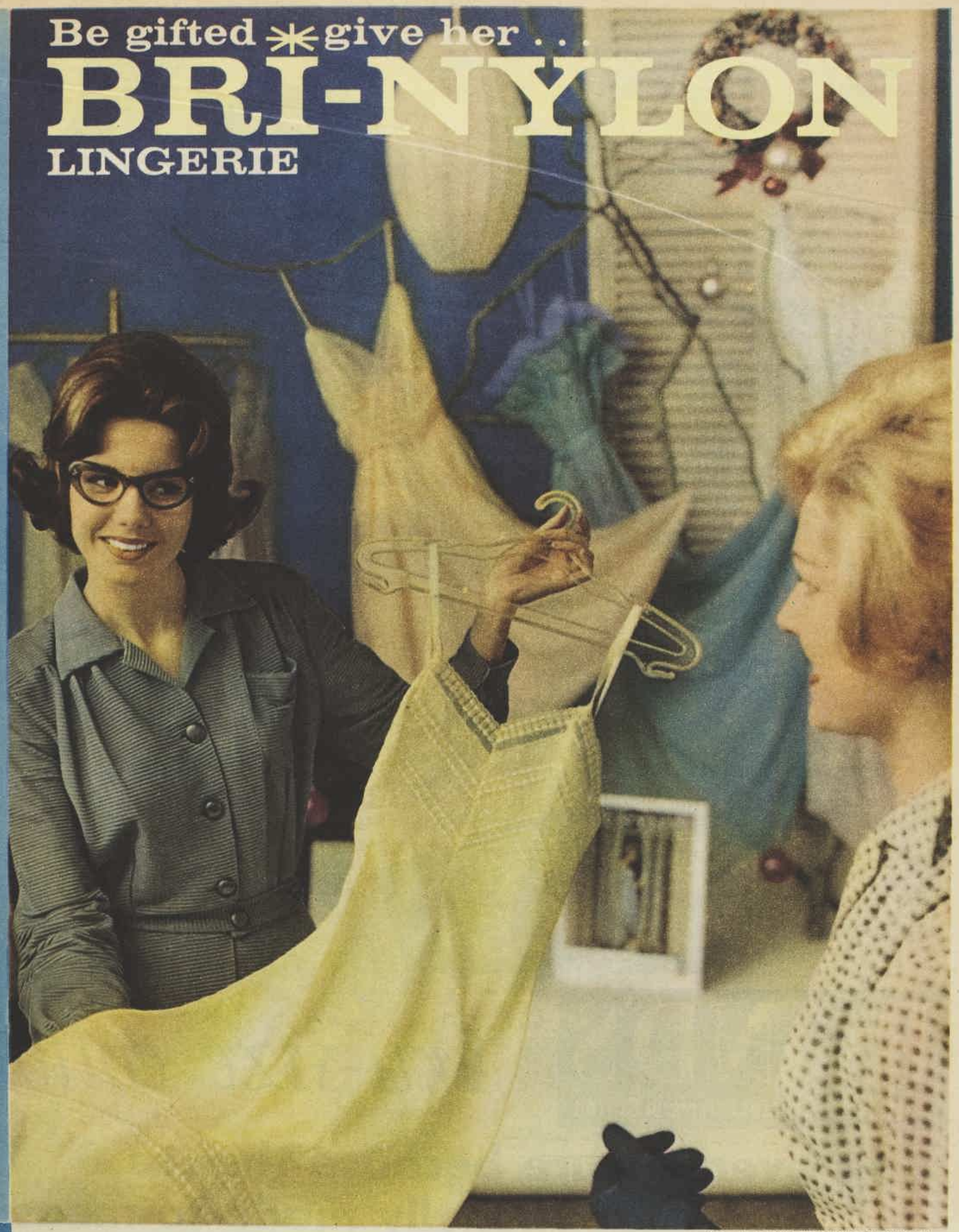

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1. Tube-top vest. Peach, white. SW-OS, **6/6**, XOS, **7/6**.
2. Tube-top vest, fancy stitch. Peach, white. SW-OS, **4/11**.
3. Opera-top vest has elasticised neckline. Peach, white. SW-OS, **7/9**.
4. Fabric-shoulder rib-stitch vest. White. SW-OS, **7/3**; XOS, **8/3**.
5. Drawstring at neck of ribbed tube-top vest. White. SW-OS, **6/3**; XOS, **7/9**.
6. Child's vest, elasticised neckline. White. In 2, 3, 4, 6, **3/6**.
7. Girls' vest. White. From size 2, **2/11**; to maids', **5/6**.
8. "Teena" tube-top ribbed vest. White. In 4-6, **3/9**; 8-10—Maids' **4/9**.
9. Broad-shouldered girls' vest. White. From size 2, **2/11**, to maids', **5/6**.

GIRLS' FROM 2/11 SW-XOS, FROM 4/11

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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 83

would lose your confidence in us, because everyone's human." He continued. "He may or may not know you called us. He wanted an excuse, anyway, to strike you, so you'd know what real physical fear was, and you'd be terrified of him, and would do what he tells you."

He hesitated. "These cases all follow a pattern. He wants to break you down before he tells you about his plan—break you to the point where you'll do anything he says. And he knows it'll take a little time."

Suddenly, the recriminations dropped away. Of the two courses open to her, she had chosen the one in which the situation could best be controlled—controlled by persons of great experience. She had been foolish to think for a minute that she could handle it alone. She had been looking for the perfect, foolproof out, and there was none.

"Now begin at the beginning," he said, "and tell me everything exactly as it happened."

He listened to how she said the words as well as to the words themselves. She talked well, honestly, and he experienced relief. It was difficult enough to work a case like this, even with a victim who was forthright. Too many had reason to hide facts in their background, or were deceptive simply by nature, even when there was no reason.

When she had finished, he rose to stretch his legs. "Now I want you to dig down deep and recall any impressions you may have had, anything you may have felt, rather than observed."

She nodded. "I was trying to eliminate anything I wasn't positive of."

He smiled. "I noticed you were. But I'll accept any impressions as just that. If you're accurate to the point of being analytical," he added, and the lines about his eyes gave a hint, "then your impressions are apt to be pretty dependable."

She had already mentioned the various odors about the killer, the asthmatic way he breathed, and his statement that he was already wanted for murder. She thought for a moment. "He talked a little oddly. I mean, there was something about the way he pronounced words. Not a lisp, nothing as obvious as that. I'm sorry, I just can't peg it. Maybe it will come to me."

Rip went on to another point. "Now, you say he said someone else was watching you?"

"Yes."

"Any ideas who it could be?"

"I'm afraid not." She shook her head. "It's just that I can't put anyone in the bank into the role of an accomplice. And besides, it seems so petty—to repeat little things . . ."

He sat back down in the chair, studying her. "You can't afford to feel that way, Miss Sherwood. Too much depends on details. If the party's innocent, he or she will never know. Nobody will. The Bureau stakes its integrity on it."

She nodded. "The girl who works at the window next to mine — Penny Towsend — she has a boy-friend—" She interrupted herself. "I hate gossip. And that's all this is—gossip. I like Penny and I don't even know this man. But one of the girls who does says Penny's been meeting him in bars and out-of-the-way places so no one will see them, and that he is no good, and when you asked if I knew anyone I thought of him. I don't know why."

He glanced at his notes. "About your sister—Toby, is it?" She nodded, and he continued, "Toby, is that a nickname?"

"Yes. Her real name's Eloise, but she'd murder anybody who called her that. I can't say I blame her."

He went on, "I've got to depend a lot on your judgment of her. She should be told that she's in danger, that you both are, so she can help protect herself. But if she likes to talk, if this should ever reach the newspapers—"

"I'd trust her with anything," Kelly said.

"Will she panic?"

She hesitated. "I don't think so, but she's terribly intense and dramatic." She hastened to add, "Not about herself; she wouldn't get hysterics. But about me. You see, Mr. Ripley, we're all we've got now. Not even a cousin anywhere."

It was a frightening decision to make, whether or not to tell this seventeen-year-old girl. If she didn't know, she might be killed when she could have saved herself. If she did know, she might talk sometime in the most innocent way. Even for the strongest, it was hard to hold words back when under emotional stress.

Rip had two lives at stake. This woman who sat across from him trusted him, had faith in the F.B.I., which at this moment he was to her. And this faith was a major asset.

He said slowly, "I'll call the principal and arrange to talk with her at the school. I'd like you there, but you'd better finish your day out and go home as you always do."

She asked, businesslike, "What're Toby and I going to do tonight? Even the two of us together, we're not much protection."

He thought aloud. They could go to a friend's home or a hotel. But they would be no safer. He would follow them wherever they went, and if he thought she was running out on him . . .

"I'm sorry I can't advise you on this. The decision will have to be your own." The F.B.I. never stepped in to order or request an innocent party to make

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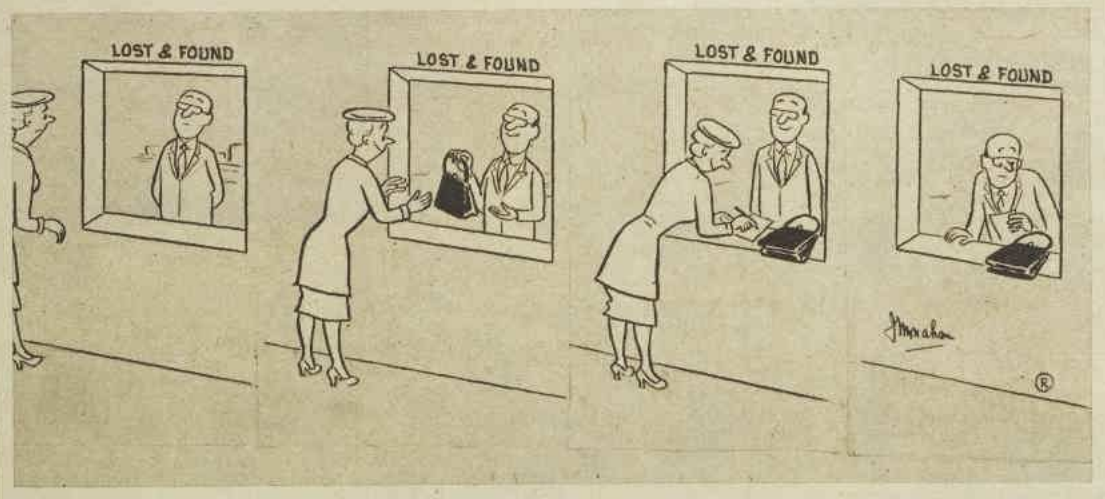
FOUND AND LOST AT THE LOST AND FOUND



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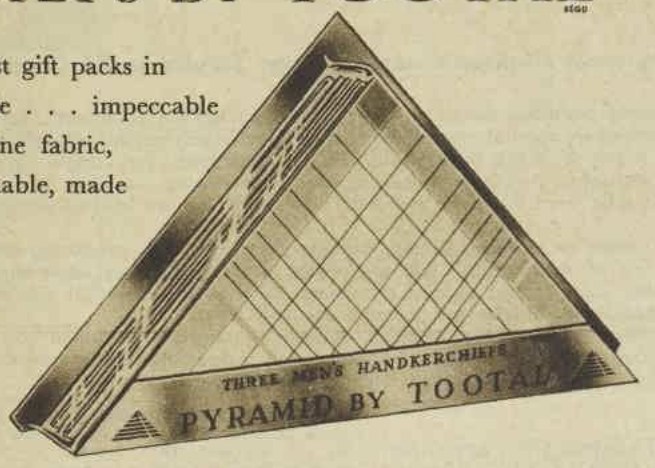

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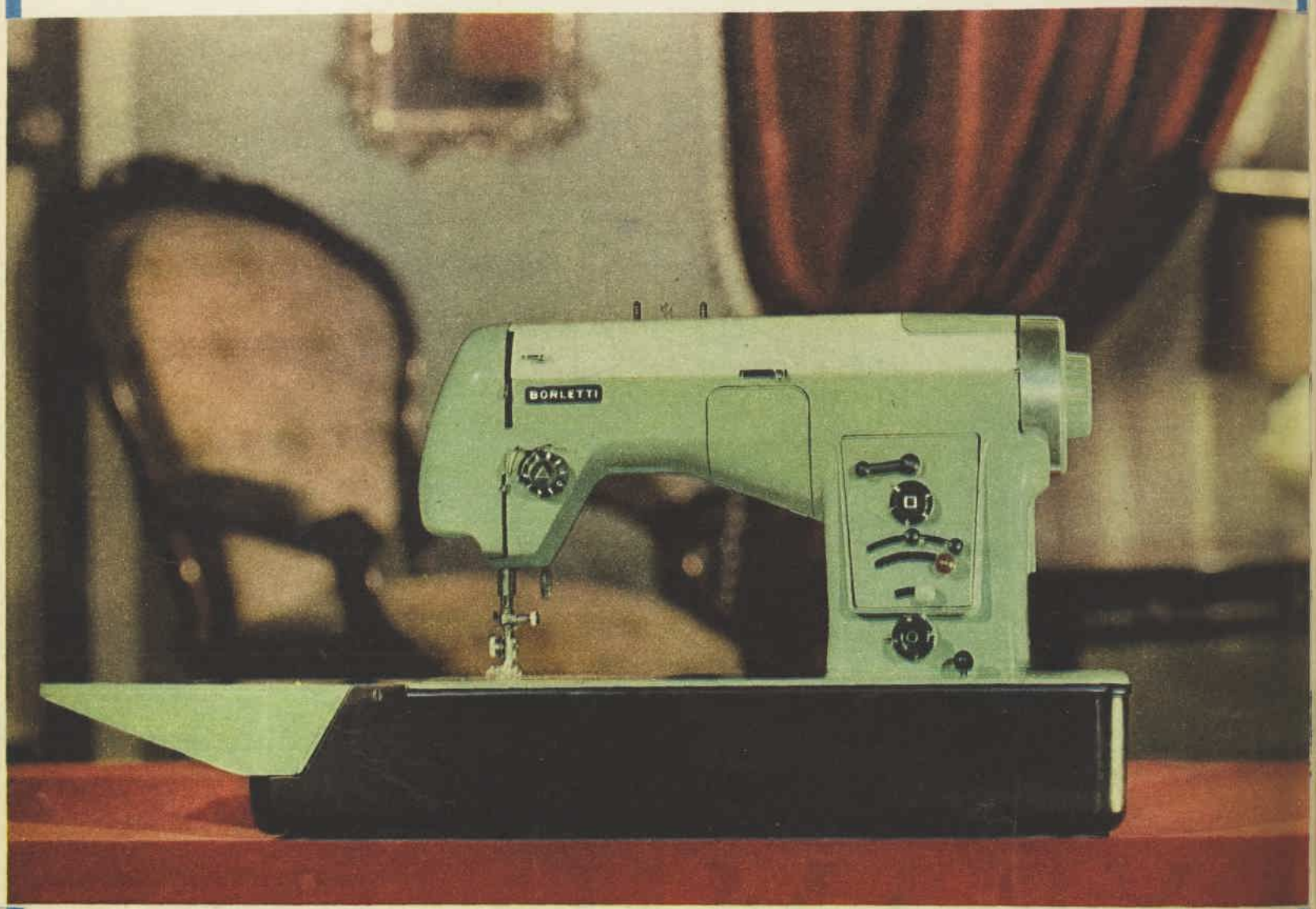

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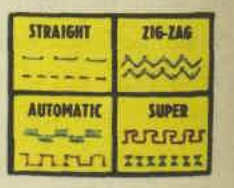

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Continuing . . .

OPERATION TERROR

from page 89

a vital move when a life hung in the balance. "But if you stay, we'll put a couple of men in the house next door, the one on the corner, and we'll work it out so we'll know if you're in trouble."

She said that the neighbors, Juanita and Raymond Williams, had relatives who dropped in evenings occasionally. Two men might be suspect, she thought, but a lone man wouldn't.

She told him about Pete Morrow, the escrow officer, and he thought she should accept the dinner date. "That is," he added hastily, "if you would have anyway if this hadn't come up."

She nodded. "We've been dating for several months." She saw him write Pete Morrow's name down.

He continued, "We want you to do everything exactly as you've been doing it. That is, follow the normal routine. Both you and your sister. We'll have agents shadowing both of you, but you must never look back. I want you to forget they're there."

She rose to go. "It's a hard thing to face up to," she said, shuddering a little. "But once you've faced it—well, it helps."

RIP agreed. "It's like the doctors telling you you're suffering from a serious disease. It may go on for weeks, even months. You've got to adjust your thinking—and your way of living—to it."

She asked, "But why—why—"

"Did he choose you? I don't know, but he probably went down the list of tellers in your bank, and perhaps in several other banks. He found you particularly vulnerable. You have no husband and no parents who might prove a problem, but you do have a teenage sister. He'll keep working on you and your sister, figuring that eventually you'll decide it's better to play along with him than with the F.B.I. But if you should—"

"I called you, didn't I? I'm not going to—"

"Just remember, he has no intention of cutting you in on the money. In the end he must kill you." Their eyes met briefly. "I was brought up on an Arizona ranch, Miss Sherwood. I broke my first horse at twelve. Some were more spirited than others—but they all broke."

Kelly took the mezzanine steps with the infirmity of the aged. Someone passed and said hello. A second later she heard the hello, and turned and answered.

At her window, a drugstore manager wanted five hundred dollars in large bills changed into ones. She had to count the money three times.

Mr. Welk startled her, stepping up behind her and whispering, "There's a phone call for you, Miss Sherwood. A police lieutenant. He says it's important."

"Thanks." She turned to two waiting customers. "The next window, please." The bank discouraged telephone calls, since no one could take over a window. The rule was strict: No teller was permitted to enter another's cage.

Mr. Welk's curious gaze followed her. He would expect an explanation. If she were in some kind of trouble, he had to know. A bank had to be careful about its employees. Only the month before, a teller had been discharged after she had been arrested on a drunk charge.

She went to a vacant desk in the loan department, took a deep breath, steadied herself, then picked up the receiver. "Miss Sherwood speaking," she said.

"Hello, Kelly," answered the man of the night before.

She tightened her grasp about the receiver. "Yes," she managed.

"You know who it is?"

"I know."

"Where were you at noon? I waited for you at the drugstore." As she groped for words, he continued accusingly. "You always eat lunch at the drugstore, but today you didn't. Why didn't you? I'm asking why you didn't."

She thought quickly. "I brought lunch with me today."

"No, Kelly, you didn't. I'll tell you what you did. You were talking with the police. You were telling them about last night."

She raised her voice. "I wasn't. I tell you—"

"Shut up." The trigger had snapped. He said angrily, "I'm going to punish you. I'm going to do it through your kid sister. She'd like a man like me, an older man. The kids all do."

"Please," she said, "please . . ."

She realised she was talking to herself. She continued holding the receiver as if she could bring him back on the line.

. . . .

Rip headed out Highland Avenue, passed the Hollywood Bowl, and took the freeway. He felt an urgency pressing him, and swinging into the fast lane pushed the mileage to sixty. He watched the huge overhead turnoff signs speed by: Vineland, Ventura, Tujunga.

He remembered Kelly Sherwood asking, Why did he choose me?

That was invariably the question when an innocent party was caught up in a crime. "Why did it have to be me?" Most people thought crime was confined to certain areas, to certain groups. They ignored it for the most part, except to follow it in their newspapers, almost as they would a sport.

He always wanted to tell them that crime was not a closed monopoly, apart from the rest of the world, that it reached out at one time or another for everyone. Everyone was its victim—a house looted, a daughter attacked, a wallet missing, a car gone, life savings taken in a confidence game.

The radio spluttered, and he picked up the mike to report in. "We've got a message for you," the voice said. "Subject telephoned victim at 1.06 p.m. Said he knew she talked with police during her lunch hour. Threatened to harm sister. Do you want a repeat?"

"Thanks—I've got it."

He sat more tensely now. He

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; short short stories from 1100 to 1400; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Continuing . . . OPERATION TERROR

from page 91

discovered he was gripping the wheel as though he could strangle life out of it. This unknown killer, this unknown face, couldn't have learned he had seen Kelly Sherwood. The man was guessing, and probing deep with a scalpel.

He took the off-ramp marked "Van Nuys Boulevard," drove north through the business district to Kittridge, and turned left. The high school buildings sprawled over an area of park-like grounds shaded by huge old trees. He parked in the nearby residential district and walked back. As he entered, he glanced about for the surveillance team, but saw no one.

The assistant principal turned over his office, and Rip waited, standing by a window looking out on to a recreation area. The place had a school smell that was universal and seemingly never changed from one generation to the next. It was the smell of papers and books and ink, thorough scouring, and warm bodies.

Toby Sherwood entered warily. She had been told only that she had a caller. She had been in the midst of the French exam, and she knew that the assistant principal would not have broken into it if the caller were not important.

Rip crossed swiftly to close the door behind her. He talked rapidly to allay her fears. "My name's Ripley—John Ripley—and I'm from the F.B.I."

"Something's happened," she began, barely whispering.

He stopped her. "Your sister's at the bank, working, and she's fine. I left her only a few minutes ago. Won't you sit down, please?"

She continued standing. "I knew when she left me this morning—"

"I'm not lying to you, Miss Sherwood. If you want to, phone her." He added, grinning, "I couldn't lie if I wanted to. It's against the rules." He pushed the phone across to her.

She shook her head. "Why are you here, then—if nothing's happened?"

"Your sister's been threatened, and you have, too. Now wait till I finish, please." He pulled up a chair for her. "Now let's sit down and talk this over. Nothing's happened yet, and nothing's going to if we can help it, and if you'll work with us. So much depends on you."

She sat very straight. "You can tell me. I'm older than I look." She added, "I'm almost eighteen. You don't have to treat me like a youngster. I'm almost engaged."

He met her defiant gaze. After a moment he said, "Toby, I had a big decision to make before I came here. And now that I've seen you, I'm glad I decided the way I did. Because what I'm going to tell you I wouldn't tell to lots of people three times your age."

He dropped into the swivel and felt the springs punch him in retaliation. He related the story in detail, leaving nothing out.

Instead of being stunned, she was relieved, and an entirely different person. The words came tumbling out.

"Golly, I've been so worried all day, Mr. Ripley. I thought something had already happened. I do a lot of worrying. I guess it's my age or something. I guess it's a part of growing up. I don't know, but I worry a lot about her. She's all I've got, and she's so wonderful, and she works so hard. I try to help her, but I guess I don't much. So many exciting things keep happening to me all the time, and I don't, but I mean to."

She stopped abruptly. "I shouldn't talk like this to an F.B.I. man, but I've been so worried. I'll do anything you want me to."

She agreed that she would never be by herself. If she went to the Hangout for a hamburger and malt at noon, she would go in a crowd. After school, she would either stay with Jack, her boy-friend, or spend the time with Louella Hendricks at the Hendricks' home. Her sister would drive her to school each morning.

Rip said, "Two agents will be following you at all times. In fact, they're already on the job outside there now."

He gave his usual instructions: that she was not to look back, not to try to spot them. He added, "Please give them a break. Don't drive too fast, don't leave by any back doors."

"I wish I could tell Jack," she said.

"Absolutely not." He was firm about it. "We trust him, of course, but there must be no exceptions."

"I dig you."

He smiled and rose. "I'm glad you dig me, Toby."

Jack was waiting when classes broke at 3.15. He was big and had shoulders that jutted out like a windswept car. His physique, though, belied his quietness and gentleness.

She fell comfortably into his pace. He asked, "You get kicked out of school or something?"

She shrugged. "Big deal. I didn't fill out my entrance papers right." She hated herself for lying to Jack.

"You missed an exam for that?"

She laughed. "How lucky can you get? I didn't know half of those last questions."

"I wondered who got the wrong bundle last week!"

They crowded into his car, which responded with a satisfying roar. He asked, "How about a swim in the park? The crowd's heading over there."

She hesitated. She didn't feel like swimming. She didn't feel like doing anything except waiting for Kelly."

"You'll have to run me home for my gear."

Heading south on Van Nuys, they reached Valley Vista, turned right, and snaked along its curves. He waited in the living-room while she changed into her swimsuit, then tied a playskirt over it. He was looking at television when she returned. "I like a man who makes every minute count," she said.

The others were already at the pool, and shouted to them as though they hadn't seen them for a month. As she dropped her skirt a boy yelled, "You look good for a change!" and his girl-friend said, "What a brat. Don't mind him, Toby."

Somebody else said, "Doesn't that girl look like Grace Kelly?"

Shouts went up. "Where? Where?"

A young woman was walking a little boy through the park on a leash.

It was the same old crazy talk. Toby forgot the day, the F.B.I. man, the French exam, the threats against her and Kelly.

"I think I'm dying," she said. "I've got to have a soda."

"I'm broke," Jack told her.

"I'm not. I got my allowance today."

She swam furiously for the far corner of the pool, where she had left her skirt with a coin purse in the pocket. She pulled herself up and sat, shaking a hand, dog fashion, to dry it. Jack hopped up beside her.

As she reached for the purse, she saw the note folded under the skirt. Opening it, she read: "Kelly—Take Angel's Flight 7 tomorrow night."

"What's that?" Jack asked.

She tucked it quickly in the coin purse. "Grocery list. Kelly said that——"

He broke in. "Look, if you don't want to level with me, okay, don't. But don't lie." He watched her angrily for a moment; then his tone changed. "Say, what gives, anyway?"

"Nothing," she managed. "Can't we just skip it?"

The old helpless feeling surged back as Rip took Kelly Sherwood's call from the bank. The agents shadowing Toby Sherwood might even seen the subject, and not know it. The maddening, frustrating part was that they had no idea whom they were hunting.

And all that Rip could do was to sit and think. He couldn't question the other students, or conduct the usual routine investigation without revealing too much, arousing too much speculation. All these cases of violence—the kidnappings, the blackmail, the threats of bodily harm—had to be worked in secrecy. In other cases, questions asked openly, publicity in the newspaper, wanted notices, and the like, might trap a subject. But here they would mark someone for execution.

"I'll meet him," Kelly said. "I've got to. I want to get it over." She added, "I've reached a decision about staying at the house. I'm staying."

He marvelled at the fortitude of people in crises who drew from a hitherto untapped inner strength. That morning she had said, thinking it through, "I haven't the money to quit and take off. I need the job. But if I could, I'd only be passing him on to someone else, wouldn't I?" She continued, "Besides, he's certainly going to keep me alive till the pay-off—as long, that is, as I follow his orders. I figure I'd be in far more danger if I tried to run out on him."

Rip said, "I'll need to see you tomorrow—to set it up."

Angel's Flight was a one-block-long cable-car "railroad." It ran up the side of an extremely steep incline from Hill Street to the old Bunker Hill area, which would be demolished soon to make way for skyscrapers.

Take Angel's Flight. Seven o'clock. Tomorrow night.

To be continued

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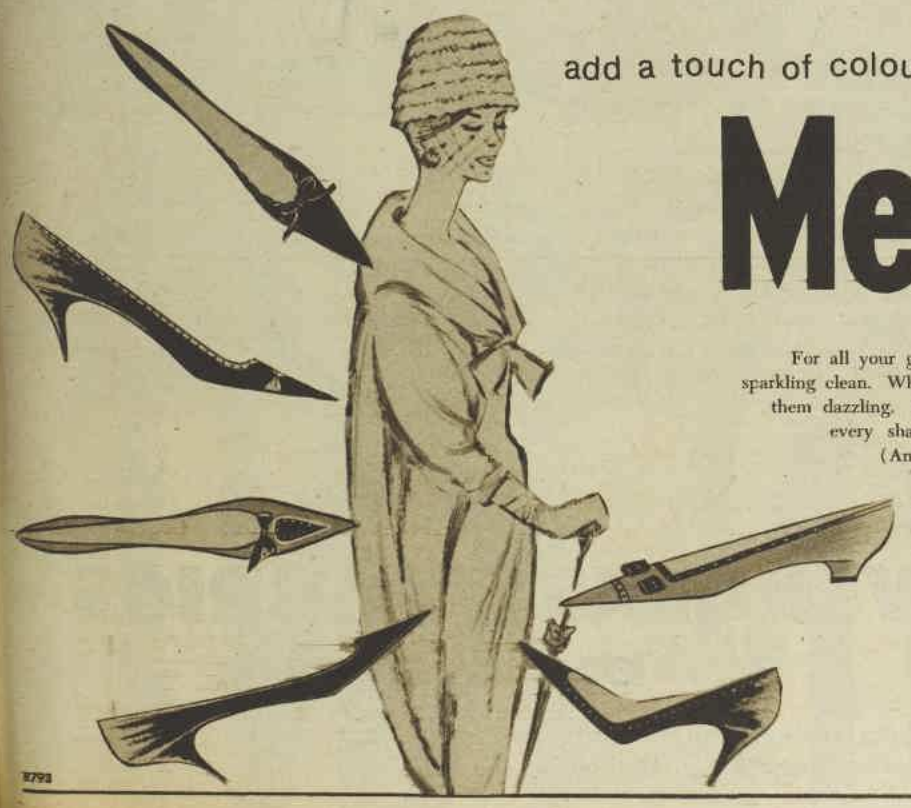

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Anne Baxter in Western

☆ Anne Baxter co-stars in this M.G.M. epic adventure, "Cimarron," which — based on Edna Ferber's famed novel — re-enacts the great 1889 land rush which opened up Oklahoma Territory and its fabulous oil riches.

SHOW BUSINESS

NATURE'S bath proves chilly for Maria Schell, so husband Glenn Ford offers her a warm blanket. As Sabra Venable, Maria leaves the luxuries of her Kansas home for the Oklahoma land rush.

FELINE feudin' breaks out between Anne Baxter (left) — the adventuress Dixie Lee — and Maria Schell (right), who is seeking her husband, Glenn Ford.

TEAMED together for the first time on the screen, Glenn Ford and Maria Schell star as a rouseabout-adventurer and the bride he brings from the city to a life of hardship in a strange, tough wilderness. The picture is an Edmund Grainger production.

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Maureen's made a comeback

● "Box-office poison" — that dreaded had-it label which forces a star to fight back or sink fast. When Maureen O'Hara heard the whisper, her colleen temper flared. At 39, she's fighting for her comeback.

FOR some years Maureen — Ireland's gift to the motion-picture world — had taken a lackadaisical attitude towards her career.

Soured by dull character roles which didn't particularly interest her, Miss O'Hara decided to take a "rest." But the whispers disturbed her repose—she's fighting mad. A Fitzsimmons (her true name) doesn't take kindly to cynical gossip.

Maureen also credits her renewed interest in her career to her old love—singing. She rarely sang before her "slump."

Some months ago the star accepted a singing engagement on the Perry Como TV show for a lark. Both she and Como were amazed at her immediate success.

Encouraged, Maureen accepted a Broadway stage offer to star in "Christine," a musical about India based on the best-selling novel "My Indian Family." The critics panned the show, but praised Maureen's performance.

Again heartened by personal triumph, she set out to become one of the highest paid singing guest stars on a host of popular TV variety shows. And then came the all-important screen offer.

It wasn't a musical role, but it was a good part in Walt Disney's "Petticoats and Blue Jeans," a film not yet released in Australia. Miss O'Hara plays the mother of her famous young co-star Hayley Mills.

With more TV shows, stage shows, and a three-year contract with Disney lined up, Maureen has proved that when a Fitzsimmons fights back — she does so with her sleeves rolled up.

★ ★ ★

HENRY FONDA and his daughter Jane may star in a modernised version of "Bill of Divorcement," one of the biggest film hits of the early 1930s when Katharine Hepburn and John Barrymore starred. The story deals with a young society girl who gives up marriage and a normal life to take care of her mentally ill father because she thinks insanity runs in the family.

★ ★ ★

THE most surprised person in Hollywood over Jean Simmons' recent elopement with director Richard Brooks is Cary Grant. Cary had a date with Miss Simmons for the same evening. In fact, Cary—who seldom reads the papers—turned up at the star's Bel Air home only to be given the news by her maid.

AFTER being locked up with her lawyers for hours, Marilyn Monroe decided not to sue writer Maurice Zolotov over her "unauthorised" and not-too-complimentary biography. "We probably couldn't have won the case," Marilyn told a friend, "and it would have given him a lot of free publicity."

★ ★ ★

FRANK SINATRA, Dean Martin, and Janet Leigh have a date next year to co-star in "A Swinging Affair," which Sinatra and Martin will produce. A romantic musical comedy, the film deals with two band-musician roommates who are unknowingly chasing the same Broadway chorus girl—Miss Leigh. It has been also announced that other members of Sinatra's clan, from Tony Curtis to Peter Lawford, will appear in the film in "guest star" roles.

★ ★ ★

SIMONE SIGNORET and her husband, Yves Montand, will co-star shortly in "The Bohemians," based on the libretto and omitting the music from the opera "La Boheme." Jerry Wald will produce the film in Paris, and an international supporting cast is being recruited. On completing the movie, Signoret will fly to New York to star in "The Devil in Buck's County."

★ ★ ★

EMANUELLA RIVA has been signed for a co-starring role in Marlon Brando's "The Ugly American," which will be filmed next year in Asia. Emanuella will play a French nurse in a mission hospital who befriends Brando—a fumbling American diplomat. There is still one major role to cast, that of a Eurasian girl who falls in love with Brando. Rumor has it Leslie Caron is being sought for the part.

★ ★ ★

ALWAYS ready to accept a new challenge, Victor Mature plays a Viking chieftain in his current film, "The Tartars" — which Richard Thorpe is filming in Yugoslavia and in which Orson Welles co-stars. Nearly 20,000 extras are involved in some of the biggest battle scenes ever shot, and Yugoslavian cavalry troops have been garbed as ancient Vikings and Tartars for the film.

★ ★ ★

BOBBY DARIN is so smitten with Sandra Dee he has been sending her a dozen yellow roses daily in Rome for weeks. Bobby has never been one to spend money foolishly, so it must be true love.

MAKING a popularity comeback, beautiful Maureen O'Hara—at 39—looks 10 years younger and feels 20 years younger now that her career is shooting back into top gear.

AMERICAN producer-director Robert Aldrich, of "Attack" and "The Big Knife" fame, has signed Curt Jurgens and John Mills for "The Cross of Iron," which he hopes to film in Germany and Britain early next year. But before he does so, Aldrich has to direct a new Italian spectacle, "Sodom and Gomorrah," for which Stewart Granger has been signed in the leading role.

★ ★ ★

TRUST Elvis Presley to confuse Hollywood's ardent matchmakers. Just as they had him on the verge of eloping to Mexico with Juliet Prowse, who should show up in the movie colony but his old flame, Anita Woods. Anita, who has been working as a Tennessee disc jockey, once received a ring from Presley. While in Hollywood Presley treated her royally, then flew to Tennessee for a visit after her return.

NEGRO actor Sidney Poitier's film company may make a movie about Dr. Martin Luther King, a Southern negro minister who is a leader in the anti-segregation movement in America's Deep South. Poitier, of course, would star as the minister, although the film won't be able to get under way just yet because of his busy schedule.

★ ★ ★

DEBBIE REYNOLDS was inundated with mink and diamonds recently, thanks to her "unofficial" fiance, Harry Karl, and former boyfriend Bob Neal. Both millionaires tried to outdo each other at a charity auction in Beverly Hills, with Debbie the recipient of their friendly rivalry as both outbid each other for the honor of buying a mink coat and a six-carat diamond for her.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★ JET STORM

Tension climbs smoothly in this jet-propelled thriller. The plot—a plane, a madman, threat of disaster and its effect on assorted nervous systems—is an old one. But when the acting is as gripping as it is here, it's a sure winner. Richard Attenborough is the scientist with a twist. With glassy determination he plans an "upstairs" murder for the hit-and-run driver (George Rose) who had killed his daughter, then intends to blow up the plane. As the captain, Stanley Baker is his typically efficient self. Harry Secombe and Sybil Thorndike provide welcome relief. — **Victory, Sydney.**

In a word . . . GRIPPING.

★ WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS

This earthy film wallows in the passion and brutality of a small Italian community. Illicit affairs and petty crime sprinkled through the plot give an air of abandon, while Gina Lollobrigida — the most pursued girl in the village—plays her surprisingly obedient admirers like yo-yos. Shrewd, violent, and gentle, she bristles with raw femininity. Self-appointed boss, Yves Montand, is slick and elegant.—**Liberty, Sydney.**

In a word . . . LUSTY.

★ JAZZBOAT

Grim little drama about a bunch of London hoodlums, with Anthony Newley as their unwilling ally—an electrician who becomes the mastermind behind a jewel theft, then tries to escape the gang and give himself up. Good performances from David Lodge and Al Mulock as the jazz-loving, leather-jacketed delinquents make it more effective. —**P.F. Capitol, Sydney.**

In a word . . . DEPRESSING.

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Continuing . . . FRIDAY'S CHILD

from page 25

"He got a commission, and sailed round the world," Simon told her. "I saw him once, when I was scraping barnacles from a ship's bottom."

Simon's National Service had been a joke. He'd volunteered for the Navy, because he longed to go to sea, but unfortunately he had spent the entire two years on the south coast, scraping barnacles. He'd been very amusing about it when he came home.

Katie sipped her drink and watched gloomy Wilfred, while Simon kept on talking, trying to distract her. When he paused for breath she excused herself and drifted towards this latest pillar of doom.

"Poor Wilfred's so mixed-up you'd think he'd been through a washing machine!" she confided to Timothy a week later, over breakfast. "I went to Little Muddicome last night, to see his paintings."

"What're they like?" Timothy asked. "Abstract?"

She shook her head. "Not abstract. Sad! Hauntingly sad! Skeletons, mostly." Her eyes were round and troubled.

"Oh," Timothy said. "Time he snapped out of it."

"Sensitive people like Wilfred can't snap!" Katie retorted. "And life's so unfair!"

"How?"

"Wilfred's had a dreadful time. He's always wanted to paint, but he can't pass exams, and his father won't finance him! He wants to study in Paris. And he's stuck in Little Muddicome with thousands of pigs!" Katie was pink with indignation.

TIMOTHY helped himself to marmalade. "If Wilfred had scraped barnacles, like Simon, and if—"

"I know exactly what you're going to say!" Katie interrupted. "You're going to say, 'If he'd had to come home and take over a nearly bankrupt business, like Simon, because his father died, and his mother couldn't manage . . .' But don't you see, Tim, Simon's different? He's not tied down and tangled, like Wilfred. Simon bounces through life!"

On the way to the office, Katie thought about Simon, and wondered what it was that kept him so buoyant. He had inherited the large bookshop from his father. Mr. Fenn had loved books, and for some years before he died he had stocked it to please himself, not his customers.

When Simon took over, the books on the high shelves would have delighted a bookworm, if there had been a bookworm in the neighborhood to delight. In some old university town the shop would have flourished. But here, it was doomed.

Simon, with crazy optimism, had introduced a lending library, and a coffee-room, and books with exciting looking covers, and vowed the tide would turn.

Remembering the coffee-room, Katie skipped for joy. She'd had one of her inspirations. A lovely inspiration, destined to help poor Wilfred.

She went to see Simon about her inspiration after tea, and found him alone in the flat above the bookshop, poring over enormous ledgers. The room was untidy and rather dusty.

"Simon . . . you look tired!" Katie said in wonder. "Is there anything I can do to help?" She was all set for sympathy, but Simon was almost fanatically self-reliant.

He smiled at her. "I'm not a bit tired, thanks, Katie. I'm just doing a few accounts."

"How are things going?"

"Fine," he said briefly. "Sit down, then, and tell me why you're here."

"I've had an inspiration," Katie said. "I thought . . . Please, Simon . . . may Wilfred paint murals on the walls of your coffee-room?"

"Why?" Simon asked, looking horrified.

"Because everyone would see them, and he might get orders for more, then that would give him self-confidence. Please, Simon!" Katie pleaded.

"What are Wilfred's murals like?" Simon asked cautiously.

Katie hesitated. "They're . . . unique. Out of this world."

"I couldn't pay him."

"I know. I thought perhaps you could ask him to paint them as a favor—to help you."

FROM THE BIBLE

• ***"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."***
— Galatians 6:7.

Paul is here stating a natural law and applying it to life. He says we cannot pretend in this matter —whatsoever seeds we sow in our life we must reap the fruit they produce. Evil can never bring forth good, and we cannot deceive God either. He knows what kind of harvest to expect in our lives.

"But I don't need help!" Simon protested, looking hunted.

"I know, it's poor Wilfred who needs help. To give him self-confidence. If he could paint your coffee-room to attract customers—"

"No!" Simon exploded. "I'd do almost anything for you, Katie, but I'm not going to ask that ass to daub abominations all over my coffee-room! Mum would loathe it."

Katie's eyes were soft with yearning. "Please, Simon," she entreated. "It's such a lovely idea! And you're so kind."

"It's not a lovely idea! And I'm not kind. I don't like Wilfred's murals," Simon told her stubbornly.

"But you haven't seen them!"

"Maybe not. But I've seen Wilfred!"

KATIE stood up. "Then I'll have to find someone else for him to paint."

"Wilfred can't paint," Simon pointed out.

"He can! You should see his skeletons! Please help, Simon."

Simon groaned. "Did you say skeletons?"

Katie nodded. "But he could do something gay for you."

"Could he?"

"Of course," she said, stifling her misgivings.

"Very well then, Katie," Simon said. "I'll ask him to paint one mural . . . to please you."

"Simon, darling!" Katie cried, and hugged him. She'd often hugged him before. But this time he held her close, and wouldn't let her go.

"Katie," he whispered, and kissed her. "Sweet, funny Katie . . ."

He'd never kissed her before. And never before had she been kissed with such a mixture of anger and despair and tenderness.

"Are you sure you're all right? Not tired or anything?" she asked shakily when he released her.

"Quite sure," he said. "Just feeling a little impulsive, Katie. Forgive me."

"Of course. Let me make you some coffee before I go? You . . . you do look tired, Simon."

"I'm not tired. Only dusty."

She didn't believe him. She'd never seen him looking so tired, and being Katie, she began to worry. Perhaps he wasn't selling enough books? She would have to talk to her friends, try to get more customers for him.

A few days later Wilfred called. It was Saturday evening, and Katie took him to the garden seat, by the roses.

"Simon Fenn dropped in last night," Wilfred said, taking her hand. "He wants me to paint a mural in his coffee-room."

Katie smiled, hoping that Wilfred would smile, too, but he didn't. He looked cold and handsome, like a film star facing prolonged unemployment.

"Have you any ideas?" she asked.

Wilfred sighed. "No, Katie darling. Fenn says he can't pay me."

"It'd be wonderful to help him, Wilfred. And it'd be a grand advertisement for you!" Katie enthused. "Everyone would see it!"

"How?" Wilfred asked. "Hardly anyone goes to Simon's coffee-room! Besides," he added bitterly, "they'd laugh! Be reasonable, Katie. Who on earth would appreciate one of my murals in a dump like this?"

"A dump like this?" Katie repeated slowly, with wonder because she loved her home town.

Then she remembered Wilfred was intelligent . . . different. "Why," she said, "heaps of people would love something original, something bright and gay—" She broke off, remembering Wilfred's caverns of decay.

"Bright and gay!" he sneered. "My murals are a true reflection of the times we live in. Simon will have to find some other way to save his sinking ship."

"What do you mean . . . his sinking ship?" Katie demanded, sitting up with a jerk.

"The bookshop! Old Fenn left things in a deplorable state. Simon owes money all over the place! I know, because a friend of mine is just waiting till he goes bust, so that he can get it for a song."

"What nonsense!" Katie cried, appalled. "Simon hasn't a care in the world! If he had, he'd have told Timothy."

But would he? He had scraped barnacles for a couple of years, without complaining. Come to think of it, no matter what happened to Simon, he never complained. What was it her father had said all those years ago?

"Simon always sees fun in

To page 99

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Continuing . . . FRIDAY'S CHILD

from page 98

everything! He was born on Sunday."

"I had another row with Dad last night," Wilfred was saying. "I told him I've no intention of spending the rest of my life submerged by pigs!"

"What are you going to do then?" Katie asked, her mind still filled by thoughts of Simon.

"As I told you, I'd like to paint . . ." Wilfred began.

"Nonsense!" Katie snapped. "If you really wanted to paint, you'd do the mural for Simon. You'd do something inspiring . . . something gay and colorful."

"I thought you understood!" Wilfred accused. "You pretended to, Katie darling." He tried to take her hand again, but she jumped up.

"I've been as blind as a bat!" she proclaimed. "All my life I've been blind! Running after anyone who howled! Don't you see, Wilfred, the people who howl usually have nothing to howl about. It's just *self*-pity!" She broke off.

"I don't howl!" Wilfred said huffily, glaring down his nose at her.

"Oh yes you do. When you could be painting nice little pink pigs under apple trees!"

Wilfred shuddered.

"Good-bye," Katie said. "I'm going to see Simon."

KATIE cycled to the bookshop as though she were being chased by a sputnik.

Simon was in the sitting-room, wrestling with the enormous ledgers.

"I did my best," he said when he saw Katie, "but Wilfred wasn't enthusiastic. I don't think he likes helping people."

"I know. I've seen him," Katie paused, feeling curiously shy. "I've stopped chasing miseries, I'm all out for success stories now. May I come and work here, please Simon? I can keep the books for you, and help with the coffee-room, or behind the counter . . ."

Simon didn't reply. He stood beside the desk, looking at her in a way she couldn't understand.

"Don't you want me to come and work here with you?" she asked, in a small voice.

"I'd love it . . . if I could afford to offer you a salary," Simon told her. "The trouble is, I can't."

"But I don't want a salary!" Katie cried, her cheeks pink, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "Not until the business is flourishing. I've got savings in the bank. And we'll make it flourish, Simon. I've heaps of ideas!"

"How about joining me for lunch? I brought extra sandwiches!"

"I thought you were all out for success stories?" he reminded her.

"Yes. That's why I'm here."

"Who told you I'm having a tough time?"

"Wilfred," she admitted.

He burst out laughing. "Darling Katie! Don't you see? You'll never change. I'm just another lame duck. If my business had been booming, you'd still be clucking over Wilfred!"

"No I shouldn't!" Katie said. "I don't like Wilfred."

"And you do like me?"

She nodded.

"I love you," Simon told her. "I always have! But I can't afford a wife."

Katie smiled. "You could afford me. I'd earn my keep!"

"Wilfred could give you the moon," Simon mused.

"Who wants the moon?" she demanded.

"Sweetheart . . . what do you want?"

She thought for a moment, and then said, "I want to help Simon Fenn. Because I love him."

"You didn't love me last week!" he reminded her.

"Yes, I did!" she said. "But I didn't know!"

"When did you . . . know?"

"Just now," she admitted. "When Wilfred told me you were having a tough time."

TAKING her in his arms and running his fingers through her bright hair, Simon said softly, "Darling, only - happy - when-you're-giving Katie! Were you born on a Friday? It is 'Friday's child who's loving and giving,' isn't it?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "But you will let me help you, won't you?"

"It's risky," he cautioned.

"Why?"

"Suppose we succeed? Suppose I turn from a lame duck into a sturdy gander? Would you still love me?"

She laughed with delight. "We could give everything away to someone who's in trouble, and start again," she said.

"That's easy!" She rubbed her cheek against his rough coat.

"Please let me help you, Simon," she added. "I'll always love you. Even when you're a gander! Please let me help you now."

"I'll let you help me, because I love you and I want you to be happy," Simon told her, kissing her. "Katie, my sweet, things are in a deplorable state! No other girl . . ."

He stopped, checked by the joy in Katie's eyes. "I'm not a lame duck!" he continued, giving her a little shake. "I'm the most triumphant, sprightly duck in all the world! A Friday's child wants to marry me!"

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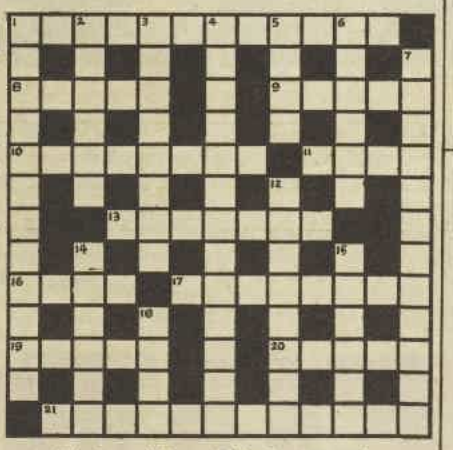
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Men without saving grace (12).
8. In the dying fire or in the calendar (5).
9. Marshy pool ending in the flexible part of a whip (5).
10. Incorporated as member, using the official record which is inside (8).
11. Precious stone is nothing to a friend (4).
13. A faithful friend (7).
16. Enmity of a fief (4).
17. To get this Canadian city first you must win a small drink (8).
19. Omit the cover in ease (5).
20. A sphere inwardly thick and heavy (5).
21. Describes and explains the devil's treats (12).

Solution of last week's crossword.

P	R	O	N	O	U	N	C	E	M	E	N	T
A	R	R	I	W	B	A						
D	R	E	A	D		O	V	E	R	L	A	P
D		S		A		B		R		I		I
O		T	R	I	V	E	T		I	S	A	R
C		E		N		I						
K	I	S	M	E	T		G	N	O	S	I	S
			D				S		O		L	
P	E	S	T		I	N	D	O	O	R		L
H		T		L		A		M		E		E
A	N	A	N	I	A	S		N	Y	L	O	N
S		N		A		A		I		I		C
E	D	G	A	R	A	L	L	A	N	P	O	E

DOWN

1. Can make a scene (5-7).
2. Name of a famous King of Wessex (6).
3. Abandoned fragment hidden by Ted when turned (8).
4. Plants used as condiment headed by a quadruped (5-8).
5. By the devils; I'm an afterthought (4).
6. Vagrants, whose end is the end of 5 down (6).
7. Very easy job, comparatively speaking (8, 4).
12. Rent a gee (Anagr. 8).
14. Indolent Sue swallowed a pin (6).
15. Material object produced without material agency (6).
18. He sang while Rome was burning (4).

Solution will be published next week.

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 5

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck across distance.

★ A letter or package coming from a distant place could bring joy. For some of you, loved ones may arrive after a long journey; you may be reunited with one who means much to you. Should you be about to travel, correspondence concerned with arrangements will be important. If the man in your life is away, you can expect a love-letter.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a secret.

★ Perhaps it's a gift for your best-beloved which has taken a great deal of time to make or choose. Perhaps it's a present which all the family can enjoy. It could be a step up in your career or a fatter pay envelope which you do not intend to announce until the right moment. Whatever your secret, it is a happy one.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in co-operation.

★ Fit in with the plans of others. Should there be a scheme worked out involving the entire family, keep enthusiasm boiling, but give due credit and consideration to suggestions brought forward by others. In preparation for the holidays, distribute tasks, delegate authority to give everybody an equal share in what is going on.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. Luck in good organisation.

★ Write lists of gifts to be purchased, cards to be mailed. If entertaining, decide on the number of guests, food to be served, and any other details. Keep this schedule in a prominent place so you can refer to it quickly. If a voluntary worker, you may be busy over a special effort; keep track of appointments. Beware of a last-minute rush.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in generosity.

★ You may sacrifice personal wishes in order to please a loved one, or go without so that others may enjoy your bounty. You are likely to attempt the impossible, trying to give of yourself, your time and energy to the point of exhaustion. Remember that moderation has its points. Just now you are all heart, but don't forget to use your head as well.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in the daytime.

★ An early start is half the battle. Rise and shine, accomplish your most difficult jobs or those requiring concentration in the morning. If you have errands to do, or appointments to make, give the early hours preference. Avoid being involved in other people's troubles in the evening. Do not take an active part in what does not concern you.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat. Luck on a social occasion.

★ You may accept an invitation reluctantly, only to be agreeably surprised. You meet an interesting person, perhaps a permanent link will be established, or you are introduced to a new pastime which fascinates you. In some cases you are paired off with a stranger who may become your future life partner. You date a new chapter from this event.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a challenge.

★ Your sign never gives up, and oostacles exist to be pushed aside. You will find a solution for problems you are facing and abolish several petty annoyances. With the decks cleared for action you go farther afield, seeking new worlds to conquer. No one item is likely to be outstanding, but the sum total of accomplisament will be heart-warming.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in personal relationships.

★ Put yourself across; your personal magnetism rating is high at present. In any situation try for a showdown. These favorable influences will not continue, so make the most of them. If in love, engagement is probable. If married, you may help straighten out a tangle for a member of the family or reconcile people who have been squabbling.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in watchful waiting.

★ Leave the initiative to others. Don't try to grab the spotlight. You'll be more fortunate if you stand in the wings, listen to the conversation, watch trends, learn all you can about any subject or person that interests you. Earn goodwill, make friends without appearing to thrust yourself forward. Your turn to shine will soon be here.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, mauve. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in an inspiration.

★ Having a brainwave might carry you far along a new path. Many thrilling developments can come from a simple idea. Don't discard it as a case of wishful thinking. Whether it involves people, possessions, or one definite object it could mean more to you than you suppose. You may expand your plans after you have tried them out on a small scale.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday. Luck before the public.

★ In some way you'll be the central figure on an important occasion. You may be obliged to make a speech, preside as host or hostess, march up the aisle as a bride or bridesmaid, have a distinction bestowed on you if still at school. If your work brings you into contact with the public there is likely to be kudos for a special task well performed.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . BARBIE AND THE BELLS OF ST. CHER

from page 29

"They also wrote me that they don't think you very much like being here yet. Shall we try to change it? If you would permit me, I'd like to show you my Touraine."

And then suddenly the dining-room was crowded, but over the excited voices of the twins, the sharp yelps of joy of little Jean-Pierre, and the gentle murmur of Henriette to her father, Barbie could hear Jerome speaking to his mother, "Don't you think, Maman, while I am here, Barbie could escape from her lectures and I would show her the places we love along the Cher and the Loire? That would be just as much learning to know France as burying her pretty nose into books—and in this weather—!"

"Jerome always gets his own way." Madame Avaray turned to Barbie with a smile. "He is my most spoiled child. But if you would wish to have him show you around I am sure your mother would approve. There is very much history to our land of Touraine."

"The legends are lovely," Henriette hastened to plead her brother's cause as she always had (and always would, Barbie thought). "Not only of Amboise, Chambord, Chenonceaux, Chateaudun, Chinon — but also our little legends of the Cher."

"Tell her of the bells of St. Cher," Jean-Pierre shouted, "tell her of our own bells!"

"Not now, Jean-Pierre," Jerome said hastily, and for some reason looked embarrassed.

"It's a pretty legend," Madame Avaray said, "belonging to our family . . ."

"Barbie, won't you have a little more asparagus?" Jerome said, and began to speak firmly of his life in Paris. But Barbie wondered why M'sieur and Madame Avaray exchanged such a telling glance and laughed.

In the following weeks she forgot to wonder about it. Even her longing for the little gay room and the wonderful independence of her Chelsea life faded and was forgotten. Her course at Tours University, in French history and literature, came out from between the covers of the books to fill the long summer days with delightful nostalgia of gentler ages past.

Sometimes all of them, Jean-Pierre, Paul, and Paulette, Henriette, and Madame Avaray would set out together to picnic in the village where Chopin had played and George Sand had written, or to climb the towers of Blois, or walk the terraced gardens of Chateau de Menars, where Madame de Pompadour once promenaded.

Often she and Jerome went alone in his little open sports car, driving at leisure—down the poplar-lined banks of the Loire, and through ancient villages of blue-grey slate, where village squares drowsed under pollarded plane trees.

But best of all were the long slow days on the river, Barbie thought.

NOTHING could seem farther from the busy rush of London streets than the flower-grown banks under the willows, with Jerome reading his favorite poets or discoursing seriously on food.

"Do you really have time for all this?" Barbie said one day.

"There must always be time to do what one wants to do," Jerome said gravely. "Otherwise it isn't worthwhile living, is it?"

"And you do want to eat quenelles de brochet au beurre blanc," Barbie laughed, having just lunched off the Touraine speciality of pike, "though I must say that I don't like the idea of thrush pate and larks on a skewer—so that makes it worthwhile living?"

"Yes. Just as much as reading Baudelaire and picking flowers from your hair. Tell me, Barbie, do you like France any better now?"

"Oh, it wasn't France I objected to . . ."

"What then?"

"Well, you see, I'd for the first time become independent of school, and of home, and I liked it. I liked working. And then, just when I was well started, my father's godmother left me a small inheritance and my mother said it had to be used on a trip to France. To learn about France. I didn't see any point to it, you see."

"I think there's a point to knowing—or perhaps I should say to understanding one's origins. It makes life seem in so many more dimensions when you are conscious of the past as well as the present."

"And the future?"

"Of that I'm hopeful," Jerome said obscurely. "Speaking of the past, tonight is the night for a traditional excursion. Would you like that?"

"It sounds exciting!"

"There is an old Avaray family story about a lost chateau. It was a small place built upon an island in the Cher by a long-ago Avaray for the girl he loved. You see he stole her from her family, and they lived in hiding there upon the river, alone and happy. According to legend it was their son who first built where our house now stands."

"Why is it a lost chateau?"

"Because no one has ever found either the island or the chateau. But sometimes on the last night of July, if the moon is new, from the willow marshes below our woods you may catch a glimpse of it. There will be lights in the towers and just one person will hear the bells from that long-ago Countess d'Avaray's little private chapel."

"Those must be the bells I hear each evening," Barbie said laughing, and jumped up. "Come on, I said I'd be home in time to play croquet with Jean-Pierre before his tea."

THEY were nearly home when Jerome said slowly, "What bells do you hear every evening, Barbie?"

"Oh, you know," Barbie said, "the silvery bells from somewhere down the river. Angelus bells, I suppose they are. Why, what's the matter?"

"Only," Jerome said, giving her a curious look, "that we hear no bells from the river at our place. None at all."

"You are being mystic," Barbie said.

"Perhaps," Jerome agreed, and slowed down to pick up the twins at the end of the drive.

That night the new moon rose and then disappeared behind scudding clouds. Madame Avaray, handing Jerome a wicker basket, had said, "There's cold chicken and hot coffee, children, but I don't think you should go. I don't like the look of the weather."

"It's my last night, Maman," Jerome said, and kissed his mother.

And now, in the mists creeping up from the river, with the evening turning purple and blue, Barbie said, "I didn't know it was your last night."

"I didn't speak of it because I did not wish to think of it."

"You are going back to Paris?"

"Tomorrow."

The summer's over, Barbie thought; when Jerome goes the summer will be over. I didn't realise. I didn't think. It feels so terrible that I must have fallen in love with him. How curiously it happens. Not at all bang over one's head as in the films, but like drifting in a boat on the green flow of a slow river and then—you've arrived. I do think I love him. But what shall I do now?

Jerome said, "What are you thinking about?"

"Me? Oh! how strange it was that I didn't want to come at all." And Barbie thought, perhaps it would have been better if I hadn't come. What will it feel like when he's gone? Why, he hasn't said anything at all—he hasn't even held my hand.

Jerome said, "Look, look through the drifting mists, there down the river. That's where the little Chateau of St. Cher was supposed to be . . ."

"I can't see it," Barbie said, "though the fog makes shapes, doesn't it. One could imagine anything, couldn't one."

Then, as every evening, she heard the bells again, the haunting bells ringing softly.

"Do you hear them now?" She turned to Jerome. "Are those your Bells of St. Cher?"

And to her astonishment Jerome suddenly took her face into his hands and his face was warm and glowing. "Barbie, Barbie," he said, "don't you know! Don't you know that only a bride of an Avaray ever hears the Bells of St. Cher."

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Life with Junior

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• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

BARGAIN PATTERN

F5495. — Novelty child's sunfrock is in sizes 2 to 6 years. Requires 1¼ to 1⅜yds. material and ⅜ to 1yd. bias binding. Price 3/-.

F5065.—Useful button-through style has contrast trimming, short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼ to 4⅝yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. contrast material. Price 3/9.

F5501. — Pretty child's frock has full skirt, heart-shaped pockets. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires 1¾ to 2¾yds. 36in. material, ¼yd. contrast, and 9 to 10½yds. braid. Price 3/6.

F5812.—Slimline frock has unusual front detail, optional short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style requires 3¾yds. 36in. material; frock with three-quarter sleeves takes 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F5839.—Full-skirted summer dress with wide collar and front buttons, has either short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style takes 5⅜yds. 36in. material; three-quarter-sleeve style requires 5⅞yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5414.—Dainty frock for evening wear has front bow, Princess-line bodice and skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. plain material, or 4¾yds. 36in. stripe material, and 1yd. ¾in. lace edging. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 378.—FROCK

Attractive high-necked frock is available cut out ready to sew in rose-printed cotton. Colors are tangerine and green, turquoise and green, and pink and green, all on a white background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 56/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 379.—APRON

Practical waist apron with a small pocket is available cut out ready to sew in pink, blue, green, lemon, and white headcloth. Rick-rack braid is not supplied. Price 17/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 380.—GIRL'S FROCK AND PANTS

Pretty two-piece outfit for the junior miss, available cut out ready to sew in striped poplin. Colors are pink, blue, green, red, and turquoise, all with white. One and two years, 20/6; 3 and 4 years, 22/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 381.—MATADOR-STYLE PYJAMAS

So new for summer, these pyjamas are available cut out ready to sew in pink, blue, and white piiase. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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